

For Theatrical Announcements See Page 1, Part III.
MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—
With Dates of Events.

LANGHARD HALL—Advance Sale of
..... Seats Tomorrow

TREBELLI
THE QUEEN OF SONG

THREE SONG RECITALS—Assisted by
Robert Clarence Newell, Concert Pianist

..... Tickets, admitting to all three concerts, \$3.00 and \$2.00 respectively

WENTHURST CENTURY EXHIBITION—
125-127 West Fourth St., near Broadway, LOS ANGELES COUNTY
FANCY POULTRY, BELGIAN HAIRS, THOROUGHBRED CATS
..... Admission 25c. CHILDREN 10c

WENTHURST ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

Line, Fresh
and Blooming
..... Trip \$4.10.



SHE'S FAST,
BUT CHARMING.
TO KNOW HER IS TO
KNOW THE LIMIT—

California
Limited

ON THE SANTA FE

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—
..... 2 1/2 hours from San Pedro on the comfortable

Crystal Waters and Submarine Gardens
..... 222 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY—
"Grandest Scenic Trip on Earth."
Sunday Excursion \$2.50
..... TEL. MAIN 900.

FRANCISCO—by the "Fast Line"—24 Hours.
..... W. PARRIS, Agent.

HAWAII, SAPOA, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA
..... TEL. MAIN 900.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—
LATEST AWARD—
And Medal From Paris Exposition.

..... 17—Medals—17.

WILLIAMSON BROS.,
327 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

TEEL ENGRAVING PHOTOGRAPHS—
SCHUMACHER, 107 North Spring St.

French Chocolates and Bon Bons
..... 221 South Spring Street.

Injuries Fatal After Years.
..... 221 South Spring Street.

TREATY IN
THE AIR.

Big Hitch in Canal
Negotiations.

Great Britain Asks Some
Awkward Questions.

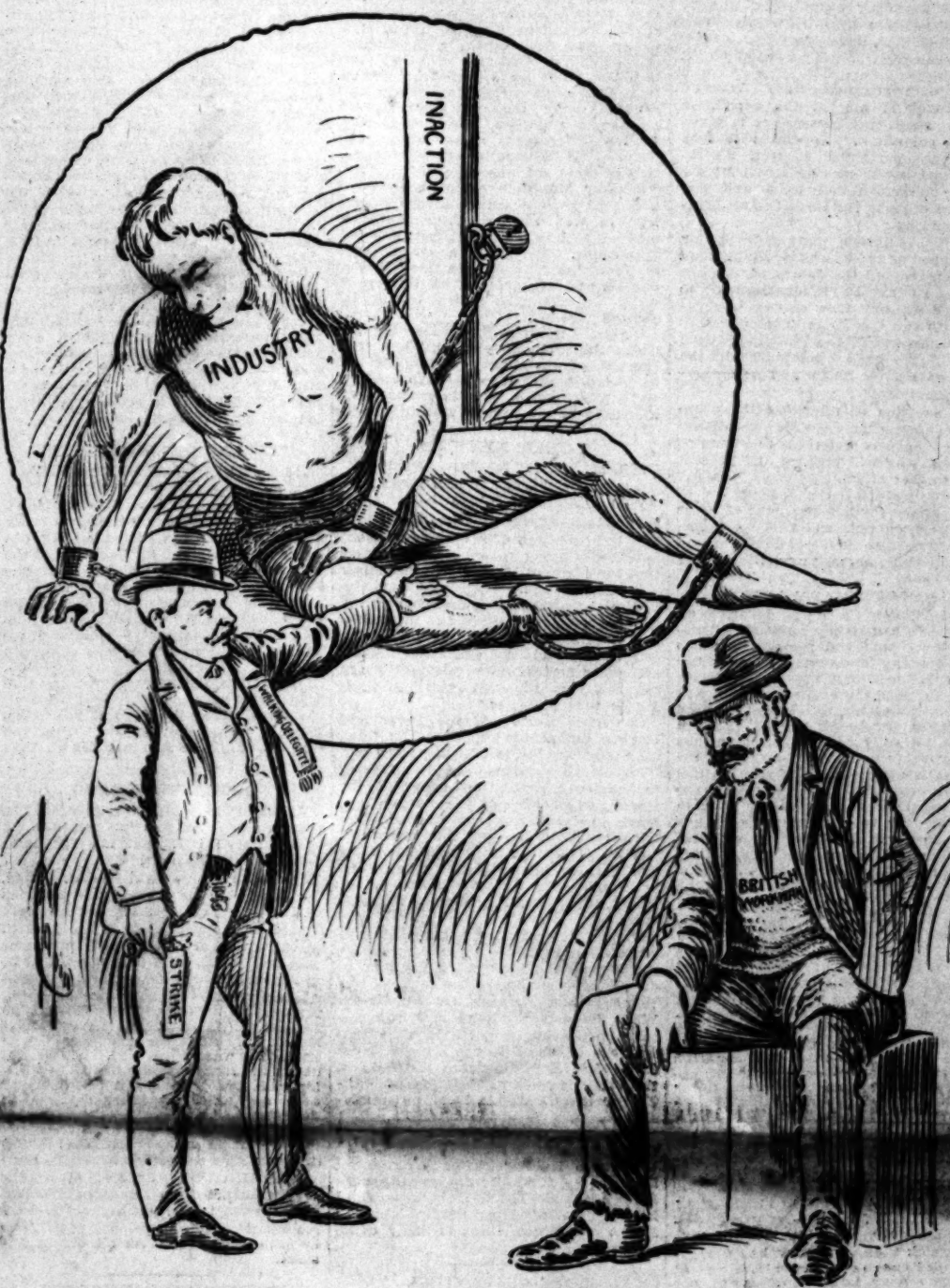
John Bull and Uncle Sam in
Danger of Falling Out.

Tree Quarantine Bill May Be
Passed—River and Harbor
Appropriations.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—(Exclu-
sive Dispatch.) The State De-
partment announced today that
it has been notified by the British gov-
ernment that the amended Hay-
Pauncefote treaty has been received
at the British Foreign Office, and that
the amendments thereto are being con-
sidered. Lord Pauncefote this morn-
ing communicated that announcement
to the department, and at the same
time asked some questions in behalf
of his government regarding British
rights in the Nicaragua Canal and their
future protection.
The British government wishes to
know how far the United States is
willing to go in guaranteeing protec-
tion to its interests in the canal at
all times, during war and peace, and
it wishes also to know whether the
amendments placed upon the treaty
by the Senate are interpreted here to
mean that the United States may erect
permanent fortifications along the
canal, and whether it is the intention
of the United States to erect such
fortifications.
These inquiries were submitted orally
to Assistant Secretary of State Hill
by Lord Pauncefote at his morning
call. He was requested by Mr. Hill
to reduce his inquiries to writing, and
for that purpose Lord Pauncefote re-
turned to the British embassy, calling
again at the State Department late
this afternoon, when he presented the
British inquiries in formal manner.
It is the belief of the State De-
partment that England does not intend
to accept this treaty forthwith, but will
use its acceptance as an excuse for
making some important demands from

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)

MANACLED BY ITS ALLEGED FRIENDS.



(Walking Delegate:) Now we've got him where we want him.
(British Workman:) Yes, but what's goin' to keep me from starvin'?

CHOSEN FRIENDS ASSETS.
The Total Appraisal by Receiver
Clark is Over Fifty-five Thousand
Dollars.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 12.—Receiver
Clark of the Order of Chosen Friends

RELIEF GRANTED
STARVING INDIANS.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—[Exclusive Dis-
patch.] Some measure of relief is to be
granted to the starving Mission Indians of South-
ern California through the efforts of Bishop
Johnson of Los Angeles and Senator Bard.

Bishop Johnson is in the city, the guest of
Commissioner Jones today by Senator Bard.
Bishop Johnson made an earnest plea for the re-
lief of the Indians, whom he described as starv-
ing, largely on account of the encroachments of
the white settlers on lands formerly occupied by
the Indians.

Commissioner Jones was at first inclined to
the belief that he was powerless to render assist-
ance at once, and that a Congressional appropri-
ation would be necessary, but he finally came to
the conclusion that he would be authorized in an
emergency to use certain funds appropriated for
general purposes. He thereupon offered to de-
vote this money to the relief of the Indians, and
it was agreed that the money should be expended
under the direction of a committee suggested by
Bishop Johnson and Senator Bard, in conjunction
with the Indian Agent.

Senator Bard also secured recognition of the
claims of these Indians by the sub-committee on
Indian affairs, with the result that the commit-
tee will recommend an appropriation of double
the amount previously agreed upon to save them
from starvation.

FALSE CRY
COST LIFE.

Terrible Panic in a
Chicago Hall

Six Persons Crushed to
Death by Crowd.

Fear of Fire Starts a Wild
Rush for the Doors.

Women and Children Trampled
Down—Audience Com-
posed of Hebrews.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)
CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—Six persons
were crushed to death and as many
more seriously injured in a panic
which followed a man's cry of "fire"
late this afternoon in West Twelfth
street Turner Hall. About eight hun-
dred people were gathered in the place
to witness the performance of a play
entitled "The Green Horn." The fol-
lowing were killed:
GEORGE SHAFER, aged 3.
MRS. ANNIE BOLOMON.
MRS. SAMUEL MENDELSON.
ANNIE GOLDBERG, aged 7.
REGINA MELENBACH, aged 4.
Unknown woman, aged 20.
Missing:
SAMUEL MENDELSON and two
children.
The play was in Yiddish, and the
audience, composed for the most part
of women and children, were all He-
brews. The hall stands in a densely-
populated district.
When the cry was raised it was only
five seconds until the entire audience
was converted into a frantic mob,
every member of which was fighting
for the safety which lay beyond the
doors of the building.
The panic spread rapidly, and the
crowd, which was estimated at eight
hundred, began to surge toward the
doors. The women and children were
trampled down, and many were in-
jured. The crowd was so dense that
it was impossible to move. The doors
were finally forced open, and the
crowd began to disperse. The bodies
of the six persons who were killed were
found in the doorway. The police
arrived at the scene and began to
remove the bodies. The investigation
into the cause of the panic is being
conducted by the police.

CHILDREN TRAMPLED ON.

Around the upper part of the hall
extends a balcony which is open at only
one end. Here were seated 100 women
and children, and two men at the far-
ther end of the balcony away from the
exit, seeing that the rush toward
the exit was blocked between them,
began at once to throw the little ones
over the railing to the floor, ten feet
below. The children fell into the midst
of the maddened throng and were at
once trampled under foot. Three of
the dead were children who were
thrown from the balcony and trampled
by the crowd, with not a chance for
their lives.

Following the children, many of the
women sprang from the balcony upon
the crowd below, and others, springing
over, hung by their hands before they
dropped. The railing of the balcony
was broken through in half a dozen
places by the pressure brought against
it by the maddened crowd.

On the main floor the crush was much
worse than in the balcony. The main
exit from the hall, and the only one
known to a majority of those who fre-
quent the place, are two doors in the
south end of the main auditorium, that
open upon winding stairs, which, eight
steps down, unite into one broader
flight leading to the main door of the
Twelfth-street front. Around these
two doors a frantic mass of screaming
men, women and children was packed,
all struggling fiercely to force their way
down the stairs. At the landing, where
the two flights of stairs winding down
from the main hall unite, a woman
stumbled and fell. In an instant a score
of people were down, and before the
rush was over three lives had been
crushed out in a space four feet wide
by six feet long.

OVER IN FIVE MINUTES.

Within five minutes after the begin-
ning of the panic it was all over, and
the police and firemen who came hur-
rying to the scene of the disaster were
called upon to do nothing beyond car-
rying away the dead and injured, and
keeping back the thousands of people
who tried to force their way into the
building.

As soon as the news of the panic
had spread throughout the district,
which seemed but a very few minutes,
all the Hebrews from that part of the
city rushed to the place, bent upon
learning the names of the dead and
wounded. The women fought desper-
ately with the officers in their efforts
to enter the building and learn if any
of their loved ones were among the
dead. The crowd was so great, so
excited, and so unmanageable that sev-
eral calls were sent for additional
officers and firemen before it could be
restrained.

The alarm of fire was false, there
having been no blaze at any time. The
furnace in the building is somewhat
defective, and at times allows sparks
to pass up through the registers. It
was the sight of these sparks rising
into the room that frightened the man
who raised the cry of fire.
The hall has several times been the
scene of panics, and it is only a few
months since a number of children
were hurt in a rush for the doors dur-
ing a juvenile party given in the place.

TILLAMOOK A TOTAL LOSS.

Steamer Ran on a Reef Off Kodiak, Alaska.

Aloha Strikes Rocks on Rescue Trip.

Movement for Good Roads—Moyie, B. C., Hotel Burns.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—The steamer Tillamook, United States mail carrier between Juneau and Dutch Harbor, was wrecked, November 27, on Wood Island reef, off Kodiak, Alaska. Her passengers and crew, numbering thirty all told, made their way to Kodiak, five miles distant, in the vessel's lifeboats. Capt. Hughes, commander of the Tillamook, remained by her for six days, when he left the ship to her fate, going to Kodiak, where he joined the shipwrecked, all of whom were rescued December 27, a month subsequent, by the steamship Aloha, bound from Unalakleet to Juneau. The crew was taken to Juneau, then embarking on the steamer Senator, which arrived in this port at noon today.

Capt. Hughes states that the Tillamook was doing better than nine knots an hour when she brought up on the reef, where she was lurching and jerking about until she tore several holes in her bottom, also badly breaking her sides and frames. He and both the pilots were upon the bridge when she struck, and had, as they supposed, a clean-sweep entrance to the harbor of Kodiak. The vessel is a total loss, and she lies in a few miles of the wreck of the old steamer Wolcott, which went to pieces on a similar reef two years ago. The Tillamook, which was owned in San Francisco, sailed from Seattle October 29, beginning her run under a charter to the Alaska Mail Steamship Company from Juneau, November 6. She proceeded to Unalakleet, and was returning when overtaken by disaster.

The Aloha, in returning from Unalakleet to the rescue of the Tillamook's shipwrecked passengers and crew, also got on the rocks. She brought up on Sand Point reef to the west of Unalakleet, tearing away nearly all of her keel, she sprung a leak, but managed to keep afloat by the constant use of the pumps. She is returning to this port from Juneau. Among the shipwrecked passengers were Mr. Gray, the Alaska Commercial Company; Mrs. H. M. Hughes of San Francisco; Mrs. Lyall and Miss Emily Lyall, wife and daughter of Robert Lyall, surgeon of the Apollo mine at Unalakleet. The full list is not obtainable, as it is in possession of the master, who is aboard the Aloha.

HER OFFICERS AND CREW.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—Following is a complete list of the officers and men aboard the Tillamook: Master—Capt. H. M. Hughes; first officer, Thomas Hagan; second officer, William Sanderson; pilots, W. J. Kenney and H. J. Gillespie; chief engineer, J. C. Ryan, first assistant engineer, L. E. Smith; second assistant engineer, Thomas Foley; steward, E. F. Miller; firemen, William Brown, Ned Malloy and J. Cooper; waiters, Frank Connors, J. B. Ray and Elmer Cameron; deckhands, James Olson, C. Anderson, W. Anderson, C. Wilde, E. Johnson and E. Lacroix; cook, J. Bauckert; U. S. mail clerk, W. E. Taylor.

CITY OF TOPEKA RAISED.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—The city of Topeka was successfully raised on the night of January 3. The steamer Danube, which has arrived from Shanghai with a hole three feet square in her bow, two plates broken, and two ribs fractured, as a result of her collision with the ice, passed her bow on the morning of January 7 in Berners Bay, being towed to Juneau, to be placed on the beach for repairs. After the work will be brought down to Seattle.

BIG MINING SUIT.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—SANTA ROSA, Jan. 12.—Suits was begun here today by Alex Warner of San Francisco to quiet title to the property known as the Socrates quicksilver mine, located in the Chinatown district, in the northern part of this county. The property, it is stated, has been bonded for \$400,000 to an English syndicate, and if the title is satisfactorily adjusted, a big plant will be put in at once. Some interesting developments are expected when the case comes to trial.

SWEEP ALL BEFORE IT.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—REDDING, Jan. 12.—An avalanche is reported from the headwaters of Salmon River, January 2. The morning snow descended from a height of 1300 feet. It was 600 feet wide, and carried everything before it. Four miners asleep in a cabin had a narrow escape. The edge of the snowslide struck the houses. They were buried beneath the debris, but escaped without their clothing. The slide is near Yellow Horse, a Texas mine. Damage will reach thousands of dollars.

GUESTS HAD TO JUMP.
MOYIE, B. C., HOTEL BURNS.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—SPOKANE (Wash.), Jan. 12.—A special to the Chronicle states that the Moyie Hotel at Moyie, B. C., was destroyed by fire at 5 o'clock this morning. All the guests were sleeping and had no time to save their property, being obliged to jump for their lives. Jack Russell of Spokane rescued from a third-story window, breaking his leg. Three adjoining buildings were destroyed, the total loss being estimated at \$25,000.

PRUNE GROWERS MEET.
WANT PRODUCT ADVERTISED.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—SANTA ROSA, Jan. 12.—An important meeting of prune growers was held in this city this afternoon to discuss the prune situation. Most of the present were members of the association. Director W. E. Woolley

explained what the directors were doing. A short discussion followed, all the speakers urging the necessity of maintaining the association, and maintaining prices.

A resolution was unanimously adopted declaring the confidence of the growers present in the directors of the State association, and the belief that the bylaws should be so amended as to give them the authority to thoroughly advertise prunes, and their advantages as an article of food throughout the country.

FELL ON HIS NECK.
YOUNG ATHLETE PARALYZED.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—SEATTLE, Jan. 12.—William F. Cooper, a young athlete of this city, while performing a simple acrobatic feat at the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium last night, fell accidentally and now lies in the General Hospital completely paralyzed from his shoulders down. He fell on the back of his neck and it is thought he has either dislocated or broken his spine about the first dorsal vertebra. Physicians who are attending the case are inclined to doubt his recovery. An operation will be performed today.

GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT.
STATE COMMISSION PLANNED.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—SEATTLE, Jan. 12.—The committee appointed in November by the State Roads Club Convention at Tacoma met here yesterday and drew up a bill which will be presented to the State Legislature at its coming session.

It is proposed to appoint a State Road Commission, which will have entire charge of the construction of the roads throughout the State. A State Road Commissioner is also to be appointed at a salary of \$3000 per year. The roads thus built will be State high-ways, and one-half of the expense of building will be borne by the State.

NEW ARIZONA COUNTY.
TO BE NAMED AFTER CLARK.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—PHOENIX (Ariz.), Jan. 6.—H. J. Allen, representing W. A. Clark's United Verde Copper Company, in Phoenix, and will be here during the session of the Legislature in the interests of the company. His principal object, it is said, is to secure the formation of a new county by a cut-off from Yavapai county, of which Jerome shall be the county seat. If created, the county will be named after Senator Clark, and will contain more mineral wealth, perhaps, than any other county of the Southwest.

SMALLPOX IN ARIZONA.
BAD CASES AMONG MORMONS.
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—PHOENIX (Ariz.), Jan. 12.—Several malignant types of smallpox are reported among the Mormon settlement near Naco, in Mexico, and the disease is said to be spreading into Southeastern Arizona. Bismarck may quarantine against Naco on the border, and decisive measures are being adopted to check the progress of the disease in Gila Valley.

Several persons are under quarantine in Mesa and Sedona, but the cases have not yet been diagnosed as malignant smallpox. A scare was produced at Thatcher, where a few incipient cases were detected, but the disease at that point is said to be under control.

ICE TRAIN DITCHED.
RENO (Nev.), Jan. 12.—A west-bound freight, loaded with ice, went into the ditch this morning west of Summit, badly smashing up the train, but so far as is known no one was injured. The wreck detained No. 6, east-bound passenger, due at Reno at 8:50 o'clock this morning.

Suit Against San Francisco.
SACRAMENTO, Jan. 12.—State Controller Colgan has begun suit in the Superior Court here against the city of San Francisco to recover the sum of \$805 due for ballot paper furnished that city by the Secretary of State. The San Francisco Supervisors refused to pay the bill on the ground that the price charged was too high.

WOMEN GO TO THE PACE.
Alarming Use of Alcohol by London's Society Dames.
BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.
LONDON, Jan. 12.—[Exclusive Dispatch. By Atlantic Cable.] A widespread sensation has been created by an outspoken article in the London World on the rapid increase of alcoholism among society women, owing to the strain of idleness. The article says:

"There is no device or artifice to which she will not have recourse to attain what she requires if any restraint is put upon her. She finds comfort in scents and medicines which contain stimulants or narcotics. She will consume ether, cocaine, or even methylated spirits. At present the craze is for medicines or wines which contain cocaine. Some women imagine they cannot exist without frequent doses of cocaine wine, quinine, tonics and rest to counteract the terrible strain of doing nothing. Self-indulgent existence of stimulation, in one form or another, is the vice of the day. Stimulants internally, stimulants externally, stimulants eternally."

SERIOUS CHANCES Are Taken in Neglecting a Simple Case of Piles.

Any person takes serious chances in neglecting an attack of piles, because of the danger of ulceration and forming fistula, both very difficult to cure.

Most pile cures are simple ointments or salves, which relieve temporarily, but are useless as far as making a cure is concerned. The best remedy for any form of piles, whether itching or protruding, is the Pyramid Pile Cure, because free from cocaine and opiates. It is in suppository form to be used at night, and causes no detention from daily occupation, and the many cures made by it have made it famous in every corner of the United States and Canada and any druggist will tell you it enjoys a greater demand and popularity than any pile remedy ever placed on the market.

Mr. James Kenton of Memphis, Tenn., says: "I suffered from itching piles for two years, and found nothing that would relieve me permanently; not even mercurial ointment seemed to reach my case. But a fifty-cent box of the Pyramid Pile Cure, which I bought at my druggist's, cured me entirely, and for months past I have had no return of the disease."

Mrs. Wm. Kenmore of South Omaha, writes: "I suffered torture from protruding piles for a large part of my life and had long since given up any hope of cure, as I dared not risk an operation and could not afford the expense any other way. I had often read advertisements about the Pyramid Pile Cure, but never placed confidence in patent medicines, but I tried the Pyramid in sheer desperation, and was delighted and surprised to receive marked relief, and benefit from the first few applications. It took five fifty-cent boxes to cure me completely, and no one can appreciate my feelings of gratitude who has not suffered as I have."

For any case of itching, protruding or bleeding piles the Pyramid is a certain, absolutely safe remedy.

(HAWAII.)

KANAKAS ARE PASSING AWAY.

Immortality Killing Off Hawaiian Race.

Mormon Deplores Death of Old Families.

Tragedy of Love and Leprosy Trusts Surrender—City May Expand.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 12.—HONOLULU, Jan. 6.—[Associated Press Correspondence. Wire from San Francisco, Jan. 12.] President George Q. Cannon of the Mormon Church, in an interview published here, calls attention to the decrease of the Hawaiian population and expresses profound regret at what he terms the "passing away" of the Kanaka race. Cannon was here a few years ago, when he observed the state of affairs and started the Mormon church here, and he says that in making inquiries about the notable old families he found that many of them had died out. He thinks the natives should be separated from the outside world.

"I would favor the natives being gathered together and separated from the evil influences of the outside world," said he. "They could be taught a higher and better life."

Cannon intimates that immortality is killing off the Hawaiian race, and that the mingling with the whites is responsible for such conditions.

Mortality statistics of the islands show that a large infant death rate, rather than a small birth rate, is responsible for the decreasing population of Hawaiians. The proportion of deaths of those under 5 years of age to the whole number of deaths in recent months has been about 100 to 1,000, and in 1900 it was 100 to 1,000.

She Loved a Leper.
A tragedy, said to have resulted from a commitment for leprosy, was brought to light some days ago by the discovery of two corpses in a quarry near the city. The bodies were those of a young native, who contracted leprosy, and his sweetheart, who chose to die with him rather than endure separation.

The suit is brought against John Lloyd as the assignee of John Robinson, and from inside sources it is learned that the suit is being instituted by a third party who claims that his title is better than the other.

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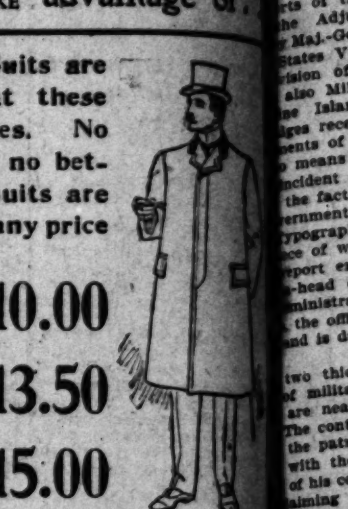
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Men's Suits and Overcoats
Prices Reduced
When we offer you goods at reduced prices the prices are really reduced.



Extra Special.
All of our heavy weight full silk lined Whipcord, Beaver and Covert Overcoats, sizes 33 to 44
Have Been Reduced as Follows:
\$25.00 Coats to \$20.00
\$20.00 Coats to \$15.00

Quality the Same
This is an opportunity for every man who wears good clothes to take advantage of it.
The Men's Suits are going fast at these reduced prices. No better styles, no better finished suits are procurable at any price



Some Half Dozen Lines of Boys' and Youth's Suits at Proportionate Reductions.

Mullen & Bluett Clothing Co.

NORTHWEST CORNER FIRST AND SPRING STREETS.

THEY PRAYED AND PRAYED.

Preachers' Opinions of "Prayer Week."

Local Services Thinly Attended.

Some of the Clergy Think the Proceedings Were Rather Perfunctory.

"What good has been accomplished by the week of prayer services" is a question, that in one form or other, was put to many Los Angeles ministers of the gospel by a Times reporter yesterday.

As to the "week of prayer," preachers are practically unanimous in saying that they are cordially in sympathy with setting apart the first week of the year as a time for special supplication, but there was expression of a belief that the churches try to do better than last year. They have a good feeling in giving an impetus to all Christian work, and it will be especially noticeable in Sunday School work and among the young people. The week of meetings will also prove to have been a good preparation for the Sunday night meeting in Hazard's Pavilion, under the leadership of Evangelist Smith. I think that the theme and burden of the prayers was for a revival of religion in Los Angeles.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.
Rev. William E. Day, associate pastor of the First Congregational Church, said:

"While the attendance was not large at the union meetings, there was one encouraging feature—it grew steadily every night, and the last was the largest. I regard the meetings as valuable just at the beginning of the year, because it seems to be starting well—a time when people resolve to do better than last year. They have a good feeling in giving an impetus to all Christian work, and it will be especially noticeable in Sunday School work and among the young people. The week of meetings will also prove to have been a good preparation for the Sunday night meeting in Hazard's Pavilion, under the leadership of Evangelist Smith. I think that the theme and burden of the prayers was for a revival of religion in Los Angeles."

Dr. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, said:

"The series of union meetings was something in the nature of an experiment in Los Angeles. We had always observed the 'week of prayer' in our own churches, but since I have been here, there has never before been any attempt to group the churches for union meetings, and while the attendance was rather light, I feel that much good has been done in bringing us together. The services were delightful. The subjects discussed in our circle were prayer and revival. I think you might say that the theme was 'Prayer for Others,' and for a revival of religion in our own community, and I look for good results from the meetings to be held by Evangelist Smith."

Now on Sale

THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.

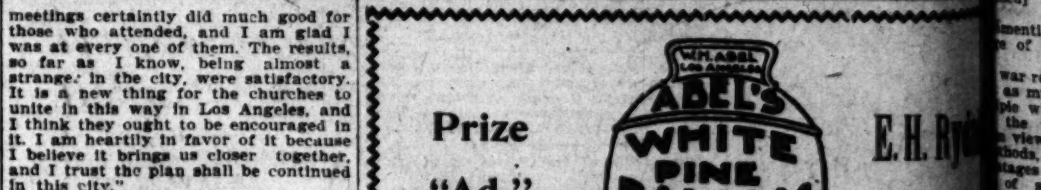
La Flor de Vallens

INCOMPARABLE INCOMPARABLE

Clear Havana Cigars

KINGSBAKER BROS. CO., Distributors, - - Los Angeles, Cal.

Prize "Ad." Winner.



Mark! Mark! the gladness, gladness bell—Unto our ears its accents fall—The cure that all the druggists sell—For Abol's White Pine Balsam.
See! See! the crowd of sufferers droop—Yes, all with lung diseases troop—The little ones with wheezing cough—For Abol's White Pine Balsam.
Be not deceived where others fall—For stout is everywhere for sale—Live on! Ye druggists, tell the tale—Of Abol's White Pine Balsam.

One tried, always used—Sold by all Druggists—Free Sample at ELLINGTON'S.

that the sermons were all most beautiful.

"When Chichester of the First Presbyterian Church and I were close together on Broadway, we used to hold union meetings during the week of prayer—three nights in his church and three nights in mine—and they were delightful meetings. Chichester was a fine fellow. He built Immanuel Presbyterian Church, and people told him he was crazy for going out of town to build a church."

Dr. J. L. Pitter of Westlake Presbyterian Church, said:

"I was only able to attend one of the meetings. We are so far from the center that it is hard for our people to take part. The efforts toward outward union among the churches are usually a failure. We are all in unity, but we have our doctrinal differences, and I think far more good can be accomplished by each church having its own services in its own way."

R FAR-EAST ISLAND

Administration of Gen. MacArthur's Optimistic Views—The American Troop

of the most notable military reports of the day is that the Adjutant-General of the United States, Arthur MacArthur, Jr., has been appointed to the position of Adjutant-General of the Philippine Islands. The appointment is a recognition of the fact that it was printed in the office of the Adjutant-General of the United States, and is a credit to the office of the Adjutant-General of the United States.

Two thick volumes containing military and civil details of the Philippine Islands are nearly 400 pages in length. The contents are of great interest to the American people, and with the assistance of the Philippine Islands, the American people can see the importance of the Philippines to the United States.

MacArthur's report on May 12, 1900, attended by Gen. Aguirre, and many other important leaders of the Philippine Islands, was a most interesting and valuable one. It was a most interesting and valuable one, and it was a most interesting and valuable one.

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MURDERS HER DAUGHTER.
 MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 12.—Mrs. Mathilda Holstrom today strangled her sixteen-year-old daughter with a bottle, killing her instantly. It is claimed that Mrs. Holstrom had made two previous attempts on the life of her daughter. It is believed the mother is insane.

Dr. R. R. Cantine, pastor of the First Methodist Church, is convalescing after an attack of the grip. Mrs. Cantine has also been afflicted with the malady, but is recovering.

BERLIN DYE WORKS
Stained
\$1.25 Ladies' and
children's
and, hats,
etc.
801 E. Broadway.

THE SOLAR MOTOR—SIDE VIEW
Showing the fixed supports and mounting of

W. more elaborate study of the whole subject of underground water than the government, with its niggardly and scrappy appropriations, has yet been able to furnish us, and we must also

Dr. A. S. Cantino, pastor of the First Methodist Church, is convalescing after an attack of the grip. Mrs. Cantino has also been afflicted with the malady, but is recovering.

AT THE THEATERS.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

*February Delineator,
Butterick patterns and
fashion sheets now here.*

formations have been passing shale and clay, but the casing has been removed back in the hope of shut-

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.
HARRY CHANDLER, Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER, Secretary. ALBERT MC FARLAND, Treasurer.
PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday, Vol. 23, No. 41. Founded Dec. 4, 1881.
Twenty-third Year.

NEWS SERVICE:—Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 18,500 to 20,000 words transmitted daily over more than 20,000 miles of leased wires.
TERMS:—Daily and Sunday, including Magazine Section, 75 cents a month, or \$9.00 a year; Daily without Sunday, \$7.50 a year; Sunday, \$2.50; Magazine only, \$3.50; Weekly, \$1.50.
SPECIAL CIRCULATION:—Daily sent average for 1926, 14,091; for 1927, 19,388; for 1928, 24,121; for 1929, 28,731; for 1930, 30,738.

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PRICES AND POSTAGE OF THE MIDWINTER NUMBER.

The postage on the three Magazine sheets, mailed together, is 4 cents. The following table shows the prices of the Midwinter Number when sold over The Times counter:

	Without postage.
Single copies \$.10
3 copies " .25
6 " " .50
9 " " .75
12 " " 1.00

The weight of the three Magazine parts is 13 ounces. The weight of the complete paper, including news sheets, is 32 ounces. Postage on this issue will be 6 cents when all the parts are mailed together. If the news sheets are not included the postage will be 4 cents.

THE CHEAPEST POWER.

For years mankind has been searching after cheap power and cheaper power. The revolution that has taken place in this respect is marvelous. From hand labor to electric machinery, run by water power from the mountains, is a long step indeed, but we are by no means yet at the end of the ladder. The opening year of the new century offers to the world an invention that, if all claimed for it is true, is as far as the economy of expensive power is concerned, as far ahead of the electrical engine run by water as that is in advance of hand labor.

The Solar Motor, of which a description is published in today's Times, and which subject we have heretofore exploited without undoubtedly attract world-wide attention. It promises to revolutionize the deserts of old earth, of which we have several good-sized ones in this section. It is not unlikely that the stones which the builders have hitherto rejected, will become the "chief of the corner," and that we shall see the valleys of the Colorado and Mojave as thickly settled as the Riverside valley is today. The "Land of Sunshine" will then have a double meaning.

THE POSTOFFICE BLUNDER.

There are obvious reasons why a cemetery should be placed outside of the business center of a city; but just why a postoffice should be shoved off to one side is not quite so apparent. It is hard to understand at long range why the Treasury Department at Washington decided to locate the temporary postoffice of Los Angeles in the Armory building against the protests of those using the office most, and to compel the majority of them to go a mile out of their way.

Quarters for the office were available in the central part of the business district. Why were they not selected? It looks as though the Supervising Architect based his decision on what he didn't know and didn't care about the conditions and needs of Los Angeles. He should have listened to the representations of such men as Congressman Waters, ex-Senator White and Senator Perkins. A man may be a very able architect and yet be a less efficient umpire of a baseball match or a postoffice controversy than a fellow who knows the game. Our merchants could give the Supervising Architect points on the question before him, and they did it, but he seems to have been afflicted with omiscience.

Anybody but an all-knowing person would have put the postoffice in the middle of the city and located the other Federal offices on the edge, if need be. Few people visit these compared with the crowds that daily frequent the postoffice. The Supervising Architect however, has manifested his superiority to persons of ordinary judgment by putting the cart before the horse. The locations should be reversed for the public good. Why should not the change yet be made?

Kid McCoy says he always fights with his mind. Evidently he allowed his mind to wander away during his recent joyous meeting with a fellow pug, leaving his poor body to take the brunt of the battle.

Agitation in behalf of Mrs. Maybrick is beginning again. Other famous cases may pass away into oblivion and be forgotten; but the Maybrick case, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever.

Senator Wellington has bobbed up again like an unwelcome jack-in-a-box and compels the American people to swallow their disgust and listen to his rantings.

Wood alcohol has scored again. This time the victims are four farmers in Texas. Flavor prussic acid with alcohol and there always will be found some fool ready to drink it.

Denver undertakers are at war over a man's corpse. This reminds one forcibly of the raucous wrangle of birds at prey about a gruesome victim.

AN OBJECTION OVERULED.

Referring to a recent analysis of lemons made in New York, which showed the California lemons to contain a large amount of citric acid than the foreign fruit, the New York Journal of Commerce quotes fruit importers of that city as inquiring why, if the California fruit is so much superior, our people should have the advantage of a high protective duty on foreign lemons.

This inquiry might be applied to many American products besides citrus fruit. It assails the very basis of protective theory. If only inferior American products are to be aided by a tariff, then we shall have little protection. The answer, in brief, to the argument of the New York fruit importers is that without adequate protection there would be no California lemons, superior or otherwise. There would have been no incentive for our people to invest millions of dollars in expensive citrus-fruit land, irrigation, cultivation and fertilization, in order to raise a product which costs 90 cents a box for freight to the Atlantic Coast, after all the above expenses, together with those of picking and packing, are paid.

The quality and grade of the California lemons shipped to eastern markets since the protective tariff has been in force have been greatly improved, which shows that the growers have done something in return for such protection.

The objection of the measly New York importers of scaly fruit is hereby overruled as "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial." Next!

THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

The international competition among the world's architects for plans of a grand group of artistic and costly buildings has drawn the attention of intelligent people throughout America and abroad to the University of California, upon which institution Mrs. Hearst has bestowed such princely largesse. California may indeed esteem itself fortunate in being the home of two such liberal-minded wealthy women as Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Stanford.

While the State University thus has a magnificent dowry provided for, it appears to be at the present time "hard-up." It is much in the condition of a young man whose father has died, leaving him a large fortune, which is not to be touched until he attains his majority, so that meantime he has to borrow money to pay his expenses.

Few are aware that the University of California ranks second in America in the number of undergraduates and graduate students. Yet that is the statement made by President Wheeler in his first report, just issued. Figures are given in support of this somewhat surprising claim. It is also shown that California is fifth in total enrollment among the universities of the country, including the professional school and summer schools, the figures being as follows: Harvard, 5702; Columbia, 3723; Michigan 3655; Minnesota, 3412; California, 3220. More than half of the students at Berkeley for this year came from the families of farmers and business men, and 15 per cent. came from the counties south of the Tehachas.

In an address delivered by Gen. N. P. Chipman, at the first meeting of the University of California Revenue Association, last month, he showed that the State University is now confronting a financial crisis. The income of the university for the present year is estimated at \$317,943, which provides \$134 for each of the 2300 regular students. This is said to be the cheapest education attempted by any university in the country of like or approximately like standing. The cost per student is given for Harvard, \$299; Columbia, \$565; Chicago, \$416; California, \$165. This was for 1897-98, since which time it has been further considerably reduced, as mentioned.

Gen. Chipman estimates that the exemption from taxation granted to the recent election is equivalent to an annuity of \$250,000, and thinks the people should do something also for their State University, the foundation endowment of which was accepted from the United States as a public trust nearly forty years ago. As a means of increasing the income of the university, without adding perceptibly to the taxpayers' burdens, he suggests:

"First—To impose an additional charge for State charters to private corporations, and to impose a like charge on foreign corporations doing business in this State.
"Second—To extend the inheritance tax to the direct line of succession."

Among the needs of the university, as outlined by President Wheeler in his report, are a library fund of the amount of \$500,000, a modern library

building, an alumni hall, an art building, a school of forestry, departments of music, architecture, archeology, irrigation, dairy husbandry and naval architecture, professorships of Spanish and Russian, general linguists, and the endowment of chairs in the College of Commerce.

This is quite a long list. Whether the Legislature will grant, or the taxpayers would approve the granting of funds for all these improvements, or, if so, whether they would favor the methods of raising the money suggested by Gen. Chipman, remains to be seen. There has been criticism of some of the methods of the University of California, but then the same may be said of any great university—or other public institution, for that matter. There is also a widespread and growing sentiment that there is danger of overdoing the so-called "higher" or ornamental branches of education in our public schools, colleges and universities, to the detriment of teaching in practical branches of knowledge, such as are needed by nine-tenths of the students who have to fight the battle of life when their school days are over. This criticism would, however, not apply to such features of the university course as a school of forestry, irrigation, dairy husbandry, commerce or Spanish. On the other hand, some would be inclined to question the propriety of asking the already overburdened taxpayers of the State to pay for the education of a few thousand young men and women in art, archeology and music.

The question of the State University and its needs should be carefully considered by the present Legislature, when there will be a chance to elicit some public opinion in regard to the plan, the professors and the pupils.

A BIG DRINK.

The East is not only taking an interest in the question of water storage, but is doing some big work in that line itself, to judge from a description of the great reservoir which Boston has had in construction since 1895. It is not for irrigation, Massachusetts being a wet State, as far as water goes, but for domestic service, and it is said that when completed it will give Boston the greatest reservoir of pure drinking water in the world.

It is expected that this immense reservoir, which is about thirty miles from Boston, will be completed within five more years. The cost of the enterprise, including the expensive right of way will be about \$15,000,000. It will supply not only Boston, but a dozen other important cities and towns, in what is to be known as the Metropolitan Water District, and so liberal is the scale of operations, that it is expected there will be enough water for this vast population, notwithstanding the natural increase of population, until 1950. To show the gigantic size of the reservoir, it is only necessary to state that its capacity will reach the enormous extent of 63,068,000 gallons, or almost twice as much as the new Croton reservoir near New York City. The building of this reservoir means the flooding of a valley thirty-two miles from Boston, the complete or partial submergence of two thriving towns, and the changing of a well-known railway's right of way through the valley. The present supply of all the existing waterworks of Boston will be quadrupled.

Judging by these figures, we of the West are as yet simply playing with the reservoir business. Think of impounding a quantity of water which would allow a continuous outflow of 25,000 inches daily! This would supply a community much larger than Redlands and Riverside combined, with all the other citrus fruit districts of Southern California thrown in.

The total value of metals produced in the United States in 1900 was \$509,800,992—and a large percentage of this sum was produced in the land of the setting sun.

Pat Crowe seems to have faded away into a London pea-soup fog, and he bears away first prize for exclusiveness.

An Indiana man, for seven years denied payment for the right of way through his farm, tore up a long section of the C. & N. Railway and carted the rails and ties off his premises. The court sustained his action, and the circumstance is likely to establish an important precedent.

A certain eastern man has just discovered that he is a victim of an "imperialistic wine." Well, that may sound new, but it isn't; that's the stuff all the ants were drinking during the late campaign. It is just plain, everyday Filipino "bino"—and bad stuff it is.

In comparing Napoleon and Roberts, a French paper states that they are unlike in that Napoleon would never have left the field until all fighting was over. Another marked difference lies in the probability that Earl Roberts will hardly end his days on St. Helena.

It is to be hoped that some time in the future the Postoffice Department will arrange so we will only have to go as far out in the country as Garvanza when we wish to visit the postoffice.

With the construction of the new Salt Lake Railway there will be opened a vast section of country rich in minerals and offering a wonderful field to the prospector and settler.

Mr. Bryan states that he is not sure yet whether he will run again for President in 1904 or not. We certainly have not the slightest objection to his running. He's easy!

Capt. Allen, an eastern warrior, declares that we are "rushing at breakneck speed into an aristocracy of wealth, the most contemptible of any form!" The fact that the pessimistic

gentleman is himself possessed of some \$250,000 seems in no way to ameliorate his sufferings over the prospect of other people reaching a similar affliction.

The Utica Observer, having observed that "the people of the United States will decide whether the Constitution follows the flag," the Brooklyn Eagle makes this neat rejoinder:
"Well, they have decided that it did not, when they twice elected Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln and McKinley. Each one of these Presidents carried the flag into new regions—and Congress afterward extended the Constitution over some of them. Alaska was acquired in the term for which Lincoln was re-elected, and the Constitution has not followed the flag there yet."

Local oil men are reported as saying that the tax of 33 1/3 cents a month, or about 1 cent a day, imposed by the City Council on each oil well, to pay the cost of inspection, is "exorbitant and unjust," and a meeting was held of people said to represent millions of dollars, at which it was determined to resist further payment. This looks like rather a large fuss over a small matter.

With the rain we have had, the rain we are expecting in the near future, and our efficient forest patrol, our mountains ought next summer to show progress toward their natural greenness. It is an indubitable fact that fire and sheep do more to turn a mountain country into a desert waste than any other elements of destruction.

Another "Terrible Turk" is coming over to meet the winner of the Foss-Rober wrestling match in February. It is to be hoped he possesses better qualities than Yousouf, the other "Terrible Turk," who, it will be remembered, died stabbing to death frenzied, drowning women in the water about the wrecked steamer La Bourgogne.

They are to have an international baby show, and men generally are taking to the woods for fear they will be appointed judges.

That it has seized the President is evidence of the fact that gripe is no respecter of persons.

ARMY AND NAVY MEN.

Chief Engineer J. R. Daly has been ordered to the United States revenue cutter "Woodbury," Portland, Me.

Capt. J. G. Green, U.S.N., who has been in command of the New Orleans in Asiatic waters, has been detached to return to the United States.

Maj. J. L. Wilson, Quartermaster of Volunteers (captain Sixth Artillery,) has left Fort Bayard, N. M., for the East, to spend January, February and March on leave.

Maj. Alexandre Alberto da Rocha Serra, of the Brazilian expedition, well known in this country, especially to geographical societies, died a few days ago at Lisbon, Portugal.

The late fifteen minutes' leave of Mr. G. W. Allen, the managing proprietor of the Pioneer of Allahabad, and the Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore, two of the leading papers of India. He had great administrative ability, and his life was characterized by tireless industry. He was 62 years of age, and was knighted in 1897.

Maj.-Gen. MacArthur held his first New Year's reception at Manila January 1, and a social function at the same time. Rear-Admiral Remy and the wives of several prominent officers assisted Gen. MacArthur. The ladies were dressed in elaborate attire in native costumes. President Taft, of the Philippine Commission, gave a buffet luncheon in the afternoon, which closed the day's celebration.

Commander R. F. Scott of the Royal Navy, has been put in command of the British Antarctic expedition, and Prof. Gregory has been appointed head of its scientific staff. It is hoped that the expedition will be a success. It is to start in August, 1901, when the German Antarctic expedition is also expected to sail. Funds have been raised to the amount of \$100,000, and the expedition was planned originally for two years.

We have on our retired list two, and only two, officers with the rank of lieutenant, whose services include the Mexican, the Philippine and the Spanish-American wars. They are David A. Griffith, who was in 1847 a second lieutenant of Co. H, Second District Columbia Infantry, and Thomas W. Briggs, who entered the volunteer service June 17, 1876, as a private of Co. G, Fourth Illinois Infantry. Briggs is now over 75 years of age, and Lieut. Griffith past 70. A bill has been introduced into Congress to give Lieut. Briggs the rank of captain on the retired list.

SAN FERNANDO MISSION.

Just like Jerusalem of old, Fernando dreaming lies, With sun-bathed mountains "round about."

Aspiring to the skies, Here dawn-burns incense; here the sun Sinks low in golden light; Here twilight floods in holy calm, Till starbeams flood the night.

I like to think the tropic day Was turning to its close, The cool twilight drifting in, When first this vision rose. Before those eager, holy men, Who sought another spot, To plant the cross, and teach of God, To those who knew Him not.

How well and with what zeal they wrought, Their curious mission shows; How well they watched and prayed, And taught.

The Lord of Harvest knows, And still their olive orchards bloom Within the crumbling wall; Still tower aloft their ancient palms, Like guardians over all.

As here within the cloisters gray I sit, as evening falls, I do not hear the village sounds, Nor see those ruined walls. I hear the padre's vesper bell Ring out upon the air; I see the Indians crowd around, And bow their heads in prayer.

Oh, mountain-circled little town, What legends are thine! These wondrous ruins, thrilling yet, With memories divine—The padre's hope and sacrifice, And, richer than the rest, Their burning love for all mankind In their supreme bequest.

ABBIE A. FAIRFIELD.

[Chicago Tribune:] "Your wife has such a terrible tired look, old man! Yes, tomorrow night she will be turned to entertain the Don't Worry Club to which she belongs."

New Harmsworth Edited "The World" News.

A WORLD EDITOR'S ACCOUNT.

A Star Member of Mr. Pulitzer's Staff Describes What the London Editor Did During His Brief Reign.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12, 1901.—There strode into the office of the New York World on the afternoon of December 21—the nineteenth century's closing day—a young man well below 40. He had a clean-shaven face, with piercing gray eyes, rather full cheeks, expressive mouth and a shock of yellow hair. His clothes were no better nor no worse than the clothes of the hundred editors and reporters in sight. The one spot of color that shone above the dull brownness of his sack suit was a bright red necktie.

This young man was Alfred Harmsworth, London's journalistic prodigy, proprietor of more successful publications than any other man in the world, and founder of the phenomenally profitable London Daily Mail. He had come at Mr. Pulitzer's invitation to edit the World for a brief period.

"In the first place," announced the young editor—he is just turned 44— "I will change the size. I am going to make the World just half as big. There will be four columns to the page and the columns will be much shorter than they are regularly. I will make the World much more convenient for reading, and more easily carried in the pocket. Men will take the paper home with them instead of throwing it away, and that's what the advertisers want."

With that the new editor sent for his head of departments, and in fifteen minutes he had called the methods of the World at his fingers' ends. He looked over the display type, and at the regular "scare-head" type. He chose for the head lines a much smaller font, and allowed only four "banks" of space, instead of the regular six, which take up fully a fifth of a column alone.

Then he took a turn with the city department, where the local news is handled.

"No story," he announced, "of more than 25 words."

The space writers looked aghast! The World today runs its news in more condensed form, probably, than any other newspaper of its size in the United States. And here was a man who proposed cutting everything in half again!

Then this remarkable young man hurried into the art department. The artists were evidently expecting an easy day of it, knowing full well Mr. Harmsworth's objections to cuts in a daily newspaper. Here came the surprise.

"I should say," he announced, decisively, "that we will print about four pictures a page wide. Make your cartoons two columns, instead of four. Better have a picture on tonight's theatrical openings, and one on the celebration of the new century. I suppose that will lead the local news tonight."

Then a note arrived for him. It was an invitation from the Press Club for him to come over and join in its festivities. He scribbled a line back: "I can't get fifteen minutes' leave of absence from 4 to 4:15 p.m. I will be delighted to be with you then."

Mr. Harmsworth kept his word. He was there at 4:15, and when the night returned ready to jump in again. There was another conference with some of the heads of departments.

"I will give a whole page to the theaters," said Mr. Harmsworth, "because I see there are many im-

portant openings, and we will give one page to editorials, and two to sports—everybody likes sports."

The Englishman's love of sport was showing, even in this busy edit.

"But," he added, "let nothing exceed the limit of space. Condensation is the password of the coming newspaper. Everything should be presented in the briefest form. People have no time to read long stories. They lose their interest in them."

By this time things were shaping themselves smoothly in their respective channels, and in a surprisingly easy way. Here was a huge and highly-specialized newspaper organization doing everything differently for just one day, and yet there was no hitch—no jar. Editors and reporters went about their duties just as if it had been any other day of the year.

And then Mr. Harmsworth retired to write his two editorials; and here, strangely enough, Mr. Harmsworth violated his own rules about condensation. Each of his editorials was a column long, and contained more words than any article in the paper, save one. And yet, Mr. Harmsworth's World's ideas for its editorials are couched in the briefest form, and seldom run over 250 words; while short paragraphs are liberally sprinkled in between.

It was dinner time now, and the night force of editors and copy readers were being detracted off in the night city editor, who has charge of handling all the city copy. Mr. Harmsworth was particularly careful in his direction.

"Remember," he said, "nothing more than 250 words, and keep a good share of them down to 100 words. Condense as much as possible."

And so the copy readers began chopping down to a stick and a half—less than 250 words—spread stories wide for the customers' hands, and over. Pretty soon the proofs began to come downstairs from the compositor. The night force was handed to the editor-in-chief.

Sometimes he looked very serious—this matter was running over his head. He hurried out into the city room with a word of caution.

"Keep it down, gentlemen," he said. "I am making shape pretty fast, now. Meanwhile Mr. Harmsworth had been out to dinner with the several editors, where he talked long and earnestly about his ideas for a new journalism.

OUR MIDWINTER EDITION DE LUXE.

A FINE LIMITED EDITION OF THE Times will be issued within a few days. It will be a sumptuous and beautiful publication, embellished with superb pictures, especially half-tones.

The illustrations include nine full-page half-tones representing the following subjects and objects:

Group of Eleven Views of Citrus Fruits and Citrus-Fruit Gathering.

Group of Six Southern California Homes.

Group of Eleven Views Representing California Sports.

Door Life in Southern California.

Eleven Pictures of Southern California Child Life.

Eight Views of Farm Life.

Fifteen Views of California Fruit Exchanges.

Typical Views from California's Southern Counties.

In addition to these there are large views of homes and business blocks in Los Angeles; of Los Angeles' beautiful Park; the extensive Fruit-drying Industries of this section; views representing Flowers and Flower Culture, the Mining Industry, Walnut Raising, San Pedro Harbor, the Yuca Palms of Antelope Valley, the Live-Stock Industry, the Lima-Bean Industry, Methods of Irrigation, Fruit Packing, Gathering, Raisins, Characteristic Views of Arizona, Striking Exhibits at the Chamber of Commerce; Notable Views in Southern California, etc.

There is a total of over seventy pictures in the Midwinter Number.

In the EDITION DE LUXE, the three parts will be bound in an attractive cover, printed in colors, and it will make a unique and valuable publication, well worthy of preservation.

The price of this edition will be 35 cents a copy, mailed to any address; postage 4 cents extra. Orders may be given now. Address The Times-Mirror Company, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

HEAR! HEAR!

[National City Record:] An amusing tongue war is again going on between the San Diego Union and the Los Angeles Times over the omission by the latter, to show San Diego in a commercial map recently published in its columns. There are two points in the controversy made by the Union, which unprejudiced people will agree: First, there can be no rivalry between a city of 100,000 inhabitants and a city of 18,000; second, that the people of San Diego are largely to blame for the failure of that city to show San Diego in the commercial map.

If the energy with which San Diegans have fought each other during the last ten years has been expended for the general good, San Diego would not have fallen so far behind Los Angeles in the race for progress. These are facts in the case that it will be best for San Diegans not to ignore, but rather investigate. The question may well be asked how it has happened that with her undoubted natural advantages, San Diego has barely held her own in population during the last decade, while with her many drawbacks Los Angeles has added 50,000 inhabitants to her ranks. Drawback is good.—Ed. Times.]

[Chicago Record:] "Are those two men talking shop?"
"No, they are talking swag."
His Little Scheme.

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THEY TAUGHT ME.

Experience is always a costly teacher. Alfred Harmsworth bought some. He is a successful man. He has turned the London Evening News into a success in a few years. He succeeded where the Hour (1889-90) failed. He has made much money for himself, but much more for the country.

At the invitation of Mr. Harmsworth took a trip to New York. He was to ask him a few questions. The result of his visit was a book called "They Taught Me." It is a book of "things ain't what they seem." It is a book of "things ain't what they seem." It is a book of "things ain't what they seem."

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Roses for the People.

How would you like to plant some really good varieties—roses that are **ROSEBUDS**—and? Perhaps you have looked at La France, Marie Van Houfte, etc., so long that you have lost your interest in roses and think there is nothing better. The only reason we can form opinions as to excellence is by comparison, and if you have sorts which have been "standard" for years, you are perhaps of the opinion that there is nothing better. Again, you have likely been buying of parties who have only a few of the common sorts in stock, grown in tin cans, selecting from whatever they happened to have on hand. Our roses are field grown and we guarantee to be **THE HEADQUARTERS** of the U.S. for field grown, ever-blooming roses of the best sorts; over 100 varieties to select from, at no greater cost than scrub plants. Can you in any way secure more satisfaction and real pleasure from an investment of two or three dollars than to put in into really choice varieties of roses? Can't you afford to rip out some of your old scrub plants and put in roses worth growing? We are not new and untried, our trade comes from the best homes on this Coast as well as all over the U.S. Send for our "Roses for the People," free to home owners.

The California Rose Co.,

629 SOUTH SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES.

WHY IS IT

Those that came to us the day our doors were opened are still with us! It's the sterling quality of our produce—the certainty, that it is as represented—courtous attention, the knowledge that every pound contains 16 ounces. "Safest place to trade."

tel. 850
Ship Everywhere

LUDWIG & MATTHEWS, Mott Market

THE CROSS-ROADS LETTER CARRIERS.

Rapid Spread of the Free Rural Mail Delivery System Through the Southern California Byways.

FREE rural mail delivery is the watchword in Southern California. Less than two years ago there was no trace of this system here, but since that time twenty routes have been established, covering an area of 800 square miles and serving about 30,000 people with mail, daily.

When this system was first started, the people of the southern part of the state were quick to see the advantages and lost no time in forwarding applications to Washington. As a result routes were rapidly laid out and put in operation.

Rural delivery is said to be in the experimental stage, but it will only be a matter of a few years when this service will become universal. The scheme was first proposed by John Wamman, and in later years, while the advantages were acknowledged by the authorities, objection was made to the system on the score that the cost would prove stupendous, should the system be extended over the available rural settlements of the United States.

The first experiments were made four years ago. Congress reluctantly granted a small appropriation for the purpose. The initial tests proved so successful, however, that the appropriation was increased two years ago to \$100,000. One year later \$1,000,000 was set aside for extending the system.

For the coming year Postmaster-General Smith will ask for an appropriation of "not less than \$2,500,000," but it is believed that something like \$5,000,000 will be granted to maintain and extend the rural delivery system. Mr. Smith, who has entered into this work enthusiastically, has secured figures showing that the additional net of national mail delivery to cover every available family in outlying districts, would be less than \$14,000,000 a year.

There has been an immense growth of popular sentiment in favor of the system from the start, to which Congress has paid due heed. It is estimated that there are 24,000,000 people living in rural sections. Last year the increase in population served was 13,523; the increase in area of square miles covered, 22,183, and in new carriers, 582. There were delivered nearly 7,000,000 pieces of mail more than the previous year. Routes are at present established in the order that applications are received, there are already about 2300 petitions for routes on file, awaiting to be acted upon by the postal department.

GET THE DAILY PAPERS.

Through this service the isolated ones receive the daily papers containing market reports, thereby keeping in close and constant touch with the fruit and oil situations. The people served also shop intelligently as though in the city, and their purchases are delivered at the door by the rural delivery agent.

Each carrier is an Uncle Sam all by himself, and his wagon is a miniature postoffice, where he lives and labors throughout the day. He starts from the central postoffice in the morning and leaves the mail in turn, for every house, at a mail box established at a convenient point on the main road. From these same boxes he also collects any letters posted by the ranchers. Besides attending to these affairs the office sells stamps, postal cards and envelopes, registers

mail and cancels postage. He may also act as private agent for money orders, and on the homeward route solicit subscriptions for papers and magazines. He may also carry packages and passengers, when they do not interfere with the mail service. The routes in this section average about twenty-five miles in length, and the carrier furnishes and keeps, at individual expense, his own horse and rig. The government pays him but \$200 a year, and he necessarily finds that he must resort to side issues in order to secure additional funds.

ON THE FENCE POSTS. Rural Southern California, seized upon this method of advancement in general knowledge of things in the business world, and rural routes are to be found winding their way through orange groves, walnut ranches and oil hills. Caps and boxes adorn fence posts along the highways and the people are kept in daily communication with their respective markets.

There are few places where the population is so well suited to the rural delivery routes, as in Southern California. Mail is daily delivered to these communities, not included in cities or incorporated villages. The word "rural" does not necessarily imply that the persons served are engaged in agricultural pursuits. It means the establishment of regular postal communication with, not only farming and fruit sections, but also with a number of our large and thriving oil and mining settlements. In this section of the state the conditions are especially favorable for the service. The roads are good throughout the year, making it possible for carriers to cover their routes with ease and promptness. The section of territory covered by each carrier is comparatively small and generally well populated.

FIRST ROUTE.

Santa Barbara led the State in securing the first route. In 1899 a single route was established leading through the Montecito Valley. The undertaking proved of great value and more than paid expenses from the start, thus gaining favor with the department at Washington. A few months later a second route was inaugurated to serve the people of La Goleta Valley, also proving a success. The Santa Barbara people were not yet satisfied and applied for an extension of these two services. A special agent promptly appeared and investigated the field. As a result two new routes were immediately established, one for the beautiful homes of Mission Canyon and La Mesa and the other covering the territory in the vicinity of the Santa Ynez Mountains, to the mines of the same name. During the past fiscal year the first two routes mentioned, covering an area of forty-two square miles, included 1400 people served by daily mail and collection. The importance of these deliveries was felt especially during the holidays, when the central office was congested with bulky packages. At Carpinteria a third route was established, serving 1500 people and covering twenty square miles.

STARTING FROM ANAHEIM.

A great deal has been accomplished by the three routes starting from Anaheim, carriers, despite the

washouts of recent storms, regularly serving the population along seventy-five miles of country road. The business has gained constantly until over 2000 families are served.

FOR THE OIL WORKERS.

The advantage to oil men is shown at Fullerton, where a carrier covers twenty-three square miles, serving 300 people. Here men in charge of the oil wells may promptly receive advice and instructions by mail from their city offices, and render by the same method, daily reports, bringing the owners and promoters in immediate touch with operations in the field. Applications have been sent in for an extension of this route throughout the oil district. The Puente oil people are also taking up the matter at Basset Station and the walnut growers of Los Nietos have sent in petitions for the establishment of routes.

The free rural mail delivery is not yet operating in Ventura, and San Bernardino counties, although petitions have been forwarded for a system in the Riverside, and another for the district north and east of the city toward Highgrove. Another petition is being circulated for the establishment of a route between Arlington and Corona, to the south of Riverside.

IN ONE DISTRICT WHERE THE RURAL FREE DELIVERY RUNS, THE POSTMASTER REPORTS THAT THE JAPANESE EMPLOYEES HAVE MADE EXTENSIVE USE OF BOTH THE REGISTRATION AND MONEY ORDER FACILITIES OFFERED.

ALL THE ROUTES.

Routes now in operation in Southern California are: Ventura, one carrier, 34 square miles, 350 people served; Santa Paula, one carrier, 20 square miles, 800 served; El Monte, one carrier, 23 square miles covered, 1140 served; Pomona, one carrier, 8 square miles covered, 1250 served; San Jacinto, 26 square miles covered, 500 served; Ontario, two carriers, 55 square miles covered, 1800 served; North Ontario, one carrier, 25 square miles covered, 850 served; Santa Ana, three carriers, 78 square miles covered, 2500 served; Orange, one carrier, 20 square miles covered, 1000 served; Anaheim, three carriers, 49 square miles covered, 3000 served.

While these routes are giving good service to a large number of isolated people, there are large sections of country where the people are still forced to depend upon weekly papers as the source of information, and to secure these, as well as their mail, must drive long distances to town. As one carrier in a single day can save about 1000 people from making these necessary trips, petitions are being forwarded from all over this section of the State, and it is hoped that, with the new appropriation, there may not remain a single mile of rural road in the southern part of the State that is not covered by an Uncle Sam mail wagon before the ending of 1901.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Up to the great heights lead,
With gentler dream and deed;
Bow thou the perfect speed—
But the dawn is not the bleed,
And lift, from the darkest night,
Earth to eternal light!
[Frank Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.]

LOVE AND GLORY.

Sing thy song's sweet story
Earthly love above;
Let a little glory
Drown a little love.

But, where years are meeting
On the ways of men,
Glory—Love—are fleeting;
Both shall die. And then?
[Frank Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.]

[Philadelphia Press.] (Mr. Bullincock) Ah! my dear, I wish I might be like a knight of old and perform some deed of daring for you.
(Miss Lovelace) Oh, George! Now that you're worked up to it suppose you speak to papa.

PERSONALS.

A. G. Park of Hanford is at the Westminster.

G. W. Hull of Jerome, Ariz., is at the Hollenbeck.

J. H. Brill of Milwaukee is a guest at the Hollenbeck.

H. K. Goodwin of Boston is a tourist staying at the Ramona.

George W. Dubrow, the Salton salt man, is at the Van Nuys.

Postmaster S. N. Andrews of Pomona is a guest at the Hollenbeck.

Editor W. J. Durke of the Needles Eye is a guest at the Natick.

E. A. Higgins of Minneapolis registered at the Roslyn yesterday.

J. R. Leonard of Prescott, Ariz., arrived at the Van Nuys yesterday.

S. A. Shindel of Barberton, O., arrived at the Hollenbeck yesterday.

The members of the San Diego baseball team are at the Natick House.

A. B. Calkins and wife of Delaney, Wis., are guests at the Hollenbeck.

S. Wagner and wife of San Francisco, are guests at the Hollenbeck.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Lennen of Napa, photographed at the Roslyn Friday.

John W. Wood and wife of Roanoke, Va., are tourists at the Van Nuys.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wright of Seattle are guests at the Van Nuys.

H. V. Mills and wife of Chicago registered at the Westminster yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jones of Knoxville, Tenn., arrived at the Roslyn yesterday.

E. L. Spari and wife of Ventura are guests at the Ramona for a few days.

Charles D. Snow is a Chicago tourist who arrived at the Van Nuys yesterday.

Alexander Waldie of Santa Paula, registered at the Westminster yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Halderman O'Connor of Harrisburg, Pa., are tourists at the Van Nuys.

Mrs. E. G. Holmes of St. Paul, Minn., is among recent arrivals at the Roslyn Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alden Geisler of Boston, took rooms at the Hollenbeck yesterday.

P. D. Moeller and wife of Rembeck, Iowa, arrived at the Hollenbeck yesterday.

John Nadeau of Denver, Colo., is a tourist who yesterday registered at the Ramona.

M. E. Spiro, a commercial traveler of Philadelphia, is registered at the Nadeau.

E. G. Dillingham, a tourist from New York, registered at the Roslyn yesterday.

John W. Woods and wife of Roanoke, Va., are at the Westminster. They are tourists.

C. H. Merrill and wife of Crawfords registered at the Van Nuys yesterday.

Miss Maude Miller of Lead, S. D., arrived at the Hollenbeck yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jones of Knoxville, Ill., registered at the Westminster yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Murray of Elensburg, Or., registered at the Nadeau yesterday.

J. D. Alkire and wife and Thomas Alkire of Denver, Colo., are guests at the Van Nuys.

Mrs. Ralph Muir of Joplin, Mo., is a tourist who yesterday registered at the Van Nuys.

Mrs. E. A. Dodge of Akron, O., is a tourist who yesterday took rooms at the Natick.

J. G. Clark, a tourist from Grand Rapids, Mich., registered at the Roslyn yesterday.

East Highlands is represented in this city by J. E. Crane, who is a guest at the Nadeau.

J. A. Drifill, manager of the Oxnard sugar factory, is a guest at the Van Nuys.

Mrs. Gertrude A. Palmer, wife of a prominent banker of New York City, is at the Roslyn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Pattell of Long Branch, N. J., arrived at the Westminster yesterday.

Max Isaac and Mrs. Fletcher of the United left last evening on a business trip to New York.

H. J. Shulderman and John T. McKee of Portland, Or., are a pair of oil men at the Ramona.

G. E. Thrall and wife of Eureka, Kan., are tourists who yesterday arrived at the Ramona.

D. T. Jones and wife and Karl F. Jones of Chicago, are a party of tourists at the Hollenbeck.

Mrs. Web M. Ruby of Macon, Mo., and Mrs. M. L. Heinkeken of San Francisco are at the Roslyn.

A. W. Benton and wife of Kern City are in town for a few days, making their home at the Natick.

H. C. Breeden of San Francisco, representative of the Standard Oil Company, is at the Van Nuys.

S. H. Alexander and wife and Florence May Alexander of Denver are guests at the Westminster.

Harry Oakes of Chicago is a tourist at the Van Nuys Hotel. He expects to remain here several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Pattell of Long Branch, N. J., are among the tourists guests at the Westminster.

A. B. Butler, a raisin grower of Fresno, is at the Van Nuys. He is accompanied by Mrs. Butler.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Spencer of New York are tourists who yesterday took apartments at the Van Nuys.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jones of Knoxville, Ill., arrived at the Westminster yesterday. They are tourists.

Mrs. S. Zinkin and her sister, Miss T. Zinkin of Portland, Or., registered at the Roslyn Hotel yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Harold arrived here yesterday from Santa Anita. They are guests at the Nadeau.

A. A. Belling, wife and daughter, of St. Johns, New Brunswick, are Canadian tourists at the Westminster.

J. L. Graft, who is preparing a series of articles on Southern California for a new record, is in this city.

Judge E. M. Ross of the United States Circuit Court started yesterday on a business trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. C. K. Cole and Miss Alma E. Cole of Helena, Mont., are among the guests at the Van Nuys Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock are among the guests at the Van Nuys. They returned from New Orleans yesterday.

George E. Boyle of the firm of Blake, Moffatt & Towne has taken up his residence at the Roslyn for the winter.

A. B. Catherman and wife, William R. Nieper and wife, and M. E. Lindner of San Francisco are guests at the Van Nuys.

C. Moore and daughter of Grand Rapids, Mich., are among the tourists who yesterday registered at the Nadeau.

J. F. Craig and family of Toledo, O., are in Los Angeles to spend the winter. They arrived yesterday and are at the Roslyn.

Fred A. Hazard and wife of Whitewater, Wis., are on a route home from the East, where they have been making a visit.

Bishop John Hamilton of the Methodist Church has gone to Mexico, where he will conduct a conference which will open today.

T. W. Tenwinkle, a well-known real estate man of San Francisco, is a guest at the Van Nuys Broadway. He is accompanied by Mrs. Tenwinkle.

Mrs. William Uim and Miss Laura Sherick arrived here yesterday from their home in Folsom, Mont. They are guests at the Van Nuys Broadway.

E. W. Thompson, assistant general passenger agent of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, is expected here tomorrow from Topeka.

William J. Nead, a capitalist of Atlantic City, N. J., is spending a few weeks in Southern California. He registered at the Natick last evening.

J. E. Callis of Detroit, accompanied by his wife and mother, is at the Natick. They will spend some days in visiting points of interest in this neighborhood.

Rev. E. S. Chapman, State superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, will start soon for Honolulu, where he expects to rest as well as accomplish some work in the interest of temperance.

Willis Howe came over from Catalina today and registered at the Van Nuys. Mr. Howe is proprietor of the hotel that is supposed to have made more money than any other hotel in America—the Palmer House, Chicago.

L. G. NeSmith, for twenty-six years a prominent citizen of San Jose, has come here to make this city his home. In 1881 Mr. NeSmith was elected cashier of the First National Bank of San Jose, and held the office until a short time ago, when he resigned. He did good public service in connection with the asylum at Agnew, with the parks of San Jose, and in other enterprises of a public nature.

Mme. Gregorio de Ajuria of New York was at the Van Nuys yesterday. Mrs. Ajuria, who is a painter of miniatures on ivory, has taken a cottage at Pasadena for the winter. She has painted famous people all over the world, and displays a large gold medal from the Pope, as well as a costly decoration from Queen Marguerite of Italy. This latter is the letter "M" formed of diamonds, and surmounted by a gold crown, the whole suspended from a diamond-mounted band.

COVINA.

OBSTRUCTIONIST FINED.

COVINA, Jan. 12.—[Regular Correspondence.] On Thursday the case of the People vs. J. W. Kline was tried before a jury in Justice Court. Kline was charged with obstructing the public highway by the construction of two dams of dirt and stone. The prosecution was conducted by Deputy District Attorney Willis, the defense being handled by E. B. Carrier, Esq., of Covina. The testimony was to show that the defendant had constructed these dams, extending into the road 25 feet in length, and by so doing had backed the storm water, making the highway impassable. A verdict of guilty was returned, and the defendant was fined \$20, with an alternative of spending twenty days in the County Jail.

COVINA BREVITIES.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Covina Valley Bank, held on Thursday, H. M. Houser was elected a director to fill the vacancy caused by the death of S. A. Overholser. The newly-elected directors and officers of the Covina Valley Water Company are: J. H. Coolman, president; Bemis, vice-president; J. M. Holt, secretary; Ed Hoffman, J. H. McClure, J. R. Elliott and T. McCormick. Friday evening, J. C. Spruance entertained the Hon. A. L. Wellington, Col. E. S. Ware, Dr. Cline, and C. Hutchinson, a prominent New York banker, at dinner, at the Covina Country Club.

ELIZABETH.

ARM SHOT NEARLY OFF.

ELIZABETH, Jan. 12.—[Regular Correspondence.] James Knight of the Santa Rosa ranch, near Murietta, was seriously injured by the accidental discharge of his gun while duck hunting. The entire charge entered his arm, near the shoulder, almost tearing it from the body.

TWO DEATHS.

Nettie Timmis, the eleven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Timmis, died last Tuesday with typhoid fever. The funeral, which was largely at-

Big Reductions on All Seasonable Garments

Ville de Paris

January Clearance Sale.

221 and 223 South Broadway.

SPECIAL SILK SALE..

Final Clearance prices prevail in our Silk department Monday. Extra cuts in prices have been made to clean up old and broken lines. Here is an opportunity to buy stylish silk at a very low price, for Waists, Trimmings, Linings, coats, etc.

65 cts

This lot includes many fancy styles and new color combinations, stripes, plaids, and ribbons. Imported fabrics with many new styles in this line sold for \$1.25, but the majority were formerly \$1.00, now reduced to 65c.

85 cts

This line has many attractive styles in Peruvian, stripes, plaids, and ribbons. Imported fabrics with many new styles in this line sold for \$1.25, but the majority were formerly \$1.00, now reduced to 85c.

FURS \$22.50 CAPES AT \$15.00.
\$28.50 CAPES AT \$20.00.
\$12.50 CAPES AT \$8.50.
FURS \$18.50 BOAS AT \$12.50.
\$12.00 SCARFS AT \$8.00.

Garments Every ready-made garment in our Cloak Department marked at speedy clearance prices.

Pure Wines

Properly aged, are accountable for the magnificent growth of our family trade and Eastern shipments.

We are wine producers in the strictest sense of the term, owning and operating large vineyards and wineries in the San Gabriel Valley. A trial of our wines makes you a regular customer.

Fine Old Port, Sherry, Angelica and Muscat.

75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

GALLON.

Go. Cal. Wine

220 W. FOURTH ST.
TBL. M. 332

The Great Credit House

BRENT'S, 530-532 S. Spring

We succeed NOT BY FAVOR, BUT BY MERIT ALONE. We do not house complete on easy payments.

TWO TRADE INCREASES:

THIS WEEK 37 dozen High Back DINING-ROOM CHAIRS, well finished in golden oak. Our regular price is \$1.00.

THIS WEEK Just received a big lot of Beds, WHITE METAL, made and well finished. \$4.50.

THIS WEEK 75c.

WE TRUST THE PEOPLE

CONSUMPTION CURED

By DR. W. HARRISON BALLARD, 419 1/2 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles. Sufferers at Pasadena for throat and lung trouble especially. Write for literature.

READ THE PARTICULARS:

The information may be useful to you. Write to me to-day. I'll send you a copy of my book, "How to Cure Consumption." The body was sent to the New England home.

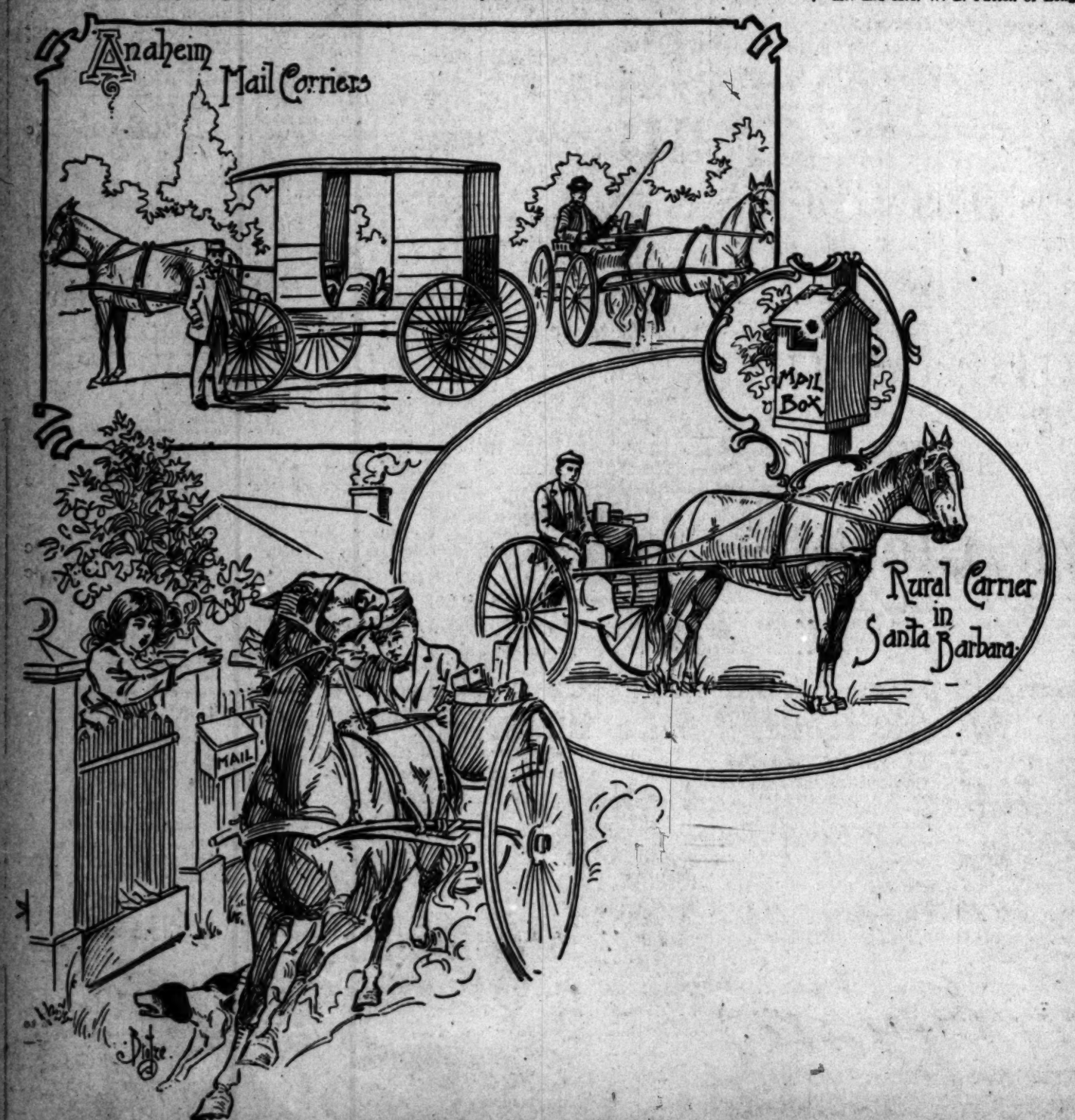
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LIQUIDATION *Jacoby Bros.* SALE

OUTFITTERS FOR ALL MANKIND.
331-333-335 S. BROADWAY.

With Renewed Force and Energy the Sale Starts Afresh Tomorrow.

No sale which we can recall has been equal to this. Profits are not thought of now. In many instances there's decided loss. We've centered every energy to realize the sum of

\$60,000.00

For the purpose of making a settlement with a late member of the firm.

Women's Suits.

- Tailor Suits**
Woolen suits, double breasted Eton jacket, satin lined, with bare, reduced from \$15 to **\$9.50**
- Tailor Suits**
Woolen suits, full skirt, percaline, double breasted Eton jacket, with French shoulders and, reduced from \$10 to **\$12.50**
- Coats and Capes.**
Woolen coats, Broadway box coats, jackets and Etons. All are greatly reduced. These few show what we are doing.
- Jackets reduced to \$5.75**
Coats and Jackets reduced to \$10.00

Muslin Underwear.

- Women's Suits**
Woolen suits, plain or lace trim, 25c
Woolen suits, plain or lace trim, 25c
Woolen suits, plain or lace trim, 25c
Woolen suits, plain or lace trim, 25c
Woolen suits, plain or lace trim, 25c
Woolen suits, plain or lace trim, 25c
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Knit Underwear.

- 75c women's jersey ribbed union suits.**
Seeds lined, ecru and gray. 40c
\$1.00 union suits, jersey ribbed. 75c
\$1.50 white wool union suits, natural gray. 92c
\$1.75 women's wool union, in black, white and natural gray. \$1.27
85c jersey ribbed vests and pants, ecru and gray. 21c
65c heavy seeded jersey ribbed vests and pants, ecru. 42c
\$1.00 partly wool vests and pants, cream or natural gray, jersey ribbed. 65c
\$1.25 natural wool vests and pants, silk taped and extra good weight. 82c
\$1.75 all wool, jersey ribbed vests and pants, gray and white. \$1.37
85c children's jersey ribbed union suits, gray and ecru. 18c
85c children's union suits, gray and ecru, heavily seeded. 39c
85c children's ribbed vests and pants. 21c

Shoes.

Any shoe we sell has our fullest guarantee—more styles than you'll find elsewhere. If prices were regular, you'd want to buy here.

Women's Shoes.

- Women's Shoes**
Patent leather button shoes. Spring heels, sizes 5 to 6. Coin toes and patent leather tips. Reduced from \$1.50 to **\$1.39**
- Women's Shoes**
Patent leather, lace with cloth tops. Patent leather tips in lace. Spring heels in all styles but one. No patent leather in patent leather shoes. All styles reduced from \$1.50 to **\$1.97**
- Women's Shoes**
Patent leather with kid and cloth tops. Patent leather tips in lace. Spring heels in all styles but one. No patent leather in patent leather shoes. All styles reduced from \$1.50 to **\$2.47**

Men's Shoes.

- Men's Shoes**
Patent leather and hand-turned soles. Patent leather tips in lace. Spring heels in all styles but one. No patent leather in patent leather shoes. All styles reduced from \$1.50 to **\$1.97**
- Men's Shoes**
Patent leather, lace with cloth tops. Patent leather tips in lace. Spring heels in all styles but one. No patent leather in patent leather shoes. All styles reduced from \$1.50 to **\$3.00**

Girls' Shoes.

- 90c Children's Shoes**
Shoes, black kidskin button, coin toes with kid tips. Spring heels, sizes 5 to 6, reduced from 90c to **50c**
- \$1.25 Children's Shoes**
Box calf and black kid button shoes with patent leather tips, sizes 5 to 6, reduced from \$1.25 to **69c**
- \$1.50 Children's Shoes**
Patent leather tips, hand turned soles, sizes 5 to 6, A to EE, reduced from \$1.50 to **\$1.00**
- \$1.25 Children's Shoes**
Coin toes with kid tips, spring heel button shoes, flexible soles, solid leather, sizes 5 1/2 to 11 1/2, reduced from \$1.25 to **65c**
- \$1.50 Children's Shoes**
Black kid, coin toe button shoes with patent leather tips and spring heels, sizes 5 1/2 to 11 1/2, reduced from \$1.50 to **\$1.09**
- \$1.25 Girls' Shoes**
Lace and button spring heel shoes. Sizes 12 to 2, with patent leather tips, coin toes, reduced from \$1.25 to **69c**
- \$1.50 Girls' Shoes**
Black kidskin button shoes, medium toe shapes and kid tips, oak sole leather soles, sizes 11 1/2 to 12, reduced from \$1.50 to **97c**
- \$2.00 Girls' Shoes**
Forerider's vicid kid, lace and button, coin toes, patent tips, spring heels sizes 12 to 2, reduced from \$2.00 to **\$1.39**
- Boys' Shoes.**
\$1.75 Boys' Shoes
Sizes 5 to 6, reduced from \$1.75 to **\$1.10**
- \$1.50 Youths' Shoes**
Sizes 12 to 2, reduced from \$1.50 to **90c**

Furs.

- At cost and less.
\$3 Collarettes at **\$1.39**
\$4 Collarettes at **\$2.40**
\$6.50 Mink Scarfs at **\$4.25**
\$10.50 Capes at **\$8.50**

MEN'S CLOTHING.



A few words before we mention the prices: Our standard of good clothing remains the same as it has ever been. Our clothing is as good today as it was 10 days ago. No change in any way, excepting in price. Here's what we've done.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------|
| \$10.00 Suits and Overcoats | \$6.35 |
| Reduced to | |
| \$12.00 Suits and Overcoats | \$7.95 |
| Reduced to | |
| \$15.00 Suits and Overcoats | \$9.85 |
| Reduced to | |
| \$18.00 Suits and Overcoats | \$11.75 |
| Reduced to | |
| \$20.00 Suits and Overcoats | \$14.45 |
| Reduced to | |
| \$25.00 Suits and Overcoats | \$19.85 |
| Reduced to | |
| \$30.00 Suits and Overcoats | \$23.75 |
| Reduced to | |

MEN'S TROUSERS.

- | | | | |
|--------------------------|------|---------------------------|------|
| 2.50 Trousers reduced to | 1.65 | 3.00 Trousers reduced to | 2.25 |
| 3.50 Trousers reduced to | 2.50 | 4.00 Trousers reduced to | 2.85 |
| 4.50 Trousers reduced to | 3.35 | 5.00 Trousers reduced to | 3.95 |
| 6.00 Trousers reduced to | 4.95 | 7.00 Trousers reduced to | 5.85 |
| 8.00 Trousers reduced to | 6.95 | 10.00 Trousers reduced to | 7.65 |

YOUTH'S SUITS.

AGES 12 TO 19 YEARS.

- | | | | |
|------------------------|-------|------------------------|-------|
| 7.50 Suits reduced to | 4.35 | 10.00 Suits reduced to | 6.35 |
| 12.50 Suits reduced to | 8.25 | 15.00 Suits reduced to | 10.15 |
| 17.50 Suits reduced to | 11.25 | 20.00 Suits reduced to | 14.35 |

Boys' Clothing.

No need not to utter words of praise for our stock of boys' clothing; you know us. One thing tho' you may not know—we're agents for "SCHUMAN'S" boys' clothing, a maker who is recognized as the world's best maker of fine clothing for boys. Prices on Schuman's suits are also reduced.

- | | |
|---|--|
| \$1.50 Boys' Suits
Two-piece, ages 5 to 15; reduced from \$1.50 to 97c | \$3 Boys' Suits
Two-piece and vest suits, ages 5 to 15 and 5 to 8; reduced from \$3 to \$1.78 |
| \$3.50 Boys' Suits
Two and three-piece, ages 5 to 15, and vest suits, ages 5 to 8 years; reduced from \$3.50 to \$2.42 | \$5 Boys' Suits
Vestee and sailor suits, ages 5 to 8, and two and three-piece suits, ages 5 to 15 years; reduced from \$5 to \$3.44 |
| \$6.50 Boys' Suits
Two-piece, three-piece vestee and blouse suits; reduced from \$6.50 to \$4.89 | \$7.50 Boys' Suits
High class novelty suits, ages 5 to 8, and two-piece and vest suits, ages 5 to 15 years, at \$5.36 |
| \$10 Boys' Suits, \$6.25 | \$12 Boys' Suits \$7.50 |

These two lines are from the best makers of high-grade clothing for boys. You'll find no better no matter how much you pay.

Jacoby Bros.
OUTFITTERS FOR ALL MANKIND.
331-333-335 S. BROADWAY.

Men's Hats

- 3.00 Young's Hats**
Derbys and fedoras in black and all the fashionable shades; reduced from \$3 to **\$2.10**
- 2.50 Men's Hats**
Soft and stiff hats. Pure fur, silk trimmings. All the latest shades and black; reduced from \$2.50 to **\$1.15**

- 50c Men's Caps**
Striped and Scotch plaid golf caps, silk lined; reduced from 50c to **26c**

Boys' Hats

- \$1.00 Boys' Hats**
Black, brown, pearl and navy, pure fur; Fedoras; reduced from \$1 to **71c**
- 25c Boys' Caps**
Fancy mixed, cheviot, golf caps; reduced from 25c to **18c**
- 75c Boys' Hats**
Navy, brown and nutria, felt crushers; reduced from 75c to **38c**

Boys' Furnishings.

- \$1 Boys' Waists**
Star brand waists, made of French percales, all sizes. Reduced from \$1 to **55c**
- \$1.25 Boys' Waists**
Wool Waists and blouses. All sizes, in medium and dark colors. Reduced from \$1.25 to **59c**
- 50c Boys' Waists**
K. and E. brand, percales and chevots, light, medium and dark colors, pretty patterns; reduced from 50c to **29c**
- 50c Boys' Sweaters**
Blue and maroon ribbed sweaters, cape and roll collars; reduced from 50c to **26c**
- \$1.25 Boys' Sweaters**
All wool sweaters, maroon, blue and black, all sizes; reduced from \$1.25 to **92c**
- 50c Boys' Shirts**
Outing flannel shirts, very neat patterns in medium dark colors; reduced from 50c to **33c**
- 35c Boys' Shirts**
Medium and dark colored cheviot school shirts, reduced from 35c to **21c**
- \$1.50 Boys' Shirts**
Star brand, laundered, stiff bosom, fancy colored percale, separate cuffs to match, reduced from \$1.50 to **65c**
- 75c Boys' Shirts**
Fancy colored percale, stiff bosom, laundered shirts, separate cuffs to match, reduced from 75c to **33c**
- 35c Boys' Underwear**
Natural gray merino, finished seams, ribbed shirt and cuffs, all sizes, shirts and drawers, reduced from 35c to **21c**
- 50c Boys' Underwear**
Hygienic fleece lined, full finished, shirts or drawers, reduced from 50c to **35c**
- 15c Boys' Neckwear**
Silk and satin band bows and club ties. Neat patterns. Reduced from 25c and 15c to **5c**

Stockings

- Boys' and Girls'**
12 1/2c stockings at 7c
15c ribbed stockings at 9c
20c stockings at 12c
25c heavy ribbed at 17c
35c medium weight at 23c

Men's Furnishings

- 1.00 Men's Sweaters**
Assorted colors, ribbed wool sweaters, reduced from \$1 to **59c**
- 1.50 Men's Sweaters**
Black, green, maroon and navy blue, roll collars; reduced from \$1.50 to **92c**
- 50c Men's Underwear.**
Merino and ribbed shirts and drawers, and natural gray camel's hair and fancy shirts or drawers, reduced from 50c to **26c**
- 75c Men's Underwear.**
Natural gray and camel's hair, cotton, fancy ribbed and fleece lined, shirts or drawers; reduced from 75c to **43c**
- 1.00 Men's Underwear.**
Fancy ribbed, glove fitting wool shirts or drawers, gray and vicuna; reduced from \$1 to **59c**
- 1.25 Men's Underwear**
Steam shrunken, heavy weight wool underwear, shirts or drawers; reduced from \$1.25 to **78c**
- 1.50 Men's Underwear**
Lamb's wool, medium heavy weight, vicuna, camel's hair and natural, shirts or drawers; reduced from \$1.50 to **93c**
- 75c Men's Shirts**
Fancy colored percale; some with white others colored bodies; all have separate cuffs to match, some with separate collars; reduced from 75c to **39c**
- 1.00 Men's Shirts**
Laundered imported madras and percales; vertical stripes and fancy patterns; colors and patterns are new and pretty; separate cuffs to match; reduced from \$1 to **50c**
- 1.25 Men's Shirts**
Imported madras in pretty striped patterns; well made and good fitting shirts that possess every improvement to be found in any \$1.25 shirt; reduced from \$1.25 to **83c**
- 25c Collars**
Regular 25c all linen collars. Broken lines. Reduced from 25c to **5c**
- 50c Suspenders**
Extra quality fancy elastic web, kid ends, silk stitched. Reduced from 50c to **27c**

Men's Hose

- 10c plaided cotton, 6c
12 1/2c black and tan, 8c
20c wool hose, 11c
25c fancy hose, 18c
50c and 75c fancy hose, 41c

Handkerchiefs

- SILK.**
35c plain and initials at 19c
65c initial and plain at 43c
- LINEN.**
35c hemstitched at 19c
40c large size at 25c

Men's Neckwear

- 25c reduced to 11c
35c and 50c ties at 21c
75c reduced to 42c

Merchant Tailoring

This department is doing its share to help. Our work is as good as ever—prices from \$5 to \$10 lower than usual.

\$35 suits at \$20.00.
\$50 suits at \$28.50.
\$40 suits at \$30.00.

GOLF HANDICAP WAS THE HOT STUFF.

Nature played a great part in the golf tournament at the Country Club links yesterday. The weather was perfect and the greens in the best possible condition.

The event of the day was the open handicap, played in the afternoon, when the visiting professionals made the crowd stare. The locals were appalled but the visitors brilliantly demonstrated professional golf. Both played every stroke in perfect style, except in putting, where Bell seemed to slack up. The handicap was played in the afternoon when over 200 enthusiasts were on hand to applaud the many pretty strokes.

Bell and Smith, the visiting professionals, were the only scratch men. Smith went two points to the bad on the second hole, driving into the barranca. He took the ball out at a cost of two, and got across in three. He lost to the tune of the same three. On the fourth he was good, but made an over-approach. He went back on six and missed a two-foot put. Bell, who tied bogey at the finish, took six at the

tenth hole, when four seemed easy. He made three putts here.

In the match, however, Bell picked up wonderfully from his play of yesterday. His score hand bothered some, but nevertheless he did some astonishing work. After the first hard luck Smith held him even, both the professionals approaching in a manner that evoked constant applause. Bell tied bogey with a score of 80, winning first prize of \$35, with Smith second, 83 strokes. In this handicap Horton, of Catalina, had hard luck on the home green. Otherwise he would have won second money. He ended with 84, as it was, while Grindley, with a like handicap of four, made a score of 88.

In the morning the locals again tried conclusions with the professionals. E. C. Lines and W. Dickerson found Smith too much by two up and one to play, although Lines did some beautiful approach work.

David Bell also did things to J. S. Sartori and E. D. Silent, making every-

thing in sight and winning, two up and one to play.

The fact is that both Smith and Bell played the game as locals cannot play it. While the golfers of the city drove exceptionally well and used their brains beautifully at times the professionals did scientific work all day. Their drives were always in line and their approach strokes were beautiful to behold. While it was a case of judgment throughout, nevertheless, the work of the visitors was something that won the admiration of all who witnessed the play.

Today Bell and Smith will meet in a 36-hole match, when it is expected, the greatest game of the tournament will be played. Both of these professionals have divided honors, while on their tour and the "all square" will be settled in the play today. The special prize of \$100 hung up by Sartori for the one equalling 76 is an incentive for the best playing, and it is expected that one of the visitors will pull down the purse.



BELL IN THE WINNING STROKE.

E. D. SILENT MAKING HIS LONG DRIVE.

SMITH IN HIS CHARACTERISTIC DRIVING ATTITUDE.

KILLED AS HE SLEPT.

"Divine Healer" J. Stade Murdered.

Mysterious, Crime in a Lodging-house.

Assassin Escapes and Leaves No Clue—Case for Detectives' Skill.

John Stade, a magnetic healer, who has resided for some time at the Maxwell Hotel and lodging-house, No. 1151 Maple avenue, this city, was found dead in his bed yesterday afternoon with a bullet wound under his left eye. The wound was powder burned, as if the pistol had been held close to the head of the man while he slept. The corpse lay on its back, with its arms by its sides, and getting no nearer to the head than the feet. No pistol was found in the room. Everything points to the fact that the man was murdered in his bed.

The first known of the crime was shortly before 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when Mrs. Clark, landlady of the house, went to Stade's room to make the bed, as had been her daily custom. She had gone there in the morning, but finding his door closed, she went away. Stade frequently left his door partly open on retiring, and as the door was shut when she went to the room in the morning, she supposed he was still there. She returned just before 2 o'clock, and getting no response to her knock, turned the knob. The door opened, and within reach of her hand she saw the body of her lodger in bed, with the left side of his head stained by a clot of blood, and that had run down from the left eye across the cheek. She immediately notified her husband and he went to Undertakers Peck & Chase, to see what he should do.

The coroner was notified, and when Deputy Strubel arrived he made a thorough search, but could not find a pistol or gun of any kind. After an examination of the room and the effects of the dead man, the body was removed to Peck & Chase's undertaking parlors.

NO TRACKS.

The room where the tragedy occurred is in the southeast corner in the second story, the house being on the west side of the avenue. The front windows open on a porch. The double bed stands with its head to the door opening on the right of the door opening through the second story to the porch. The two front windows have inside screens, and one of the windows is lowered several inches from the top. There are no finger marks on the window or screen such as an assassin would make in raising the window, and no dirty footprints on the upper porch, which was apparently freshly painted but a short time ago. This porch would show the shoe prints of an assassin who might have entered by climbing the porch.

HEARD THE SHOT.

There was no evidence of any struggle. The man's clothes lay on a chair as the head of the bed, just inside the door, and his watch was on top of the clothes. The bed was so close to the door that the assassin could have stood in the open doorway of the room and reached over and shot the man as he slept.

ACROSS THE HALL FROM STADE'S ROOM is another room, unoccupied at present. Adjoining Stade's room on the west is one occupied by two brothers, Henry and Palmer Tucker, who are employed by Williamson Bros., plan-

and bicycle dealers, on South Spring street. Henry Tucker said last night that he and his brother were awakened just before 7 o'clock by a noise that sounded like a pistol or gun shot. They were half asleep, but jumped out of bed, opened their room door and looked out into the hallway. They heard no noise, and did not see anyone in the hallway. Thinking that if a shot had been fired it had been in the street, they went back to bed.

T. M. Clark, proprietor of the house, stated that between 6 and 6:30 o'clock yesterday morning, while he and his wife were in their room on the rear of the second story, they heard a sharp report of some kind and Mrs. Clark remarked to her husband that their hired man must be having trouble with the gasoline stove. They thought no more of the noise, however.

WHO WAS THE CALLER?

Mr. and Mrs. Clark own the house where the murder occurred. Last year it was managed by Mrs. J. Davenport, who now resides at No. 1021 Wall street. Stade lived at the house a greater part of last year, and Mrs. Davenport had difficulty in getting Stade to pay for his board and room rent, and he owed her about \$50 when she gave up the house on December 6. Since then he has paid his rent promptly, but not nearly did not have much money. He was a strange, reserved man, and had but little conversation with anyone around the house. Mrs. Clark saw him last about 7 o'clock Friday night. A man went up to Stade's room, and in a few minutes left the house, accompanied by Stade, and she does not know when her lodger returned. This man was of medium height and had a light complexion, but she could not further describe him, owing to her distance from him. Neither of the Clarks knew much of Stade or whether he had any enemies.

FAMILY TROUBLES.

Among the victim's effects were found a watch, a small purse containing \$2 and a letter. This was from San Francisco, but contained no street address. It was signed "your loving daughter, Elma," and expressed the wish that time become better and that by next Christmas the family would be reunited, happy and prosperous. Stade has a wife and several children in San Francisco, with whom he had not lived for some time and this letter evidently referred to the family troubles.

THE BULLET'S COURSE.

Dr. J. P. T. Jenkins held an autopsy on the body yesterday evening and found that the bullet had entered directly under the left eye and had traveled downward and to the right side of the head. It was about a 32 caliber ball, and after crashing right through the brain had flattened itself against the skull at the base and then glanced back into the brain. It had crushed the base of the skull and was mashed out of shape. From the course the ball the pistol could hardly have been fired by the deceased unless he had held it in his left hand and shot downward and to the right. The wound was sufficient to cause instant death, and from the course of the ball and the absence of any pistol in the room it is evident that the case is one of murder.

It was reported on the streets yesterday afternoon that Stade had been paying attention to a woman in the street and had had trouble with her last week. Whether or not the killing was the outcome of this trouble remains to be seen.

A mysterious circumstance in connection with the affair is that a detective went to the house yesterday afternoon to investigate and was told that there had been no shooting there. All of the detectives are now working on the case.

An inquest will be held this afternoon.

GRIP EPIDEMIC AT PRINCETON.

PRINCETON (N. J.), Jan. 12.—An epidemic of grip has spread with alarming rapidity through the university the past few days. The head nurse at the infirmary said today that eighteen cases are now in the university hospital, which means that every ward is occupied with a patient.

WEDDING INVITATIONS.

By the typewriter process, facsimile of engraving, no plate necessary, 10¢ for 8, 15¢ for 12, 25¢ for 24, 50¢ for 48, 75¢ for 72, 1.00 for 96, 1.50 for 144, 2.00 for 192, 2.50 for 240, 3.00 for 288, 3.50 for 336, 4.00 for 384, 4.50 for 432, 5.00 for 480, 5.50 for 528, 6.00 for 576, 6.50 for 624, 7.00 for 672, 7.50 for 720, 8.00 for 768, 8.50 for 816, 9.00 for 864, 9.50 for 912, 10.00 for 960, 10.50 for 1008, 11.00 for 1056, 11.50 for 1104, 12.00 for 1152, 12.50 for 1200, 13.00 for 1248, 13.50 for 1296, 14.00 for 1344, 14.50 for 1392, 15.00 for 1440, 15.50 for 1488, 16.00 for 1536, 16.50 for 1584, 17.00 for 1632, 17.50 for 1680, 18.00 for 1728, 18.50 for 1776, 19.00 for 1824, 19.50 for 1872, 20.00 for 1920, 20.50 for 1968, 21.00 for 2016, 21.50 for 2064, 22.00 for 2112, 22.50 for 2160, 23.00 for 2208, 23.50 for 2256, 24.00 for 2304, 24.50 for 2352, 25.00 for 2400, 25.50 for 2448, 26.00 for 2496, 26.50 for 2544, 27.00 for 2592, 27.50 for 2640, 28.00 for 2688, 28.50 for 2736, 29.00 for 2784, 29.50 for 2832, 30.00 for 2880, 30.50 for 2928, 31.00 for 2976, 31.50 for 3024, 32.00 for 3072, 32.50 for 3120, 33.00 for 3168, 33.50 for 3216, 34.00 for 3264, 34.50 for 3312, 35.00 for 3360, 35.50 for 3408, 36.00 for 3456, 36.50 for 3504, 37.00 for 3552, 37.50 for 3600, 38.00 for 3648, 38.50 for 3696, 39.00 for 3744, 39.50 for 3792, 40.00 for 3840, 40.50 for 3888, 41.00 for 3936, 41.50 for 3984, 42.00 for 4032, 42.50 for 4080, 43.00 for 4128, 43.50 for 4176, 44.00 for 4224, 44.50 for 4272, 45.00 for 4320, 45.50 for 4368, 46.00 for 4416, 46.50 for 4464, 47.00 for 4512, 47.50 for 4560, 48.00 for 4608, 48.50 for 4656, 49.00 for 4704, 49.50 for 4752, 50.00 for 4800, 50.50 for 4848, 51.00 for 4896, 51.50 for 4944, 52.00 for 4992, 52.50 for 5040, 53.00 for 5088, 53.50 for 5136, 54.00 for 5184, 54.50 for 5232, 55.00 for 5280, 55.50 for 5328, 56.00 for 5376, 56.50 for 5424, 57.00 for 5472, 57.50 for 5520, 58.00 for 5568, 58.50 for 5616, 59.00 for 5664, 59.50 for 5712, 60.00 for 5760, 60.50 for 5808, 61.00 for 5856, 61.50 for 5904, 62.00 for 5952, 62.50 for 6000, 63.00 for 6048, 63.50 for 6096, 64.00 for 6144, 64.50 for 6192, 65.00 for 6240, 65.50 for 6288, 66.00 for 6336, 66.50 for 6384, 67.00 for 6432, 67.50 for 6480, 68.00 for 6528, 68.50 for 6576, 69.00 for 6624, 69.50 for 6672, 70.00 for 6720, 70.50 for 6768, 71.00 for 6816, 71.50 for 6864, 72.00 for 6912, 72.50 for 6960, 73.00 for 7008, 73.50 for 7056, 74.00 for 7104, 74.50 for 7152, 75.00 for 7200, 75.50 for 7248, 76.00 for 7296, 76.50 for 7344, 77.00 for 7392, 77.50 for 7440, 78.00 for 7488, 78.50 for 7536, 79.00 for 7584, 79.50 for 7632, 80.00 for 7680, 80.50 for 7728, 81.00 for 7776, 81.50 for 7824, 82.00 for 7872, 82.50 for 7920, 83.00 for 7968, 83.50 for 8016, 84.00 for 8064, 84.50 for 8112, 85.00 for 8160, 85.50 for 8208, 86.00 for 8256, 86.50 for 8304, 87.00 for 8352, 87.50 for 8400, 88.00 for 8448, 88.50 for 8496, 89.00 for 8544, 89.50 for 8592, 90.00 for 8640, 90.50 for 8688, 91.00 for 8736, 91.50 for 8784, 92.00 for 8832, 92.50 for 8880, 93.00 for 8928, 93.50 for 8976, 94.00 for 9024, 94.50 for 9072, 95.00 for 9120, 95.50 for 9168, 96.00 for 9216, 96.50 for 9264, 97.00 for 9312, 97.50 for 9360, 98.00 for 9408, 98.50 for 9456, 99.00 for 9504, 99.50 for 9552, 100.00 for 9600, 100.50 for 9648, 101.00 for 9696, 101.50 for 9744, 102.00 for 9792, 102.50 for 9840, 103.00 for 9888, 103.50 for 9936, 104.00 for 9984, 104.50 for 10032, 105.00 for 10080, 105.50 for 10128, 106.00 for 10176, 106.50 for 10224, 107.00 for 10272, 107.50 for 10320, 108.00 for 10368, 108.50 for 10416, 109.00 for 10464, 109.50 for 10512, 110.00 for 10560, 110.50 for 10608, 111.00 for 10656, 111.50 for 10704, 112.00 for 10752, 112.50 for 10800, 113.00 for 10848, 113.50 for 10896, 114.00 for 10944, 114.50 for 10992, 115.00 for 11040, 115.50 for 11088, 116.00 for 11136, 116.50 for 11184, 117.00 for 11232, 117.50 for 11280, 118.00 for 11328, 118.50 for 11376, 119.00 for 11424, 119.50 for 11472, 120.00 for 11520, 120.50 for 11568, 121.00 for 11616, 121.50 for 11664, 122.00 for 11712, 122.50 for 11760, 123.00 for 11808, 123.50 for 11856, 124.00 for 11904, 124.50 for 11952, 125.00 for 12000, 125.50 for 12048, 126.00 for 12096, 126.50 for 12144, 127.00 for 12192, 127.50 for 12240, 128.00 for 12288, 128.50 for 12336, 129.00 for 12384, 129.50 for 12432, 130.00 for 12480, 130.50 for 12528, 131.00 for 12576, 131.50 for 12624, 132.00 for 12672, 132.50 for 12720, 133.00 for 12768, 133.50 for 12816, 134.00 for 12864, 134.50 for 12912, 135.00 for 12960, 135.50 for 13008, 136.00 for 13056, 136.50 for 13104, 137.00 for 13152, 137.50 for 13200, 138.00 for 13248, 138.50 for 13296, 139.00 for 13344, 139.50 for 13392, 140.00 for 13440, 140.50 for 13488, 141.00 for 13536, 141.50 for 13584, 142.00 for 13632, 142.50 for 13680, 143.00 for 13728, 143.50 for 13776, 144.00 for 13824, 144.50 for 13872, 145.00 for 13920, 145.50 for 13968, 146.00 for 14016, 146.50 for 14064, 147.00 for 14112, 147.50 for 14160, 148.00 for 14208, 148.50 for 14256, 149.00 for 14304, 149.50 for 14352, 150.00 for 14400, 150.50 for 14448, 151.00 for 14496, 151.50 for 14544, 152.00 for 14592, 152.50 for 14640, 153.00 for 14688, 153.50 for 14736, 154.00 for 14784, 154.50 for 14832, 155.00 for 14880, 155.50 for 14928, 156.00 for 14976, 156.50 for 15024, 157.00 for 15072, 157.50 for 15120, 158.00 for 15168, 158.50 for 15216, 159.00 for 15264, 159.50 for 15312, 160.00 for 15360, 160.50 for 15408, 161.00 for 15456, 161.50 for 15504, 162.00 for 15552, 162.50 for 15600, 163.00 for 15648, 163.50 for 15696, 164.00 for 15744, 164.50 for 15792, 165.00 for 15840, 165.50 for 15888, 166.00 for 15936, 166.50 for 15984, 167.00 for 16032, 167.50 for 16080, 168.00 for 16128, 168.50 for 16176, 169.00 for 16224, 169.50 for 16272, 170.00 for 16320, 170.50 for 16368, 171.00 for 16416, 171.50 for 16464, 172.00 for 16512, 172.50 for 16560, 173.00 for 16608, 173.50 for 16656, 174.00 for 16704, 174.50 for 16752, 175.00 for 16800, 175.50 for 16848, 176.00 for 16896, 176.50 for 16944, 177.00 for 16992, 177.50 for 17040, 178.00 for 17088, 178.50 for 17136, 179.00 for 17184, 179.50 for 17232, 180.00 for 17280, 180.50 for 17328, 181.00 for 17376, 181.50 for 17424, 182.00 for 17472, 182.50 for 17520, 183.00 for 17568, 183.50 for 17616, 184.00 for 17664, 184.50 for 17712, 185.00 for 17760, 185.50 for 17808, 186.00 for 17856, 186.50 for 17904, 187.00 for 17952, 187.50 for 18000, 188.00 for 18048, 188.50 for 18096, 189.00 for 18144, 189.50 for 18192, 190.00 for 18240, 190.50 for 18288, 191.00 for 18336, 191.50 for 18384, 192.00 for 18432, 192.50 for 18480, 193.00 for 18528, 193.50 for 18576, 194.00 for 18624, 194.50 for 18672, 195.00 for 18720, 195.50 for 18768, 196.00 for 18816, 196.50 for 18864, 197.00 for 18912, 197.50 for 18960, 198.00 for 19008, 198.50 for 19056, 199.00 for 19104, 199.50 for 19152, 200.00 for 19200, 200.50 for 19248, 201.00 for 19296, 201.50 for 19344, 202.00 for 19392, 202.50 for 19440, 203.00 for 19488, 203.50 for 19536, 204.00 for 19584, 204.50 for 19632, 205.00 for 19680, 205.50 for 19728, 206.00 for 19776, 206.50 for 19824, 207.00 for 19872, 207.50 for 19920, 208.00 for 19968, 208.50 for 20016, 209.00 for 20064, 209.50 for 20112, 210.00 for 20160, 210.50 for 20208, 211.00 for 20256, 211.50 for 20304, 212.00 for 20352, 212.50 for 20400, 213.00 for 20448, 213.50 for 20496, 214.00 for 20544, 214.50 for 20592, 215.00 for 20640, 215.50 for 20688, 216.00 for 20736, 216.50 for 20784, 217.00 for 20832, 217.50 for 20880, 218.00 for 20928, 218.50 for 20976, 219.00 for 21024, 219.50 for 21072, 220.00 for 21120, 220.50 for 21168, 221.00 for 21216, 221.50 for 21264, 222.00 for 21312, 222.50 for 21360, 223.00 for 21408, 223.50 for 21456, 224.00 for 21504, 224.50 for 21552, 225.00 for 21600, 225.50 for 21648, 226.00 for 21696, 226.50 for 21744, 227.00 for 21792, 227.50 for 21840, 228.00 for 21888, 228.50 for 21936, 229.00 for 21984, 229.50 for 22032, 230.00 for 22080, 230.50 for 22128, 231.00 for 22176, 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24864, 259.50 for 24912, 260.00 for 24960, 260.50 for 25008, 261.00 for 25056, 261.50 for 25104, 262.00 for 25152, 262.50 for 25200, 263.00 for 25248, 263.50 for 25296, 264.00 for 25344, 264.50 for 25392, 265.00 for 25440, 265.50 for 25488, 266.00 for 25536, 266.50 for 25584, 267.00 for 25632, 267.50 for 25680, 268.00 for 25728, 268.50 for 25776, 269.00 for 25824, 269.50 for 25872, 270.00 for 25920, 270.50 for 25968, 271.00 for 26016, 271.50 for 26064, 272.00 for 26112, 272.50 for 26160, 273.00 for 26208, 273.50 for 26256, 274.00 for 26304, 274.50 for 26352, 275.00 for 26400, 275.50 for 26448, 276.00 for 26496, 276.50 for 26544, 277.00 for 26592, 277.50 for 26640, 278.00 for 26688, 278.50 for 26736, 279.00 for 26784, 279.50 for 26832, 280.00 for 26880, 280.50 for 26928, 281.00 for 26976, 281.50 for 27024, 282.00 for 27072, 282.50 for 27120, 283.00 for 27168, 283.50 for 27216, 284.00 for 27264, 284.50 for 27312, 285.00 for 27360, 285.50 for 27408, 286.00 for 27456, 286.50 for 27504, 287.00 for 27552, 287.50 for 27600, 288.00 for 27648, 288.50 for 27696, 289.00 for 27744, 289.50 for 27792, 290.00 for 27840, 290.50 for 27888, 291.00 for 27936, 291.50 for 27984, 292.00 for 28032, 292.50 for 28080, 293.00 for 28128, 293.50 for 28176, 294.00 for 28224, 294.50 for 28272, 295.00 for 28320, 295.50 for 28368, 296.00 for 28416, 296.50 for 28464, 297.00 for 28512, 297.50 for 28560, 298.00 for 28608, 298.50 for 28656, 299.00 for 28704, 299.50 for 28752, 300.00 for 28800, 300.50 for 28848, 301.00 for 28896, 301.50 for 28944, 302.00 for 28992, 302.50 for 29040, 303.00 for 29088, 303.50 for 29136, 304.00 for 29184, 304.50 for 29232, 305.00 for 29280, 30

JANUARY 13, 1901.
2.50
etc.

EDITORIAL SHEET.

Illustrated.
YEAR.
Tales Told by the Drillers While
the Torches Flicker on the Hill-
tops of Los Angeles.

Unexpected bargain
have educated our
ance of women's
radical and general.
Possibly you have
missed the Book De-
partment from the
It has moved to more
quarters. The new
is by no means dis-
the books are arranged
you can take as much
looking them over as you
There will be hun-
feet of book cases and
no other space in all
building for so many
at on the fourth floor.
day and as long as they
to let you know that we
much alive in our book
In the new case, some im-
paper pound books are
are just such books as
in other stores at 25c
10c. Hundreds of
authors and titles are
available so that you can
without interfering with
others. Room enough
one. We can not be-
numerate the hundreds
We simply give you
the character of the

bestants. Hilary.
a. Balme.
heart. Durbach.
Princess. Elora.
Cholon. Bertha M. Clap.
Larriaga. Heinberg.
Lily. Schubert.
Mithras. Robt. L. Stover.
a. D'Amery.
land. Jules Verne.
a. Remy.
ing. Lysil.
Princess. Dickens.
McCurry.
Catsup. Christie Mump-
slap. Hawley Smart.
Lysil.
Lysil. Carlyle.
Cholon. Durbach.
and action by some of the

A big lot of boys' suits worth \$4.00 and \$5.00 are to be sold at Middy, reffer and for boys 3 to 9 years. Good clothes best of making. Good suits, many of which double. \$3.00

Boys' There are several hundred boys' overcoats \$5.00 and \$6.00 each, to \$3.00. Made of warm cloth in box, ulster and styles for boys of 3 to 10. One of the best overcoats we offered. \$3.00

Boys' heavy flannel shirt waists or blouse \$1.00. Made of warm cloth in box, ulster and styles for boys of 3 to 10. One of the best overcoats we offered. \$3.00

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 13, 1901.

IN FIVE PARTS.
Part - 8 Pages.
PRICE 5 CENTS

WANTS TO BE A DEMOCRATIC WARWICK.

Who is the Man That Grover Cleveland Has Up His Sleeve?—Can He Be William C. Whitney?

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON (D. C.) Jan. 2.—Grover Cleveland's unexpected reappearance in the press and on the platform as a critic of existing conditions in the Democratic party, and as a moral lecturer of the nation in general, has created the impression in the minds of shrewd observers that the ex-President has resolved to become again a controlling figure in the politics of the future. Their theory is that if he has not the purpose in view of again running for the Presidency himself he intends to name the man who shall be the candidate in 1904. If this be his game, they say he is undertaking the impossible. It cannot be denied that Mr. Cleveland has still a fanatical following among the old Mugwumps, but their numbers are exceedingly few and their ranks are becoming thinner and thinner as the years roll on. Besides that the Mugwump influence with the people is very near the zero point in the political thermometer. During the past four years they have so flopped around in the alignment of parties, national, State and municipal, that the masses no longer pay any attention to what they say or do. Among the active workers in the Democratic party, Mr. Cleveland is not regarded with any popular favor politically. He is not looked upon as a Democrat at all. They consider that he is in a class by himself, and that his advocacy of any policy, no matter how good in itself it may be, is fatal to its success. His enormous egotism and stubbornness have unfitted him for leadership; and it is now seen that were it not for the superb mannerism of the Mannings, Whitneys, Lamonts and scores of others that might

THE COMING PAVEMENT.

Changes Which the Use of Automobiles and Electric Trucks is Likely to Bring About.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—One of the forecasts elicited by the growing use of electric motor trucks and automobiles, which are absolutely clean, and which leave no debris in the streets, is that in the city of the future, with only horseless vehicles in its streets, the street cleaning department will have very little left to do. Another question now being discussed is the extent to which the increased use of the automobile will banish the old-fashioned cobble stones, granite blocks or stone blocks, in favor of asphalt. It is estimated that to move a ton on a level grade at a speed of three miles an hour, a force of 224 pounds is required on ordinary dirt roads. To move the same load at the same speed over a level street or avenue paved with cobble stones a force of 140 pounds would be needed. On a road smoothly paved with square-edged cobble stones a force of only 75 pounds would move the load; on common macadam 64 pounds, and on very hard smooth macadam 45 pounds. A road laid with finest London stone blocks would still further diminish the amount of force required to something like 25 pounds. The difference between these different surfaces shows the immeasurable advantage of the best stone blocks, but when it is shown that a force of only 17 pounds is required to move a similar load over a level grade of asphalt, it would certainly look as if this material were bound to become the pavement of the future. Even on a smooth iron railroad the force required for this work is sometimes as high as 10 and 12 pounds. The objection raised to asphalt is that it needs a good deal of repairing when the traffic is large and heavy. On the



THE SILENT DRILLER.

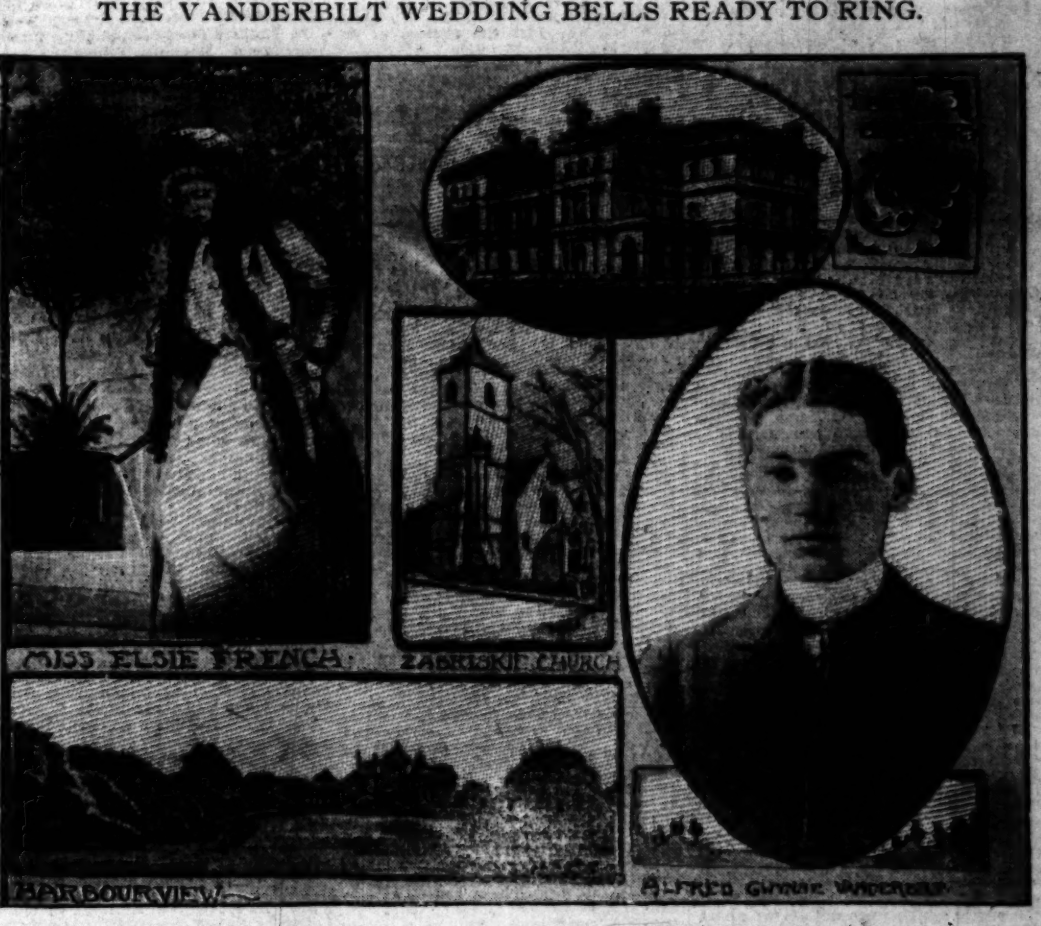
snore that cost the owner \$5 a gross. Of course these occurrences are now things of the past. Perhaps the field boss has had something to do with it. Things are at their best when the boss appears. The drill is making hole at a rapid rate; the casing is

to his father in the East, that draws scores in the shape of hard biscuits and coffee-soaked doughnuts. It is a true tale and winds up with the appearance of a Chinaman's cue in the hall. "It is the deepest well ever dug," says Hutch. THE FISHING GAME. When the boss is not around a number of things happen. Perhaps the string of tools, weighing over a ton, breaks loose from the rope and goes to the bottom of a 500-foot hole. Then there is a fishing game on that dis- counts any that ever took place in the ocean. Lanterns and torches are mustered and the rope bated with a cur- lous-looking affair. The game is re- luctant when it comes to biting, and the angler needs all the patience that his long experience has given him. The fishing tool is lowered again and again until the game swallows the hook. Then the driller pulls a lever and the big bull-wheel begins to turn. The rope comes taut and strains, the engine gives a strong hard snort, and the angler needs all the patience that his long experience has given him. The fishing tool is lowered again and again until the game swallows the hook. Then the driller pulls a lever and the big bull-wheel begins to turn. The rope comes taut and strains, the engine gives a strong hard snort, and the angler needs all the patience that his long experience has given him. The fishing tool is lowered again and again until the game swallows the hook. Then the driller pulls a lever and the big bull-wheel begins to turn. The rope comes taut and strains, the engine gives a strong hard snort, and the angler needs all the patience that his long experience has given him.

TONS OF SECONDS. It is an awful moment for the man in charge. Any added weight may send the heavy string downward, and it requires a master hand at the lever in order that the new length may be



BURNING THE BOILER.



MISS ELSIE FRENCH.

THE GREAT SOCIAL FUNCTION OF THE OPENING OF THE CENTURY WILL BE THE WEDDING OF THE HEIR TO THE VANDERBILT MILLIONS TO MISS FRENCH.

Society eagerly awaits the signal to wake Newport to life and make it bright with unaccustomed midwinter gaiety at the wedding of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt to Miss Elsie French, which will be celebrated at the Zabriskie Memorial Church, Newport, on January 14. A reception will follow at Harbourview, the home of the bride's parents. The breakers, the Vanderbilt Newport residence, will be open to receive wedding guests, as will be also many of the prominent mansions of that fashionable seaside resort.

other hand, this item of expense can be materially reduced. The use of rubber tires, used for heavy vehicles, and the ordinary automobiles for light delivery work and pleasure. REMEMBRANCE. Thou shalt remember when the nights are long And lonely, and the winds are clam-oring 'Round the waste winter-gardens; Night shall bring To thee not even the solace of a song! Thick in the shadows shall the phan- toms throng And thrill thy soul past all imag- ining! No sea-dashed wrecks where drown- ing arms may cling When strikes the tempest terrible and strong! Then, in thy loneliness, thy heart shall say: 'It was not thus when Love was at my side! Love came to me, and Love was driven away! And I must live to know that Love hath died! Coldly the night falls—stars have lost their beams— And Love has left me—Memory, and Dream!' —Frank Stanton in Atlanta Con- stitution. Shakespearean Criticism. [Baltimore American:] "Feller name o' Shakespeare fooled our folks purty well las' week," said Mr. Maddergass. "He gave a show called 'Julius Caesar' down to the op'ry house, an' blamed if the whole thing wasn't made up out o' pieces that's been spoke at the school exhibitions here for twenty year."

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To Open the Ball

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD
SPECIAL PRIZES OF

\$50.00;
\$25.00,
\$10.00

will be paid to the first, second and third persons who send or bring subscriptions to The Times amounting to the aggregate of one hundred months.

THIS IS EASY

Eight and one-third yearly subscriptions, or only half yearly, or 2 1/4 quarters would make it.

GET IN ON THIS.

All the "trips" offered as prizes are for two people and include board at the hotel in the place visited.

Look into those real estate prizes. They are big and fine and worth every cent. They are listed at—would bring it in spot cash.

Each spends for itself, so the cash prizes range from that on down to \$100.00.

Send in the orders for photographs, in different classes, will be on a list. Don't miss. They couldn't be better.

There's not a prize in any of the classes worth its face that can't be won. The prizes are listed at—would bring it in spot cash.

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MORE THAN \$25,000 TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN PRIZES BY The Los Angeles Times

Among those who get Subscriptions for it between this and

July 1, 1901

THERE ARE MORE THAN 500 PRIZES

They will be awarded, not alone to those sending the largest number of subscriptions, but to those sending *the largest number in proportion to the population of the town or city in which they work.* To that end, the cities and towns have been divided into five classes, according to population. Every person entering this contest has the opportunity to win a prize in every class by taking subscriptions in other towns after completing the work in the first.

Furthermore, the aggregate number of subscriptions taken by each in the various towns will be credited to him or her in the general count, thus greatly enhancing his or her chance of winning one of the large general prizes.

Classes and Prizes.

Class One Takes in all cities with a population of 10,000 or upward. In this class there are at present 105 prizes, ranging in value from \$1400 down to \$5.00, and more are to be added.

Class Two Covers cities with from 5000 to 10,000 population. In this class there are now 77 prizes, ranging in value from \$750 down to \$5.00, but others will be added.

Class Three Embraces all towns with from 2500 to 5000 population. In it are 52 prizes, ranging in value from \$600 down to \$5.00, but more are to be added.

Class Four Includes towns of from 1000 to 2500 population. In it at present, are 84 prizes, ranging in value from \$500 down to \$5.00, with others to come.

Class Five Embraces towns of from 200 to 1000 population. In this class there are now listed 61 prizes, ranging in value from \$250 down to \$5.00, but others will be added.

The General Prizes Free-for-all. Everything Counted. Of these there are, at present, 140, ranging in value from \$1500 down to \$5.00, but additions are yet to be made, and the number will probably exceed 150.

Getting Subscribers for The Times,

The biggest, brightest and best newspaper on the Pacific Coast, is easy work, because, practically, *everybody wants it.* The subscription price for The Daily Times (seven papers a week and including the Sunday Magazine—unrivalled by any similar publication in America) is 75 cents per month or \$9.00 per year, and we will under no circumstances suffer the price to be reduced to any subscriber. But during this contest, as partial remuneration for the trouble and expense they will be to, we will allow contestants 10 cents for each prepaid subscription they send in—provided the subscriber has not previously been taking the paper regularly—and a proportionate amount if the subscription is for a longer period than one month—subject, of course, to the same provision.

FIRST ORDERS may be either renewals or new subscriptions, or both—it is immaterial. But they must aggregate in months as many as ten. Whether one man subscribes for ten months or ten men for one month is all the same. It is the number of months that counts. Second and subsequent orders may be for any number the sender finds convenient.

PAYMENTS MONTHLY. A contract with an old subscriber, on a blank form that we will furnish, that he will continue taking and paying for the paper monthly for a specified time, will be accepted as a subscription for the number of months specified in the contract. A similar contract with a new subscriber will be accepted, but in neither of these cases will any commission be allowed. The subscriptions count merely in the competition for prizes.

IT IS NOT NECESSARY that the person going to work should notify us in advance that he or she intends to enter the contest. All we require is that when sending in the first order of ten or more subscribers it should be stated that the subscriptions are to apply on our offer. Order blanks and envelopes will then be provided, for the agent's convenience.

THE CONTEST is exclusively for people not otherwise connected with The Times; and employees and attaches of the paper are prohibited from having any lot or part in its benefits. They may answer proper questions and assist contestants in their work to the extent of advising them in cases of doubt, but they must not personally profit by the result.

"MAY I get others to help me in securing subscriptions?" Certainly, get just as many people—men, women or children—to help you as you can; the more the better. We will credit you with all the prepaid subscriptions you send in, no matter by whom they were procured.

It Is Work for Women, LIKEWISE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS UNDER 16.

To provide an opportunity for a class of people who have none too many, to earn good wages at a seemly and pleasant occupation, the benefits of this prize contest for subscriptions are confined to women, and boys and girls under 16. They will be paid cash, as they go along, for every new subscriber they secure, and in addition will have a chance at winning one or more of the prizes.

The Contest Is Now On, and will continue until July 1, 1901. Subscriptions mailed on that day by contestants at any point on the Pacific Slope will be counted into the result. The count will be kept in months; a yearly subscription counting 12 months, a half-yearly six months, and so on.

Make checks, drafts, money orders, express orders, etc., payable to THE TIMES, and address all communications to

PRIZE DEPARTMENT OF THE TIMES, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"If I subscribe for the paper myself, and afterwards want to transfer the subscription to some one else, can I do that?" A paid subscription is always transferable. Further than that, the address may always be changed, just as frequently as may be desired.

The "King POCO" hand camera, prize in the general class, has no loose parts and is very easy and simple of manipulation. It has two fine rack and pinion focusing movements, rising and falling front, spring-actuated ground-glass screen, POCO view finder and lens, leather handle and two tripod plates for balancing it on the tripod for any adjustment.

Accident insurance is a good thing, and that is why two of The Times prizes are accident insurance—\$25 worth in each case. If you would like to know particulars about it, correspond with the general agent, Ernest W. Schmidt, 510 S. Main street, Los Angeles. The company is the Fidelity Mutual Aid Association of San Francisco.

"Suppose I am awarded a prize that I have no use for, can I dispose of it to some one else?" Of course. If it is land or lots or stock or money or a trip somewhere, or any article of merchandise, it is subject to your order and will be delivered to whomever you designate as your assignee. There are no strings on any of our prizes. They are strictly "transferable."

Wake up! Get in and hustle. That is, get out.

This is a great snap—this prize competition. There's money in it—money whether you get a prize or don't. Money in new subscriptions! Money enough at any rate to pay expenses!

But you can get a prize. Anybody can get one—Anybody that's any good. You've been longing for something to do.

Some way of earning some money. That, at least, is what you've been saying. This is your chance to prove your sincerity. It is your opportunity to test your capacity for doing things.

But don't stand still, and wait, and hesitate. That is not the way. Nobody that is worth a cent does that.

They move. And move promptly. Move as if they meant business. Those are the kind of people that get ahead.

And keep ahead. Where will you be in the race with such people if you linger much longer? Move!

The \$75 diamond ring, listed as a prize in the "general" class, is an elegant thing, and guaranteed to be worth every cent of the price. It is from a house that is noted for its integrity and the high grade of goods it carries—J. G. Donovan & Co., 245 South Spring street.

THE RUSSELL-LANE. Do you know anything about a piano? Can you play on one enough to judge anything as to its tone and action? Go and see this Russell-Lane instrument. The Times is offering as a prize. It isn't so well known as some pianos, nor so high in price; but it certainly is as fine looking as any of them, sounds as well as the very best, and in construction and finish seems perfect. The catalogue price is \$500, but among The Times prizes it is listed at \$450. The piano can be seen at the H. C. Gilbert Piano Co., rooms, corner Seventh and Broadway.

FRAZIER ROAD CART. The prize listed in Class Two, at \$55. From E. P. Bosbyshell, 120 N. Los Angeles street, where it may be examined.

THE NEW HOME. Drop head, automatic, oak or walnut as may be preferred; four side drawers and one center drawer; self acting; comes to place with belt on, ready to sew; price \$75. That's the story told in brief. It has been added to the list of prizes in Class One, since the contest opened. If any contestant cares to examine it she can do so by calling at the New Home agency, R. B. Moorehead, manager, 249 S. Spring street. The New Home, however, is so widely known as a superior machine that it seems scarcely necessary to say this.

TO PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS. Any subscriber who may have the desire to favor some particular competitor for a Times prize may fill out the following form, and send it to the prize office, and the person named will be properly credited with the subscription for as many months as are named in the order:

OLD SUBSCRIBER—Good only when paper is delivered by carrier

(Date).....1901

To Times-Mirror Co.,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Beginning.....1901, please

credit my subscription to Daily Times for.....months to

(name).....(town of).....

in the competition for prizes. I am already taking the paper, and in consideration of the favor asked above, hereby agree to continue taking and paying for it monthly, as at present, during the time specified. It is now delivered at.....

Signed.....

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MILITARY TOPICS.

Articles of Present Interest on Current Army and Navy Subjects.

[COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY A VETERAN OFFICER.]

A NEW TRANSPORT WAGON.

NEW YORK Correspondence of The Times describes an improved transport wagon as follows: A new military transport and shelter wagon is the direct outcome of the late experience of the British army in the Transvaal. It was designed by a volunteer artillery colonel. The wagon is built of wood, and is mounted on springs and four wheels. The tires are eight inches wide, so that the vehicle can pass easily over soft ground and the rear wheels are on a broader gauge than those in front. The wagon can be drawn either by horses or traction engine. The top of the wagon box is surrounded by stout wire netting, inside of which is the platform. Under the platform floor is a water cistern, which holds forty gallons. On each side of the wagon are hinge doors, closing recesses in which a canvas shelter is kept rolled up. This canvas can be run out in a very few minutes, and when held up by the wagon at one end and by poles planted out at the side of the wagon at the other, will form a rectangular tent for fifty men. Seats are also provided at the sides of the wagon in the form of hanging steps. When not needed these seats can be folded up out of the way. This wagon can carry four tons of stores, and will thus provide a detachment of forty men with rations for 100 days. It can be used either for the supply of a detachment on outpost duty, or as part of the equipment of a field battery. It is a far more valuable under circumstances where horse or traction engine draft is available than the transport wagons now used.

JAPAN'S LATEST WARSHIP.

[Engineering.] The Japanese battleship Hatanaka, built by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Limited, from designs by P. Watts, and engineered by Humphry, Tennant & Co., has now completed her official trials at the mouth of the Tyne. The vessel has a displacement of 15,000 tons; her length is 400 feet, her breadth 34 feet and her draft of water is 27 feet. Her armament consists of four 13-inch guns in pairs in barbettes on the middle line at the extremities of the ship, fourteen 6-inch guns in casemates, six on the upper deck and eight on the main deck; twenty-two 3-pounders, two 2-pounders, a number of smaller guns, and four 18-inch underwater torpedo tubes. The armor consists of a complete belt from stem to stern, nine inches thick, and a central portion, including the machinery and magazines, and tapered to four inches at the extremities. Over the main deck, forming a citadel, are the bases of the main-deck casemate guns. This armor is six inches thick on the sides and twelve inches over the bulkheads. The barbettes protecting the 13-inch guns are of 14-inch armor, and the casemates protecting the 6-inch guns are of 12-inch armor. All of the armor is the toughest, hardest armor recently introduced. A trial of six hours' duration with four-fifths of full power, was made on the 11th inst., en route from Chatham, where the ship had been docked, when a speed of 21 knots was based on revolutions, was maintained. The vessel reached the mouth of the Tyne early on the 9th inst., when she was joined by the firing party. Ammunition for the gunnery trials was at once taken on board and the trials were satisfactorily carried out during the day, and demonstrated that the hull of the vessel was able to stand the stresses to which it was subjected. The next day, the vessel having been brought to the required draft by the admission of water to the double bottom, the full speed trials were proceeded with. The vessel ran for upward of three hours at a speed exceeding nineteen knots, by revolutions, the mean of four runs over the measured mile giving a mean speed of 19.1 knots. The mean power developed over the three hours exceeded 15,000 horses. Turning, starting, anchor, and other trials have since been made, and the vessel has now returned to her moorings off Jarrow Slake, where the final opening up of the machinery and the painting is being rapidly pressed on with, and it is expected that the vessel will sail for Japan in a few weeks. It is interesting to note that throughout the whole of the steam trials, which extended over several days, the stoking was performed by the Japanese stokers belonging to the ship.

NEW BRITISH ARTILLERY.

[New York Sun.] The rearming of the British artillery and the replenishing of the stores of ammunition and other war material will, it is stated, necessitate a vote at the next session of the British Parliament of from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000. A good deal of this money has been already spent or anticipated. The Krupp works in Germany have been employed on an order for fifteen batteries of quick firers, and large orders have been placed on the hands of Messrs. Vickers, Sons & Maxim in England for guns and mountings. One order is for forty-two of the 4.7-inch guns that were reported to have proved very serviceable in the South African war, and another is for thirty-five howitzer batteries with the wagon, limber and carriage. The same firm is also at work on the mountings for twenty-seven gunnery batteries, 3.5-inch guns of the Vickers type, one of the most powerful and destructive weapons in either the British land or sea service. As the orders for these armaments were given without reference to Parliament, the necessity for them must be very urgent. The dispatch of arms and ammunition to India for the rearming of the British garrisons there and the transfer of the discarded rifles to the native regiments proceeds as rapidly as the arms arrive. Arrangements for making smokeless powder and other war materials have also been made at the establishments being located in Central India.

THE SUBMARINE BOAT.

[Washington Times.] Lewis Nixon, manager of the Crescent shipyards at Elizabeth N. J., naval architect of the "Hampshire" shipyard, and designer of the battleships Oregon, Massachusetts and Indiana, has written a letter to Chairman Fox of the House Naval Affairs Committee, regarding the submarine boats of the Holland type. Mr. Nixon says he is confident his yard at Elizabeth can conform to his contract with the Holland Company and deliver the four boats now being built as agreed upon. The boat to be placed in the harbor also will be finished in time, he says. As to the Holland type, Mr. Nixon declares he has no doubt whatever of its endurance, habitability, durability and reliability. The only change from the original boat is a greater stern power and, giving better accommodations to the crew, greater power and the addition of a few safety appliances. None of these changes, he says, is in the slightest degree experimental. In conclusion Mr. Nixon says: "In

reference to the military value of these vessels, I have to say that if from personal observation I had not made up my mind the reports of Admiral George Dewey, the Admiral of the Navy, Rear-Admiral Norman H. Farnham, commanding officer of the North Atlantic squadron, Capt. William M. Folger, commander of the Kearsarge, the flagship of that squadron, and formerly Chief of Ordnance of the Navy, Lieutenant-Commander Nathan Sargent, commander of the Scorpion, Commander Newton E. Mason, commander of the torpedo station at Newport, and of the Holland, would have convinced me of that fact.

"The fact that most of these officers, who watched the maneuvers at Newport, state in their official reports that there is no question but that the Holland can by day or night approach unseen and deliver her torpedoes at a range upon an enemy's fleet, leaves the question of the military value of the Holland type of submarine boats without any valid criticism whatever.

"No type of boat in the navy has received such crucial tests as the Holland. The submarine boat is being further advanced in its development than any type of naval vessels that I am aware of.

"I desire to say that, in my opinion, the Holland, without any improvements, is today the greatest vessel for harbor and coast defense ever known."

THE NEW BRITISH UNIFORM.

[London Telegraph.] It is probable that within a very brief period there will be considerable changes made in the material used for clothing the British army on home, as well as on foreign service. The committee dealing with the subject, which has been in session for about a couple of years, has now reached a final decision. Probably the events in South Africa have helped the members to make up their minds. At all events, they have chosen an excellent woolen serge-like material, in which for the future practically the whole work of the troops will be performed. It is not khaki-colored, though that well-known and serviceable material will not be made from exactly the same material as the jacket, but of one somewhat rougher and thicker in texture. The new material is of a yellowish-brown color, and is of excellent quality. It was selected from a number of samples submitted to the committee, and has been approved by the War Office. Two other materials of the same kind, but of different texture, have been selected for the mounted branches, and a stout Bedford cord of the same color will be used for riding breeches. No regulation dealing with the new clothing has yet been issued, but one may be expected to appear in the near future. The new uniform will be made of the new cloth will supersede the serge and dark-cloth uniform now worn for dress and field work, both at home and abroad. The same pattern of jacket will be used for all branches of the service, but the new cloth will be a distinct badge on the cap and shoulder strap. It is not, however, intended that the new clothing should supersede the old style of dress. The tunic is to be worn for full dress, so that on full dress parades the familiar blue and buff uniform will still greet the eye. Of course, it will be a considerable time yet before the uniform will be ready, but it is probable that the spring issue of clothing to the troops will include the new suit. It will be more handsome than khaki, while it will be far more comfortable and serviceable, and, so far as experiments go to show, it will possess equal durability. It is to be hoped that suitable headgear may soon be devised for the army. The helmets worn by the regular troops in South Africa are excellent, and greatly superior to the much-vaunted "smasher" felt hat but they are hardly suitable for home wear. A peaked cap of the new cloth, picked out with scarlet lines, and made somewhat approaching the Russian pattern, would be very smart, and would be suitable for general use. At all events, the ridiculous forage and field service caps should be relegated to the museum, and a distinct and serviceable cap should be supplied by the new uniform.

HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

[Scientific American.] Experiments undertaken by the United States government expressly to test the theory that if a sufficiently large amount of high explosive can be detonated against or in close proximity to a battleship the battleship will, to use the term of promoters, annihilated, have proved that it is absolutely false. On one occasion a Harveyized steel plate, representing the side armor of the United States battleship Kearsarge, was tested by the detonation of 800 pounds of gun cotton, which was suspended for the purpose immediately in front of the plate. Instead of being blown into theoretical "thousand fragments," the plate was undisturbed, and a slight and harmless scoring on the face of the plate was the only evidence, so far as the armor was concerned, of the explosion. Of four chickens placed either immediately behind the plate or within 25 to 50 feet of the gun cotton, two survived without the slightest sign of being injured; one was killed by a flying fragment of the shell, which, however, did not touch the argument, and only one appeared to have died from shock. Prof. Alger, the greatest expert in this country, or probably in any country, on the question, says: "This experiment would seem completely to dispose of the theory that a high-explosive shell fired by a very large gun will blow in the side of an armored vessel if it exploded against it," and he further says that "the velocity of the shell would add materially nothing to the effect of a detonation, the rush of whose gases is determined by a pressure of hundreds of tons per square inch."

It is the opinion of Prof. Alger and every ordnance expert the world over, that for a high explosive to be effective it must be carried by the shell through the armor, and burst within the hull of the ship itself. This conclusion was strikingly borne out by the experiments on the Belleisle, made early in the present year. The high-explosive shells were burst upon contact with the armor, and left no further trace than a harmless star splash on the outside of the ship.

THE ARIADNE AND SPARTIATE.

Under date of August 30, 1900, the Navy Record of Plymouth, Eng., published a sensational paragraph relative to alleged serious developments on board H.M.S. Ariadne and Spartiate. It being affirmed that through the injurious galvanic action between the copper sheathing and certain bolts used to secure the underwater fittings of the vessels the latter had so far deteriorated as to allow the fittings in question to become loose.

It is significant that the matter was not the subject of comment at the time, or since, by any other of the technical service papers of Great Britain. Notwithstanding this fact, how-

ever, the report of the Naval and Military Record was widely circulated, and quoted upon by the press of the United States, being in some cases the subject of editorial comment, the effect in all cases tending to prejudice the public mind against the system of sheathing followed by many naval vessels in foreign services.

In view of the important bearing of the question upon work contemplated for vessels of the United States navy, Rear-Admiral Hichborn requested the naval attaché at London to secure such authoritative information as practicable touching upon the statements made by the paper above mentioned, and in reply to an inquiry made by him, the information was given to the effect that only a few fastenings had broken, the great body of the fastenings having remained in good condition. It was also stated as a probable cause of the fractures that there had been a lack of uniformity in the material used. The information obtained through the naval attaché did not, however, make quite clear what vessels were affected by the injurious corrosion, nor did it cover the question of the association of the sheathing with the bolts, a matter of difficulties experienced with sheathing. Other inquiries, made with a view of elucidating these points, resulted in the obtaining of the following information from a private source, to the effect that the case of these two vessels had nothing whatever to do with sheathing, and might equally well have occurred in an unsheathed vessel. It was learned that certain of the studs used for securing the mainmast and foremast, and charge and inlets, the Kingston valves and sea-cocks some of the fastenings on the propeller-shafting casings, and studs and bolts more or less situated within the ship—even in some cases high enough off the bottom to be free from bilgewater influence—had been effected.

It may be stated with perfect positiveness, that the experience with the Ariadne and Spartiate had absolutely nothing whatever to do with sheathing. It may also be mentioned in this connection that similar, though possibly not so serious, fractures have been experienced with vessels of the United States navy, among which may be cited the loosening of the stern-post and rudder fastenings of the Hartford, a wooden vessel, through the corrosion of composition bolts employed for fastening them.

PARAGRAPHS.

Flags of all Indian regiments that fought under Gen. Grant in the War of the Rebellion are to be sent to the tomb of the great commander in Riverside Park. The commission in charge of the mausoleum in charge is collecting the flags of all the regiments that fought at one time or another under Gen. Grant.

The government is hereafter to partially furnish the quarters of British army officers. The amount of furniture that will be yet supplied is not fixed, but it will include at least the bed, a chest of drawers, washstand and bath. This saving in hired quarters will, it is calculated, soon show as a set-off or reduction of the initial outfit.

A letter received from Tokio by the "Allgemeine Marine Correspondenz" states that the Japanese cruiser Yakumo, which was built at Stettin and has lately proceeded to Japan, has given the greatest satisfaction. Japanese officers have reported very well upon her, and the bolts and cogging have been examined. The system of ventilation is said to be excellent, and the attention is made that on the passage through the Red Sea the temperature of the engine and boiler rooms was not much more than that in British ships. The machinery worked very well during the passage, and without the smallest mishap.

The processes connected with the manufacture of the smokeless powder used in our navy are much safer than the methods employed by other manufacturers, and the casualty list at the government factory—Indian Head—is no larger than at other factories of the government, the list of killed by explosion being so far as the factory is concerned, nil. The safety of the powder works is mainly responsible for this excellent record. The experience gained in the manufacture and handling of high explosives and the various powders employed by the Navy Department is of inestimable value to the service at large, and to those detailed for this service in particular.

The United States Gazette, in an article on a field ration, says: "The merits of chocolate as food for troops in the field appear to be becoming rapidly and widely appreciated. In the recent autumn maneuvers of the Austrian army in Galicia, a chocolate ration was found to be equal to about five times its weight of the primest beef. Provisions of this kind are equally favorable reports respecting the use of chocolate, and now we hear from America that it forms a chief constituent of a new emergency ration, with which trials have been lately carried out."

It is stated that the Krupp works in Germany have been employed on an order for fifteen batteries of quick firers for the British army, and large orders have been placed in the hands of Messrs. Vickers, Sons & Maxim, in England, for guns and mountings. One order is for forty-two of the 4.7-inch guns that were reported to have proved very serviceable in the South African war, and another is for thirty-five howitzer batteries with the wagon, limber and carriage. The same firm is also at work on the mountings for twenty-seven gunnery batteries 3.5-inch guns of the Vickers type, one of the most powerful and destructive weapons in either the British land or sea service.

The subject of installing a considerable naval station at Subic Bay, Luzon, has become one of the interesting questions before the permanent board of the navy, and the central issue is being the eventual outcome of the matter of a repair station in the East competent to accommodate any vessel that may be required to visit that department will be likely to maintain on that station. The necessity for some such action in the immediate future is becoming more and more pressing with each month of the campaign in the Philippines, and it is the desire of Secretary Long that the subject should be settled without unnecessary delays.

Notwithstanding the length of time which has passed away since the famous wrecks of the Trenton and Valparaiso at Apia, Samoa Islands, the native divers of that harbor continue to discover objects of curiosity and interest at intervals. Under the agreement between the United States and King Maileton such articles as may be recovered are regarded as the property of the rescuer. The Vandalia is entirely disappeared, her engines and other heavy weights having gradually sunk into the soft coral sand of that harbor, but some portions of the wrecked Trenton can still be seen in clear weather not far from the surface. In the course of the eleven years since the wreck of these two ships Harry Moore, an American residing in Apia, has successfully raised much of the brass and copper work from the engines of the Trenton, and has still on hand a considerable quantity of the articles for sale.

NOTE.—Articles denoted by a star (*) in the headline are original with this publication. The Army and Navy Journal: "Penelope Jones is an active club member, isn't she?" "Active? I think so. She has already this month resigned from three clubs and started four new ones."

Active. (London Daily Journal.) "Penelope Jones is an active club member, isn't she?" "Active? I think so. She has already this month resigned from three clubs and started four new ones."



Vollmer's Special Discount Sale.

The crowds that thronged our store yesterday were evidently surprised and pleased with the real bargains displayed and many a choice piece of bric-a-brac found its way into the homes of the most critical judges of art goods at prices far below its real value. New lines will be brought forward as fast as room can be had for their display.

NOTICE THESE DISCOUNTS:

25 Per Cent. Discount on

Doulton Ware
Flemish Plaques
Luncheon Ware
Wasson Ware
Old Moravian Ware
Madras Ware
Bisque Figures
Rich Cups and Saucers
New Rich Bouillon Cups
and Saucers
Venetian Glass
Melanese Figures
Painted Holly China

20 Per Cent. Discount on

Pompeian Pottery
Pompeian Glass
Wedgwood Ware
Cyrano Glass
Cauldon Ware
Fancy Plates, Single
Fancy Plates in Dozens
Oyster Plates, New Shapes
Bric-a-brac
Glass Vases
Plastic Casts
Royal Writin Ware
Small Gilt Clocks

15 Per Cent. Discount on

Cutlery
Lamps
Terra Cotta Figures
Crates Marbles
Painted Limoges China
Fish Sets
Beef Roast Sets
Salad Sets
Berry Sets
Jardinieres
Dresden Comports
Dresden Candelabra
Salad Bowls
Cake Plates
Manicure Trays
Brush and Comb Trays

10 Per Cent. Discount on

Cut Glass
Sterling Silver
Plated Silverware
Haviland China
Semi-Porcelain
Syracuse China
Rockwood Pottery
Imperial Austrian Glass
Bohemian Stankars
Bohemian Stankars
German China
Glass Water Sets
Glass Wine Sets
Polished Glass
Chaffing Dishes
Five O'Clock Tea Kettles

H. F. VOLLMER & CO., Direct Importers.

N. W. Corner Third and Broadway

Automobiles in America.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—An American who has been spending a great part of the summer in France, and paying special attention to automobiles, says that the importance of the industry there is exaggerated. Here there is but little racing; but the people are beginning to ride in automobiles, and more and more are taking to these machines every day.

[Philadelphia Press:] (Kindlyman.) What's the matter, my little man? You seem to be in great pain. (Little boy, groaning miserably.) No, I ain't, but dey seems ter be a great pain in me.

[Denver News:] "I saw one of these new moving stairways in New York last week."

"That isn't so much. I saw a rolling prairie in Kansas last year."

[New York Weekly:] (Lady.) I want a dog that will look ferriberly fierce, but never bite.

[Chicago Record:] "Was it a valuable watch you lost, madam?" "Valuable? All five of my children cut their teeth on it."

[Puck:] "The Rev. Dr. Updodate seems to be an able man."

"Very able. He can take any text in the Bible and prove it doesn't mean what it says."

MEN WHO ARE AFFLICTED

Can be Permanently Cured and Strengthened by

DR. MEYERS & CO.

These Specialists don't want your money until they have cured you. This is a bold statement, but these eminent specialists mean every word of it. Any man applying to them for treatment who has the least doubt of their ability to cure a contracted ailment, or to restore complete or partial loss of vitality, may deposit the price of a cure in any bank or with any well-known business house or newspaper in Los Angeles, such deposit NOT to be paid to Dr. Meyers & Co. until the patient is thoroughly convinced that he is permanently cured. This is a guarantee THAT GUARANTEES. No other physician or medical institution has ever made such a fair and liberal proposition.

WHY THEY CAN AFFORD TO MAKE THIS OFFER

These physicians have an experience of more than twenty years. The greatest part of this time has been devoted exclusively to curing diseases and weakness of MEN. Previous to the beginning of their successful career as specialists each served an apprenticeship (after graduating from the best medical colleges) in hospitals and as family physicians.

Dr. Meyers & Co. have the largest and best equipped medical institution in the West. They have their own private laboratory, stocked with the most effective remedies the sciences of medicine and chemistry have ever produced. Competent pharmacists fill all prescriptions FREE OF COST TO PATIENTS. No mineral or other dangerous drugs are ever dispensed.

Nervous Debility and Wasting Weakness. Contracted Ailments, Blood Poison, Etc.

Men who are afflicted with any of these ailments should consult Dr. Meyers & Co. Disease recently contracted or chronic, painful and dangerous, can be cured by these specialists. All cures are lasting as life.

Free Consultation and Private Book for Men. At office or by mail. All Dealing and Correspondence with Patients, Strictly Confidential. Thousands cured at home every year. NO PRINTING ON ENVELOPES OR PACKAGES to show who sent them. Write for question list if you cannot call.

DR. MEYERS & CO., 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles. TAKE ELEVATOR. HOURS—9 to 5 daily; evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 10 to 12.

FREE!! One Bottle Cures

McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure

To All Patients Who Apply at McBurney's Office, 418

Spring Street, Will Be Given a Sample of His Remedy

Free, But You Must Come This Week.

All sufferers from pain in the back, hips and bladder; numbness of legs; feet and legs swollen; unable to sleep well at night; a constant desire to urinate, and a general tired feeling; blood, flurries and pains in the secret; froth in the water; scalding sensations, bitter taste, with furred tongue given away.

Mr. McBurney, who is the proprietor discoverer of the famous Kidney, Bladder and Liver Cure that bears his name, has decided to give away free samples of his famous remedy to all who apply this week at his office, 418 Spring Street. This is Mr. McBurney's treatment offer, and it is given that all may have an opportunity to test the merits of this wonderful cure.

Patients suffering from kidney, bladder or liver trouble can get samples of McBurney's celebrated remedies by calling at his office. Don't spend your money for worthless remedies. McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure has saved the lives of hundreds of people who have been given up as incurable. If you have any interest in yourself and family, if you really want to be cured, call at McBurney's office, and you will be given free samples of his remedies. Those out of the country send for free samples.

McBurney, 418 South Spring St.

old Teeth or Bridge Work

This method does away with plates and, while expensive, is certainly much more satisfactory. It is a natural method, and does not require any artificial work. We do so much of this work that we are enabled to save you about 50 per cent. on the cost of the work. It is a natural method, and does not require any artificial work. We do so much of this work that we are enabled to save you about 50 per cent. on the cost of the work.

On account of some unfortunate cases of bridge work, we have decided to give away free samples of our bridge work to all who apply this week at our office, 107 North Spring Street. This is our treatment offer, and it is given that all may have an opportunity to test the merits of this wonderful cure.

It is with pleasure that I state that I have had several teeth filled by Dr. Schiffman, and that he has removed the nerve and filled the root of one of my teeth, and put on a beautiful crown, and that the work was done with a natural tooth, all of which was done without pain. J. B. SCHIFFMAN, D.D.S., 107 North Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

It will be well worth your time to see our display of up-to-date Dental Work. Schiffman Dental Co., 107 North Spring Street.

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Three Nurseries. Largest west of the Rocky Mountains. Citrus and Deciduous Trees of all kinds. Shrubs and green house plants. Unusually fine stock of

Smyrna Fig & Walnut Trees, Grape Vines. Send for our new, illustrated catalogue, full of valuable information and pointers. The finest thing you have ever seen. GEO. C. ROEDING, Box 2697, Fresno.



This is the hero whom Miss Birds described as glowing in her great historical novel.

WHY PADERWICK DID



The Challenger (entering) is the man. I will have his goods.



"Oh, stay! Why do you want my hands?"



"Alas! I weep!"



"And now I find would be"



"Now I think, Henry for the"



"Come out, friend, and let us"



"Please—'Did you suffer much?"

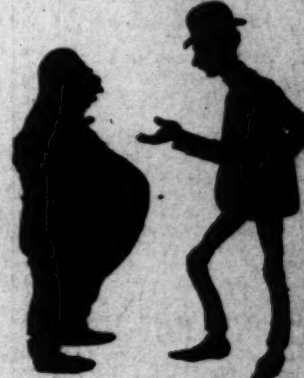
"Patient—'Terribly! He put a"

"for two hours!"

FATE'S MISFITS.



HOW THE TROUBLE GREW.



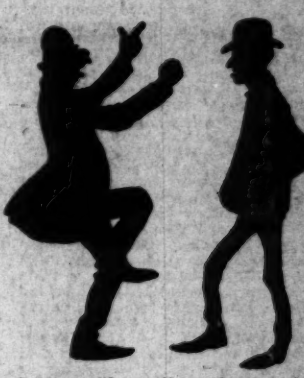
Robinson—"Hullo, Smith! What's the row between you and Jones?"
Smith—"Isn't any row that I know of. Oh, yes; last week I just remarked to Jones that he mustn't kick my dog."



Robinson—"Hullo, Jones; Smith says he told you he'd tell you if you kicked his dog."



Robinson—"Say, Smith, Jones says if you talk about killing him he'll wipe the floor with you."



Robinson—"Jones, if you'll stand that you'll stand anything. Why, Smith says he'll slug you on sight."



And the wicked Robinson was there to see.



LONG ROUTE



Monkey—"What yer cryin' for, Harbert? I've taken bad medicine without howlin' more'n one howl."

Giraffe—"Yes, but your throat isn't so long as mine!"

MY FATHER-WEKIDN'T FIGHT



The Challenger (entering)—"Hi! There's the man. I will have his gore!"



Why do my weapons fall from my hands?



"Alas! I weep!"



"And now I faint would I could!"



"I faint. Hoary for the fowling!"



"I faint, friend, and let us pass a pleasant hour!"

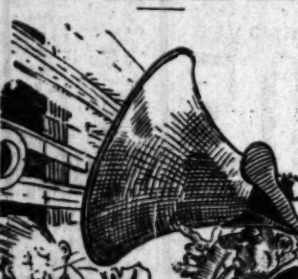


"You suffer much?"

"Suffering! He put a sort of rubber thing in my mouth and I couldn't speak a word for hours!"

FRESNO, CAL.

"GOING ROUND THE HORN."



REAL MAGNATE.



PRESIDENT'S OFFICE O.K.R.Y.CO.



STOCK MARKET QUOTATIONS O.K.R.Y.CO.



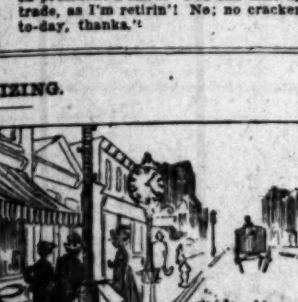
Train Boy—"Say, broker, buy me a majority of the X. Y. Z. stock. I got stuff enough, see?"



Train Boy—"I hold the biggest block of the stock an' I elect meself president. You kin git."



Train Boy—"Now we'll see whether I'll do his on me own train or not. Chewing gum, peanuts!"



Train Boy—"Yes, I don't mind givin' an ex-president a show. You can take up my trade, as I'm retirin'! No; no crackerjack to-day, thanks."

AGONIZING.

DENTIST

HEART-FLUTTERING MADE EASY.



"Prof. Loeb of the Chicago university asserts that salt causes the heart to beat."—News Item.

LOVE IS BLIND.



"Oh, Edwin, I'm sure nothing could cool our love!"



"So—"



"Am—"



"I, dearest!"

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

SAVING HIM.

"Ain't the storm most over, Bill, so's we kin go out and get a drink?"

Father—"There, now, will ye stunt yer growth smokin' cigarettes?"

SEASONABLE.



Farther Snail—"What you fussin' around for, Walter?"



Nearer Snail—"Looking for a new leaf. It's getting about time to turn one over."



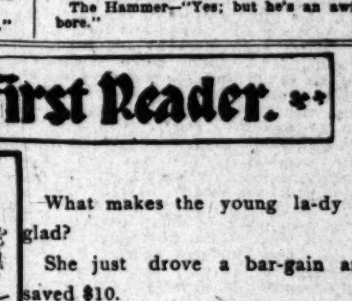
GENEALOGICAL.



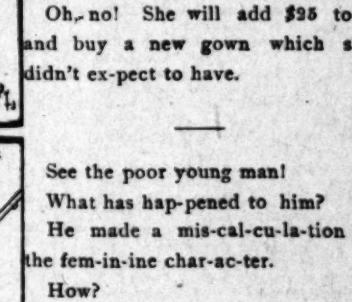
"He descended from an old cavalier."



NOT MATERIALIZED.



Chappy—"He is a blooming poet, I believe."



Freddy—"No, the editor says he is only a budding poet."

OVERDOING IT.

Druggist—"Try this specific, sir; it will make your hair burst forth in luxuriance!"

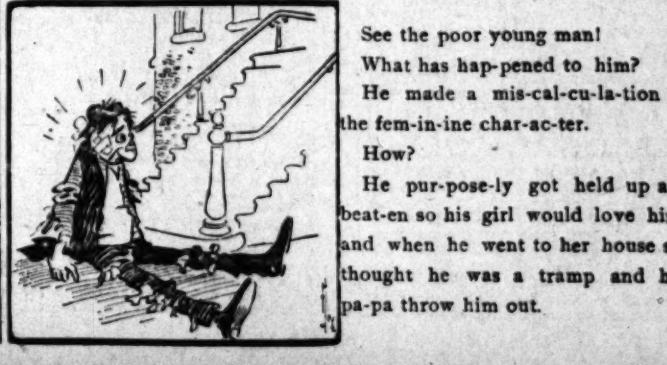
IN BUSINESS CIRCLES.

Knife Grinder—"How's biz wid youse?"

Rag Man—"Pickin' up. How's t'ings in yore line?"

Knife Grinder—"Dull, I'm glad ter say."

The New First Reader.



What makes the young la-dy so glad?
She just drove a bargain and saved \$10.
How nice! Will she put it in the bank?
Oh, no! She will add \$25 to it and buy a new gown which she didn't expect to have.

See the poor young man!
What has hap-pened to him?
He made a mis-cal-cu-la-tion of the fem-in-ine char-ac-ter.
How?
He pur-pose-ly got held up and beat-en so his girl would love him, and when he went to her house she thought he was a tramp and had pa-pa throw him out.

JANUARY 13, 1901.

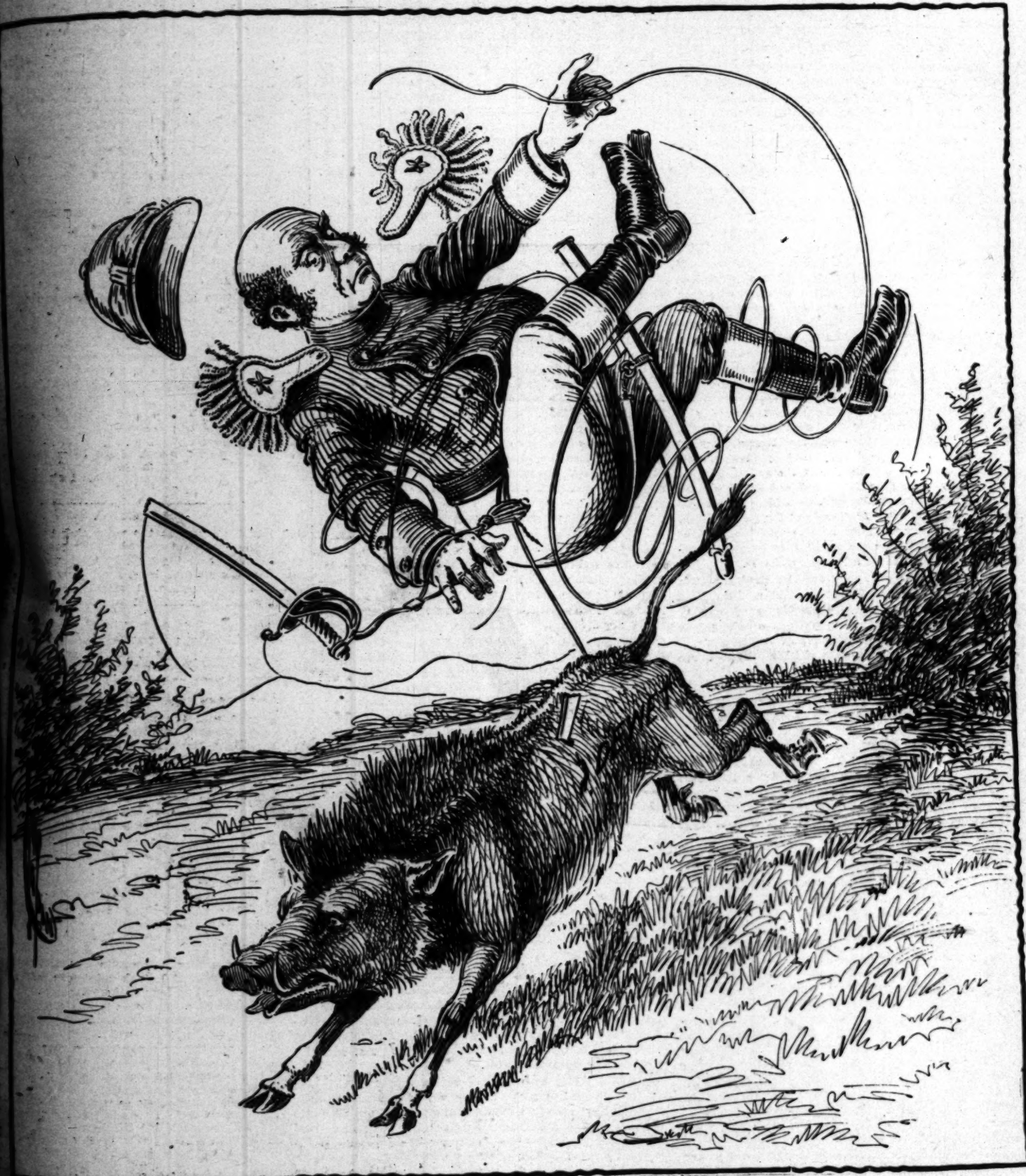
WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

JANUARY 13, 1901.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.50
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

HE'S HAVING HARD WORK TO DRIVE HIS PIG.



Idea

Every thing that
idea, also further

UNDERWEAR.

CLEAN-UP
this or cotton, 15c
cotton vests, 15c
gray, fleece lined 15c
fleece lined 19c
sleeve and vest, flat 25c
all wool pants, 59c

WINTER GARMENTS.

CLEAN-UP
that are fine wool 63c
fancy 75c
made of good quality 98c
Mother Hubbard style, 98c
white pink and blue
Mother Hubbard style,
trimmings.

CLEAN UP.

CLEAN-UP
good 12c
quality checked 25c
with

OF HOSIERY.

very well regulated lady
when she sees them.
are in this line. The
feet black and
will have to get
socks here in
this line, Clean
and tops, Clean
heavy thread fast
long hairy Clean
quality black Clean
elastic, black Clean
black worsted, Clean

WASH AND SILKS.

that never in your life
will read of here.
Pink Clean-Up 50c
heavy, handsome
green shades, Clean

as Gingham.

CLEAN-UP
white, Scotch and
quality, and plenty 8c
from

ouch Covers.

CLEAN-UP
at about 85c
bright colors,
all around,

LOOD
POISON

General and Local Sporting News.

13. Southern California by Towns.
Personal Mention: Men and Women
with his assistants....Pedro Lachica,
a bogus policeman, condemned for
brutal robbery.
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS
TACOMA (Wash.) Jan. 13.
tel advices state that the Chin

33 a. m. Return
45 a. m. Road

POLAR POSSIBILITIES.

WINTER EXPLORER DISCUSSES CHANCES OF REACHING THE POLES.

By Frederick A. Cook, M.D.

WHEN to the failure of the efforts of past ages, we are likely to conclude that the North Pole is not attainable; but no expedition has ever turned back because of any unsurmountable barrier, or because of the impossibility of marching farther. The real difficulty is not the cold or the impediments of traveling over rough ice, it is the unimaginable hardship of carrying food, fuel and bedding for a journey that is certainly to require five or six months.

The man who aims to reach the pole need not necessarily be one who has great muscular development or unusual powers of enduring cold, nor need he be an experienced pedestrian. His success or his failure will be determined by his ability to carry supplies, and by his power to adapt himself to the other-world conditions of life, which obtain in such an undertaking. The successful success of Lieut. Peary, Dr. Nansen and Prince with dog sledges, with old and tried methods, and the subsequent failure of Weillman and Jackson with their newly-invented articles of equipment, clearly show that we must work along the line of the old. The pole is in no danger of being captured by the sudden onset of an up-to-date invention. We must stick to it with our luggage.

How the North Pole May Be Attained.

It is possible to push to the eightieth parallel, or very close to it, with a supply ship. In some longitudes the wind could force her way farther, in others not quite so far, but 15 deg. is, in a general way, the distance to be covered on foot over rough sea-ice, by an exploring party. Allowing for the many certain detours and the return journey, this distance will figure up to not less than 2400 geographical miles. No men, it matters not how adept they have become or how perfect their equipment, are likely to average more than twelve miles daily. The surface of the ice is such that there are many days when the party will exhaust all its strength in advancing two or three miles; and then come the storms, the many scul-racking tempests which often make active work impossible for several days at a time. When the ice is smooth and the weather favorable it will at times be easy to cover ten to twenty to thirty miles daily, but an average of twelve miles for all kinds of going is a maximum. Since the distance is 2400 miles, it would require nearly six months to make the journey to the pole and back.

Men who have been in the polar regions know that it is possible to spend six months camping on ice and eating on the simplest foods. It is true that with the lack of life there is considerable risk of sudden death from kidney disease, and there is always the possibility of scurvy and a fatal kind of anaemia. Health, even and even life depend upon the quality and the quantity of food, fuel and clothing, and ample experience shows that it is impossible to carry a sufficient amount of these for a period of six months.

which constitutes a possibility for many with the means to reach the pole is the reasonable chance of pushing an advance station beyond the present degree of latitude. To this, then, may be added the hope which it is always reasonable to entertain of securing some game en route. From the eightieth to the eighty-fourth parallel, over the more distant of the outer fringe of the pack, there is a possibility of securing bears, seals and birds, both on the outward and on the homeward journey. This possibility of securing game may be reckoned as being equal to another supply station at the eighty-fourth parallel. We thus have but 6 deg. to cover in which we must expect to augment the food supply. This distance, with the return and detours, would make a total distance of 1200 miles. A well-equipped party of the right sort of men would cover this distance in 100 days. Peary has made a longer journey in less time over the interior of Greenland. To a small body of well-equipped men, who understand the true conditions of polar life and are willing to adopt a life deprivation, the North Pole is accessible.

Antarctic Exploration.

We now know with a reasonable probability the conditions which are likely to obtain in a journey to the South Pole. The recent explorations have proved an equivoque and deep sea in the Arctic basin. If land exists beyond the known regions, it is in all probability of small extent. It follows, then, that the pole is the center of a frozen ocean and the man who seeks to reach it must plan to pick his way over a lifeless and unyielding sea of ice. The man who aims to reach the South Pole, however, has before him a series of difficulties which are of another and a more forbidding character.

The entire region within the Antarctic Circle, an area as large as the continent of North America, is more or less involved in mystery. Indeed, most of it is a blank upon our charts. No well-directed effort has ever been aimed at the South Pole. There have been expeditions to the far South, but they have found sufficient work along the edge of the pack ice to fulfill their mission. From the observations of these expeditions we are warranted in building up a hypothetical continent around the South Pole which spreads out to an area of about the size of the United States. This continent is extremely high, if we may judge from the few peaks which have been actually seen. There are mountains from 2000 to 15,000 feet in altitude. Some are in active eruption, others are extinct. Some

mountains are covered to their peaks with snow, others push their sharp peaks of hard rocks through the inland ice to the frosty skies. But enveloping this great continent there is an overland sea of ice which has an unknown depth.

South Polar Land Buried Deep Beneath Ice.

This great overland ice is piled upon the Antarctic highlands by the vapor charged breezes which sweep the circumpolar waters. The highest part of this mainland is probably at the South Pole, from whence the surface descends by an imperceptible grade to the seashore, where the overland sea ice breaks into floes which float northward as icebergs. In addition to being weighted down by the accumulated frost of thousands of years, the land is guarded by the hand of nature in another remarkable manner. Around the globe, close to the Antarctic Circle, there is an unyielding sea of ice which spreads out from 400 to 800 miles, thus completely fencing off the land by an almost impenetrable barrier of frozen surface waters.

The man who plans to mount to the South Pole must first find a passage through the drifting pack ice, and then face the colossal problem of ascending a cliff of glacial ice hundreds of feet in height. After he has scaled this he has to devise means of bridging enormous death-dealing crevasses, and then he has to pull up a heart-sickening ascent to altitudes where the bitter cold makes life almost unendurable. There remains to be added to these discouraging prospects the soul-destroying elements of a series of almost perpetual tempests. But it is possible for man to overcome all this if he can be properly fed and clothed. Though the conditions are entirely different than those which oppose the search for the North Pole, the question of supplies, which is the main factor in the boreal march, is also the principal set-back in the austral search. The supply ship can be pushed to the edge of the land at a point within 800 miles of the pole. Since this journey is to be made overland, a straight course can be laid. Thus the expensive detours which are necessary in the Arctic will be avoided. If the land is at all smooth, as it seems reasonable to expect, the distance to the pole and return should not be more than 1800 geographical miles. This journey with dogs and specially-constructed sledges should be made in five months. An encouraging prospect here is the hope that advance stations may be pushed inland and cached, which is impracticable on a moving pack ice.

The success or failure in transporting food and supplies over this land ice will determine the accessibility of the southern axis. If the land is smooth, like the interior of Greenland, then it is within the power of man with present means to plant his foot on the austral pivot. If, however, it is much crevassed, irregular and mountainous, then there is small hope of success. He who contemplates an attack upon this heatless under-surface of the globe will find many tempting allurements and many disheartening rebuffs. His obstacles are those of the Arctic multiplied by ten. Nature shields the mysteries of the frozen South with much jealousy. She tempts by permitting a small advance and a long look ahead, but when you resolve to force on into the white blank, the ice gates close as if to say, "You may look, but you must not enter." The battle, however, should be fought, though it promises to be the fiercest of all human engagements. Science demands it, modern progress calls for it, for in this age a blank upon our chart is a blur upon our prided enlightenment. A measure of success is certain to follow southern efforts, and the victory should be crowned by the Stars and Stripes.

Problems of the Magnetic Poles.

There are two other poles that are of equal interest and in many respects more important, since their location enters more into the daily routine of life. I refer to the magnetic poles. There are, then, four terrestrial poles. Two upon which the globe revolves through space, the geographical poles, and the two magnetic poles which point the mariner's compass. The two magnetic poles are two points on the earth not exactly opposite each other. Their location is more or less of a mystery. The northern spot to which the magnetic needle points is at or near the southern projection of Boothia Island, about fourteen hundred miles south of the geographical North Pole, along about the ninety-sixth meridian west of Greenwich. This region was explored by Ross seventy years ago, but the subsequent behavior of the needle has led to the belief that the pole has since moved. The South Magnetic Pole is somewhere within the high mountains of Eastern Victoria. The exact spot is about twelve hundred geographical miles north of the south geographical pole, along long. 146 E. of Greenwich.

The North Magnetic Pole is the most accessible of the four poles. It is possible to push a supply ship to within a hundred miles of where the needle stands vertically, and from there, with small boats and sledges the many observations which are necessary could be prosecuted. The work of Sir John Ross in this region was done at a time when the science of terrestrial magnetism was in its infancy. His instruments were primitive and imperfect, and his methods, for present purposes, entirely unreliable. To make a magnetic survey of the regions about the North Magnetic Pole is far more important than a knowledge of the northern geographical pole. It offers no obstacles comparable to the hundreds of miles of moving ice which will have to be crossed and recrossed in the regions farther north. One hundred thousand dollars, in the proper hands, would certainly complete this most valuable work.

South Magnetic Pole is Attainable.

Of the South Magnetic Pole we know next to nothing. It is just as important as its northern companion. Not less than six positions are assigned by experts to this negative pole. These positions are from 100 to 500 miles apart. If we draw a circle 500 miles in diameter on the eastern end of the great continental mass known as Wilkesland, it would be possible to say that the

South Magnetic Pole is somewhere within this, but no more definite point could be fixed. Reaching and locating this pole is entirely practicable, though extremely difficult, but it must not be attempted by men with an imperfect knowledge of the subject. The deceptively apparent ease of the work here is sure to send ill-prepared adventurers to grief within the next few years. It is possible to fix a station within 200 miles of the probable position of the greatest dip of the needle, and the traveling will be over high, ice-buried lands; a region similar, perhaps, to the interior of Greenland, where the experience of Peary and Nansen have shown that exploration is safe and reasonably certain. Efforts to determine the South Magnetic Pole are sure to return material results, and if the right men with the right equipment make the effort they will certainly be rewarded by the accomplishment of their ambition.

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COMFORTS FOR THE SICK ROOM.

OF ALL the admirable comforts and conveniences evolved in this day of progress for the special benefit of invalids, says a writer in the New York Sun, nothing quite equals the pivoted bed that enables even the most handicapped individual to lie flat on his or her back and yet enjoy all the effect of a change of position. This new invention is just an ordinary lightly-built metal bed with a springy-wire mattress, that, by a touch of the nurse's hand, can be raised or lowered, tipped this way or that, giving the invalid prisoner all the delightful sense of movement and change without really altering the position in the least.

This is a blessing to persons with broken limbs and injured backs, who are booked for an over-long holiday in bed and who dare not move as they hope to grow well and strong. This delightful bed is fitted with special springs and castors so artfully adjusted that it can be pushed about a room without ever so slightly jarring the occupant, and yet affording a constant variety in location. Even the relief of occupying different rooms from time to time is now possible, a relief which means so much in cheerfulness and strength to sick folks who have to endure a long siege of invalidism. While the pivoted bed has been made especially for those who are forced to a prolonged rest on their backs, there have been many movements put forth lately in behalf of the invalid who need suffer no such test of endurance and patience, but can sit up a little for meals and friends.

The old method of giving a patient an erect position in bed was the liberal use of pillows to form a back rest, else a hard board, with an easel support, was placed behind the sick person, a pillow put on this, and the body was propped into just the posture that threw all the strain on the base of the spine. Now an excellent appliance has been brought out that does away with pillows entirely. The new back rest, for use in bed, is cushioned, built high enough to afford a head supporter, has tufted protecting ears, like the cosy granny chair, to cut off any draughts, and well-cushioned arms extend on both sides to give the patient comfort for her elbows. Better still, this back rest is so arranged that the invalid can sit or partially recline at any angle and govern the position herself by merely working a small lever at one side, which throws the broad supporting board backward or forward, as the feed be.

These details in mechanism may not seem important to the strong and sturdy, but they mean everything in the comfort of a sick person who will also find the greatest contentment in the use of the four-legged meal tray, now perfected for invalid use. Really charming ones are made of mahogany inlaid with lighter woods in Chippendale patterns.

Exceedingly pretty dinner stands are now being made of wicker, stained green, brown or a cheerful cherry red, with pockets at the corners and along the sides in which the salt, pepper boxes, etc., will fit and prevent that irritating restlessness with which inanimate objects are sometimes possessed.

For the bed-ridden invalid who creeps out to the comparative freedom of sofa life, there are possibilities of great relief in the new tufted-spring couch, the long seat and head rest of which is artfully hinged to admit of many changes in the sick person's position. It can be adjusted to support a weak back, to raise or lower the head and the whole cushioned top of the sofa can be also lifted off to slip into a wheeled spinal chair that the patient occupies while stretched at full length.

TREATMENT OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

DR. C. J. DOUGLAS, writing in the New York Medical Journal of the treatment of delirium tremens, expresses the belief that patients suffering from violent alcoholism should first be put to sleep with some drug such as apomorphine, and should not be restrained by physical force. Whisky or alcohol in some form should be prescribed, as its sudden withdrawal aggravates the disease and frequently causes it. The records of deaths in police stations where drunkards are locked up and suddenly deprived of liquor, supply proof of the danger of such a course. Patients should be nourished with milk, or some liquid food. Delirium tremens seldom affects those who have not been deprived of proper nourishment for some time.

THE QUININE HABIT.

ON PAGE 319 of the Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery, Dr. A. J. Harrington says: "The craze for injecting quinine in every possible disease has caused an enormous amount of nervous disorders among business men, who keep the drug in their pockets just as they do car tickets. Many of the most serious cases which come under my notice are due to this drug. I feel safe in asserting that quinine cause more trouble to the community than morphine, although we do not hear so much about it. Drinkers and toppers of opium and cocaine are spotted by most of their acquaintances; but the nerve tremor due to the salts cinchona are put down to overwork, etc. Even medical men are frequently deceived by the symptoms, for I have had many cases sent to me where the cause was never suspected by the family doctor."

Men Sold for Opium.
The craze for the drug is beyond that Chinese mothers often buy opium. Fathers sell their wives. Dr. Beebe, who is a hospital at Nanking, said that he has an opium smoker. He spent fiftying the taste, and when the children one after the other satisfy his opium hunger. The Chinese look upon those who habit much as we look upon a beggar of Soochow, who sleeps in a was asked where he lived. "I went to hell," many of the opium smokers do this purpose opium refuges. They are more common than the streets of the United States. The institution of this kind was rare. It had applications from all over the year. There are quacks in America a specialty of treating opium charitable families who kept to give to anyone who asked. They are for use in cases of opium vs. Opium.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Macao's Big Opium Farm.

The most of the opium used comes from India. It is raised on the plains of Hindoostan under the superintendence of the English government, shipped by it to Bombay and Calcutta, and from there sent to Macao. It comes in great boxes and balls of four pounds each. The balls are of a brown color. They are as rough as sandstone, and they look as though they had been dusted with oatmeal. Each ball is about as big as your head. It consists of the juice of the poppy as it was gathered from the pods by the Hindoos and made into these balls under the English. I asked the head of the factory to allow me to photograph one of these balls, but he refused to permit the camera to be used in the works.

How Opium is Refined.

He permitted me, however, to go through the establishment, and I spent several hours in the different rooms making notes. It is one of the busiest places I have seen in China. Take the melting-rooms, where the opium is boiled and refined. It is more like a foundry than anything else. It is 500 feet long and not more than twenty feet wide. It has an earthen floor, and along each wall, running the full length of the room, are scores of little ovens, in each of which is a great flat brass basin, in which the opium is cooking. The stuff looks like a thick black molasses. It seethes and boils as the half-naked Chinese worker stirs it to and fro with a great ladle.

Some of the basins are as big around as a washtub, and all are sending forth opium fumes. The room is filled with white vapor from the hundreds of boiling pans. The fumes get into my nostrils, my head aches, and for the time I have all the sensations of the opium drunkard.

I sit and watch the Chinese devils at their hellish work, and as I do so it seems to me that I can see the pictures of the ruins which it is to create as it is scattered throughout the Chinese empire. I can see dens in which scores of haggard-eyed, yellow-faced mortals are lying and smoking away the wages which should go to the support of their families. There are women as well as men, and children as well as grown-ups. Here is a mother with her baby at her feet lying before the opium lamp. The pipe has fallen from her mouth, and the little one is playing with it, sucking it. I can see the opium parlors of the rich and the hells of vice which I have seen at Shanghai—a score of pictures which have been registered on my brain since I went through China.

Kneading the Poppy Juice.

I leave this room and go into another. Here the opium, having been boiled to the consistency of taffy, is being kneaded, rubbed and stirred into a paste-like mass. The men who do the work are coolies, bare to the waist. They are perspiring, and the white drops stand out upon their skin and roll down into the mass which they are kneading. The stuff is boiled several times. It is mixed with water and strained. It is boiled again and strained again, until finally it has been gotten down to the right consistency and conditions for sale. It is now put up in tin boxes and is ready for shipment to China, the United States and other countries where opium is used.

China's Curse.

The increase in the use of opium among the Chinese is enormous. Last year letters were sent out to 100 foreign doctors stationed in different parts of the empire. They were asked for statistics as to opium and its effects in their respective districts. These reports were gathered together by Dr. Park, the surgeon of the Imperial Maritime Customs, who has charge of the big hospital at Soochow. I have the copy before me, and from it take much of the following information:

Many of the doctors estimate that from 30 to 80 per cent. of the Chinese are opium smokers. They say that the mandarins smoke the most, and that thousands of wealthy people are impoverishing themselves by the

use of the drug. They say that the laboring men smoke less because the act of smoking takes a great deal of time. It cannot be done while work is going on, and the smoker is almost sure to lose his job. No one will employ an opium smoker if he can help it. He is, as a rule, unreliable, generally weak, and often a thief.

What the Chinese Think of Opium.

The Chinese themselves denounce the habit. They class it among the three greatest of sins, and attempt to regulate it by law. They license the opium-selling shops, collect taxes upon it, and treat it much as we do drink in the United States. The people call opium smokers opium devils, and although nearly all use more or less opium, they despise the opium drunkard as much as we do the alcoholic drunkard. Some of the officials are attempting to put a stop to opium smoking. One of these is Chang Chi Tung, who has denounced its use among the officials, and who would like to see a stop put to opium raising in his province.

Opium Suicides.

The number of opium suicides in China is alarming the authorities. Soochow has not to exceed 500,000 people, and Dr. Park states that there are 1000 attempts at suicide on the average there every year. This is one for every 500 of the population, or two to the 1000; and, supposing there be 400,000,000 Chinese.

Kowshing at the hospital of the Southern Medical Mission. One of the doctors of the mission is Mr. Venable, an American who has worked that field. He told me that he had lost something like 9000 people, and that the cases before the hospital resulted from opium. Said he:

"The Chinese often commit suicide to save themselves upon an enemy. There is no greater honor here than to have a person kill himself on your account. You are then supposed to be his master. I have seen people say you must have been a very bad man to have brought him to such a state of mind, and say you are disgraced. Wives often commit suicide to save themselves on their husbands, and I know of some fathers killing themselves to spite their sons. It is an awful calamity for the son, for it means ostracism. We had a case of this kind in connection with the mission. One of our native preachers, a good fellow, had an ill-tempered father, who was angry and killed himself in his son's house. This caused such an outcry among the man's neighbors that he had to give up the ministry."

"Another case of opium suicide was that of a man and daughter-in-law. They got into a quarrel over the breaking of a tea cup, and each committed suicide in spite the other."

Men, Women and Children Use It.

Dr. Venable tells me that there is a



If the same average exists elsewhere, "it means 800,000 attempted opium suicides annually. The percentage of suicides is said to have doubled since opium was introduced into China. The Chinese are an excitable people, and the having of such a poisonous article as opium on hand is a temptation. They know that an overdose will cause death, and use it for this purpose both in the raw and manufactured state and in opium ashes.

Indeed, there are charitable institutions in different parts of China that offer doctors at any time, day or night, to treat opium suicides free of charge. One such institution at Soochow treated 111 cases of this nature in six months.

I heard of many curious opium suicides during a trip that I made through the country a hundred miles or so back of Shanghai. I stopped one night in the city of

opium used in the Yang-tse Valley. There are opium dens than rice shops or tea shops, and women and children are to be found in these theatrical people and singing girls all use opium smoked by the army, and almost everywhere.

Kowshing is a walled town of 100,000 people. It consumes opium to the value of \$1000 in a day. This would be an average of a cent a person, or \$3.65 a year for every man, woman and child in the town. At five to the family it would be annually for every family in Kowshing. Consider the fact that the poor make on the average 10 cents a day this is enormous. Suppose an American laborer getting \$3 a day should pay 50 cents a day for drink or opium he would not pay as great a price as the Chinese.

They usually increase to year until death. When the habit they suffer the agonies of their condition while well expressed in the following words of the opium addicts:

While smoking opium we are
while breaking the habit
tortures are usually too
of them pretend to be
investigation it is usually
from opium to morphine
pills are consumed
for sale at all the drug stores
takers are as many as
at 1 Cent a Jah.

... cities along the Yangtze
of injecting morphine
are professional morphine
hypodermic syringes up the
arm at the rate of 1 cent
a dose, and are ready to give
it. In some places they
hold out their arms
to the shoulders. The usual
dose is 10 mg., but many arms
are worn with injection scars,
some marks extending over the
shoulders.

The morphine injectors make
they carry the stuff along w
distribution gives out, they take
drop and mix morphine with
supply. They never clea
danger of disease commu
such men are to be seen al
Sanghai.

the Opium Den.

While at Cowahing I took
them down. They may be four
and at every few steps:
I am told they are busy a
were of the roughest des
with wide beds or benches
all with a central aisle betw
two men facing an optu
one would take a little
into his pipe, and leaning
it while he held the bowl o
some of the men were chat
were in a stupor, and of
light. On the outside of the
opium in the open air, a
shell got into my nostrils.

The World's Biggest Opium Job

One of the wickedest cities in the world is perhaps more vice than any other empire. It has all the wickedness of the depravity of the civilization of bestiality which is the basis of the empire. There are many of its harbor, and many of its streets. Shanghai has one street which is the most famous in the world. It has perhaps the most extravagant fashion. The walls are made of wood, and its walls are made of wood. They are divided by carved wood. It has many rooms of different sizes. These rooms are of different sizes. You may see all classes of people. There are a thousand smokers and I went through the city.

lurer:] One of the most
lences of the prehistoric
discovered near the little
eum in Wells county.

Weary, Nervous Exhaustion. Loss of appetite, sleeplessness, dizzy spells; these are other indications of im-

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by
JOE BOHEIM

8:55 a. m. Returning
8:45 p.m. Pasadena

one-fourth to one-half of each man's daily earnings for opium.

In some districts there are whole families who smoke daily. "In one rich family," says a report of Dr. Park, "every member smokes, and a nine-year-old boy had an allowance of \$1 a day for opium. Another doctor reported that he knew of a father and six sons, all of whom were opium smokers. One of the sons died at the age of 6, a little, withered, and feeble. One of the sons married a girl of 16. She was pretty and healthy until married, when she became an opium addict."

Opium Sold for Opium.

The cure for the drug is beyond description. I am told that Chinese mothers often sell their little girls for opium. Fathers sell their sons, and husbands sell their wives. Dr. Beebe, who is in charge of the big hospital at Hankow, said that he had a neighbor who was an opium smoker. He spent all of his money in buying opium, and when that was gone sold his children one after the other and finally his wife for opium.

The Chinese look upon those who are the slaves of the drug as we look upon confirmed drunkards. A man of Soochow, who sleeps next door to an opium den, was asked where he lived. He replied: "Next to hell."

Many of the opium smokers desire to be cured, and for this purpose opium refuges have been established. They are more common than the Keeley cures, or gold mines, of the United States. They are well patronized. The institution of this kind was recently opened in Foochow. It had applications from 500 opium smokers the first year. There are quacks in the different cities who are specialists of treating opium cases. There are also charitable families who keep emetic powders on hand to give to anyone who asks for them. These powders are for use in cases of attempted suicides.

Opium Den.

They say that few opium smokers are ever cured. They usually increase their allowance from one to two dollars a day. When they endeavor to break the habit they suffer the agonies of the damned, the agony of their condition while smoking and stopping is not expressed in the following, which was written by one of the opium refuges at Soochow by one of the inmates:

"When smoking opium we are transported to paradise. We are usually too much for the patient. We pretend to be permanently cured, but in reality it is usually found that they have become more addicted to morphine. A vast amount of money is consumed by the Chinese. They go to all the drug stores, and in some places there are as many as the opium smokers."

Opium and a Jab.

Along the Yang-tze, the hypodermic injection of morphine has become common. Professional morphine peddlers who go about with syringes and needles, and give injections at the rate of 1 cent apiece. They visit the houses of the rich and are ready to give you a jab in the arm. In some places the customers stand up in their arms with the sleeves rolled up. The usual place for the injection is on the arm, but many arms are tattooed from shoulder to elbow with injection scars, and some persons have a tattoo extending over the greater part of their chest.

Morphine injectors make their own solutions. They mix the stuff along with them, and when the solution is out, they take the dirty water from the syringe and mix it in a dirty cup for a jab. They never cleanse their syringes, and in some of disease communication must be great. In some of the native city of Soochow.

Opium Dens.

When at Cowshing I took a look into some of the opium dens. They may be found in every block in the city at every few steps. The ones I saw were full, and the men were busy all day long. Some of the dens were of the roughest description, merely long low tables with beds or benches extending out from the walls, and a central aisle between them. On each bed was a man facing an opium lamp. From time to time he would take a little ball of brown opium, put it in his pipe, and leaning on his elbow, would suck it up and hold the bowl over the flame of the lamp. Some of the men were chatting, and some sleeping. Some were in a stupor, and others seemed exceptionally happy. On the outside of the city I saw beggars smoking in the open air, and everywhere the horrid odor of the opium.

The World's Biggest Opium Joint.

One of the wickedest cities of China is Shanghai. It has more vice than any other in the Celestial Empire. It has all the wickedness of the Chinese market, and the depravity of the foreigners, making up a combination of bestiality which you will find nowhere else in the empire. There are boats of bonded opium in the harbor, and many opium dens everywhere.

Shanghai has one street which is noted for its wickedness, and upon this street is the biggest opium den in the world. It has perhaps an acre of floor space in the heart of the city, and its interior is furnished in the most extravagant fashion. Its furniture is of costly material, its walls are inlaid with marble, and its floors are divided by carved screens inlaid with stained glass. There are many rooms all given up to the smoking of opium. These rooms are of different grades, and in some you may see all classes of Chinese. There were thousands of smokers in the den when I entered, and I went through hall after hall, breathing the

fumes of sickly-smelling vapor, through which the rays of the electric lights struggling found their way.

I stopped at the cashier's at the entrance and was offered a pipe. The cheapest I was told would cost me 10 cents a smoke, and the dearest could be rented for 20 cents or a quarter. As I went through I saw that many men had their own pipes. Two mandarins dressed in satin lay and dozed with pipes of ivory beside them. In another room coolies were smoking with pipes of common wood, and in a third I saw two girls lying on cushions of velvet, upon couches of teakwood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Each girl had a long pipe in her mouth, and one as I looked, filled her lungs with the opium, and blew the smoke out through her nostrils. The girls were lying facing each other. They rested themselves on their elbows as they cooked the opium over the lamp—and then laid their heads down on little red pillows and dozed off to sleep.

In another section of the opium palace, I was shown the rooms for private parties, and in one I saw a dozen men lying on six couches in pairs. They looked up and one said "Chin Chin" as I stood there. I was everywhere treated politely, and there was no disorder. The receipts of this den are, I am told, about a thousand dollars a day from one year's end to the other.

An American Morphine Fiend.

I heard here of an American who has been ruined by the evil effects of opium. He is a son of an eminent Baltimore physician, and was educated at Heidelberg, Germany. While there he got neuralgia, and at the advice of his physician took morphine injections. The result was he became a morphine fiend. His family, to cure him, sent him on a sailing vessel out to Japan. He had no opium during the voyage, but as soon as he landed, he went to a native drug store and demanded some. The Japanese druggist refused to give it to him without a prescription. Thereupon the American drew a knife and went for the druggist. The druggist fled from the store and the American helped himself out of the morphine bottle.

Shortly after this man left Japan, and came to Shanghai. Here he forged an order on Consul-General Goodnow and cashed it. He was for this arrested and put in the consular jail. At this time he looked like a skeleton, his eyes were hollow, his face was drawn and he was a nervous wreck. The jail physician said he should have no opium. The American said he would die if he could not get it, whereupon the physician rather brutally replied:

"Well, suppose you do die, who will care?"

The man replied: "Nobody," and the physician went away. The physician's orders were carried out, and the criminal was given neither opium nor morphine. He became desperate and tried to burn down the jail. He had delirium tremens and his reason would have gone had it not been that a murderer, who was in on a life sentence in the next cell took pity on him. The murderer reached through the bars and let the opium fiend hold his hand for hours night after night in order that he might feel that he had human companionship.

After a time the delirium tremens passed away, and the man began to get better. His appetite became enormous. He ate five full meals a day and took a bowl of rice to bed with him every night. He began to fatten, and at the end of his sentence was a new man. He appeared to have a horror of morphine and swore he would never touch it again. Consul-General Goodnow shipped him on a sailing vessel to America. He deserted at Hongkong, and about two months later was back at Shanghai looking as bad as when he was arrested. He is still an opium drunkard, and at the present writing is believed to be carousing in Japan.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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NUHKTA.

HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST.

By a Special Contributor.

ONCE, many years ago, in a land beloved of gods and as yet unknown to men, there was born a deer. His having come into life as a gentle, soft-eyed creature, when he might have been a wildcat or a wolf, or even a great, tawny panther, has never been explained to me, for old Mudjekewis, the perfume-breathing west wind, who whispers these tales of the forest folk to the leaves of the listening pines, is no philosopher. He leaves all that to Koko-koko, the great, round-eyed owl who peers at you from the hole in yonder dead oak tree. But what he did say I will tell to you as best I may, though we may not have the green grass and nodding flowers beneath our feet and the fathomless dome of the infinite blue arching over us to aid in its recital.

Far up at the head of the big cañon in the midst of the high mountains he found himself one morning in May. Strange to relate he had no brother or sister with him, but, as he did not know that deer are usually born in couples, this made no difference to him, and he appreciated his mother's soft tongue, whenever she rubbed it over him, just as much as if he had been two instead of one. After a while he made one or two efforts to rise and stand erect as his mother did, and finally, after the manner of a young calf, he succeeded. His legs were rather shaky at first, but he leaned against his mother, and was contented. Somehow it gave him confidence to lean against her, but when he essayed to stand alone he suddenly sank down and was glad to lie still on the soft bed of pine needles which covered the hillside. By and by he looked himself over and noticed the spots beginning to appear on his flanks. As the days wore on these markings became more and more definite, until he was the pride of his

mother's heart, with his great, brown eyes and sleek spotted coat.

He did not see his father during the first days of his babyhood, for the old fellow was far too wise to betray the home of his mate until the young fawn was strong enough to use his supple little legs to carry him to safety. And yet, he was never very far away, chasing the foxes and cub bears over the ridge if they came too close to his particular thicket. At night he lay just above them on the hillside, so that the wind brought him news of anything which might approach from down the cañon. This, of course, was not his usual habit, for all his life he had been accustomed to moving about with his mat and feeding, during the nights, as is common with the deer tribes, while during the dangerous hours of the day they would lie hidden in the depths of the piney woods.

Gradually, as the days became weeks and the weeks months, he gained strength, and with this strength came the knowledge that his safety lay in the power of his slender legs, and he learned to win, to be ever on the alert for danger, so that at the least sound he was off like a flash, clearing the underbrush with long, graceful bounds. But it was only at first that he did this. He soon noticed that his parents were more quiet and usually waited to see what manner of animal it was that disturbed their feeding—for they knew, and he soon found out, that fleet feet are sometimes better than powerful paws. A man they had never seen, at least he had never seen one, and neither his mother nor father had ever said anything to him about such a creature.

As he grew older his spots began to disappear with the shedding of his hair, and when, in the time of falling leaves, he put on his winter coat, it came in the same color as that of his parents—all except one spot on his left flank which came back white, and remained so through all the years of his after life, so that the Indians, when they came to know him, called him "Nuhkta"—"the Spotted Deer." He soon got acquainted with all the other forest folk, yet he made friends with none, save perhaps Wabasso, the rabbit, who used to come out and chat with him as they fed together in the little glade on the shores of the lake. The horrible, howling wolves he feared, while his parents had taught him to despise the sneaking, yelping coyotes. The huge saffron-colored bear, who left his autograph of scratches, dirt and hair on every pine tree that stood in his path, was easily avoided, but not so tawny-yellow panthers who lay along the great limbs of the oaks and pines, patiently waiting and watching for the fleet-footed deer whom they could not catch save by strategy.

About the end of his first year he began to feel the two knobs on his head, just between his long, pointed ears, where his first pair of horns were coming through. And slowly but surely they appeared, and grew longer and stouter. True, they were only two prongs or spikes that never grew to be more than five inches long, but they were horns after all, and he was correspondingly proud of them. But at the end of his second year's history, when his summer dress of hair began once more to give place to a heavy winter overcoat, these spikes fell from his head, and in their place there appeared the beginnings of a fine pair of antlers. These grew faster than the spikes had grown, so that when he looked into the lake he soon saw a pair of branching horns, which became every day more like those of his father.

All through his youth his mother had protected him and taught him what buds and leaves were good to eat. He learned to paw the moss and dead grass out of the snow in winter time, while the leaves of the arbor vitae and other evergreens furnished him food in a more convenient manner.

Every fall, in September, the time of falling leaves, he shed his summer hair and put on the heavy clothing with which Mother Nature protects her children during the winter months, and then again in June, just when the delicious wild strawberries were ripe, the old mat of heavy hair would in turn give place to a fine coat of grayish brown. Once a year, too, he shed his old horns, and as the new ones came and grew he enjoyed rubbing the soft, velvety covering off them on the tree trunks and limbs of his stamping grounds.

In the winters he went with his mother and father to a certain level spot in the mountains where the trees were low and bushy, so that they offered good protection from the wind and winter snows. Here he met many others of his kind who had gathered to pass the months when men are forced to travel about on snowshoes. The snow was already tramped down among the trees, and trails were leading out in every direction from the "deer yard" to good feeding places. Now and then an elk, huge of stature and with wide-spreading antlers, would come to pass the night, and sometimes several moose, great, horse-like creatures, would amble past at an ungainly gait.

So year by year Nuhkta's history would repeat itself; summers spent in the green woods by the dimpled lake, winters in the trampled yard, until at last there came a day, in the time of flying birds, when men call October, when, as he and his father were quietly feeding in a little glade, a strange, new odor came to his nostrils. Both raised their heads, and Nuhkta wanted to run, but the older deer waited, as he was accustomed to with animals of the forest. There was a singing, swishing sound, and the old buck sprang straight up into the air and fell back—dead. Nuhkta remained only long enough to notice a strange, slender stick that seemed to have run through his father's neck. On one end of this was a small, three-cornered piece of stone, and on the other end some feathers from the wing of a bird. He did not know that the new odor was the man smell, nor did he know that the peculiar little stick was an arrow, but from that time forward he feared every shadow; every moving wing of bird made him shiver and crouch closer in his covert. His great eyes would dilate and his nostrils quiver at every strange smell. Until at last he gathered together a band of his fellow deer and led them over the great white mountains to the boundless prairies of the North, where to this day the tribesmen will tell you strange tales of Nuhkta, the Spotted Deer, who never dies.

HARRY H. DUNN.

is the trade of the hospital in the United States. It is free as long as the patient receives. The hospital is all its own. Its sometimes a little alcohol of strange symptoms, finding what is to him is found out. He will be with disgusting mixture which would make a detection which he receives. He may be sometimes anxious physician to reconcile his often hospital fakery of two ignorant. The learned antiseptic as a drug has been an office boy for at one time actually a faker generally reach high liquor or morphine symptoms just "takes a" for he seldom passes a tyro and is promptly shelter into a cold

[January 12, 1901.]

HOSPITAL FAKERS.

HOW THEY INVADE THE PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

By a Special Contributor.

It is the trade of the hospital faker to seem ill. Every hospital in the United States knows him, and he will be found in the wards where the beds are clean and the air is fresh as long as human nature is prone to feign. The hospital faker plies his calling with a certain amount of the tramp. His life holds a charm in all its own. Its prizes are board, lodging, and a little alcohol. It fascinates the simulators of the hospital, too, because he is always doing what is to him the really delightful risk of being found out. He will permit the surgeons to dose him with disgusting mixtures; he will undergo treatment which would make a strong man ill rather than be detected as an arrant cheat. He also likes the attention which he receives, for it gratifies whatever vanity he may have to see interested and anxious physicians bending over him struggling to reconcile his often contradictory symptoms. Hospital fakers are of two kinds, the educated and the ignorant. The learned one may have served an apprenticeship as a drug clerk or a nurse. He may have been an office boy for a physician, or he may have at one time actually studied medicine. The ignorant faker generally reaches his degraded condition through liquor or morphine. The ignorant simulator just "takes a chance," usually without any previous preparation, but he seldom passes the muster even of the most lenient and is promptly thrust forth from the hospital into a cold world.

several other well-known exemplars of his class, was originally a drug clerk, who had become a drug fiend. It is his habit to impose on the staff of every hospital in the large cities which he visits. His method is to fall in convulsions in some street in the central part of the city, and after having remained in a hospital as long as his deception is successful, to go to the urban outskirts and become grievously tormented in mind and body. He thus gets a chance to spend a few days in each of the smaller hospitals. It is said that he is still wandering through the country exhibiting his choice collection of symptoms to the medical fraternity.

Clever as the average hospital faker is in his art, he must eventually be caught. The physician knows of many symptoms which cannot be consistently feigned. The members of the guild who can control their pulses, and who have the ever-present knowledge, and the presence of mind to keep up the appearance of illness indefinitely, are comparatively few. The human instinct betrays the awkward faker at once, and the detection of even the most accomplished one is only a matter of time.

There appeared in a Buffalo hospital several years ago a man, respectfully dressed, who told a story of hard luck and ill health. He had, he said, a malady of the stomach which made life unendurable to him. The physicians did everything in their power for him. They finally decided that there was nothing wrong with any of his organs, and they planned to get rid of him.

"My friend," said the chief of staff, "I think that you need exercise. Suppose that you take that broom and sweep the hall."

The patient swept the hall once, and when the physician told him to begin all over again, he threw down the broom in disgust.

"I am through," he said. "I am on to your game and you are on to mine."

Frequently the faker is plied with appetizers and

men with normal temperatures, normal respiration and normal pulses have had the shallow effrontery to feign paralysis. The prick of a pin, or the sudden application of an electrode, is enough to disabuse their minds of the belief that they are fooling the surgeons.

Fatal Result of Imaginary Hydrophobia.

There are many persons who affect hydrophobia. Very often they are in such a state of hysteria that they believe they have been actually bitten by a rabid dog. There was brought to a prominent New York City hospital a year or so ago, a veterinary surgeon who showed some symptoms of hydrophobia. He said that he had gone to visit a friend who was ill. He found upon his arrival that the invalid had died in the night. He averred that a large mastiff stood guard over the body. The animal attacked him. The surgeons could see no marks of canine teeth. The patient threw himself into convulsions, barked like a dog and then choked and gagged at the sight of water. He said that he had been bitten the day before, he was brought to the institution. The surgeons concluded that he was shamming when they saw him devour a full meal with great relish, for hydrophobia constricts the glottis and prevents the patient from swallowing. From a friend of the veterinarian who visited the institution later the surgeons learned that the story of the mastiff was a myth. The man was simply hysterical. He made so much noise that he was sent to the alcoholic ward, where his barking would not disturb the patients as much as in the division where he was placed. The strangest part of the story is that three hours later the man died, believing to the last that he had hydrophobia.

There was taken to a hospital in New York City two years ago, a boy who barked like a dog. The surgeons found he was merely hysterical. Whenever he barked they made liberal use of an electric battery. He was cured after several applications, and he has never had any desire to bark since his discharge from the hospital. He had never been bitten by a dog, but had caught all the hydrophobia he had from reading of mad-dog bites in the newspapers.

Within a few blocks of a large city hospital there was a hostler, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who got the angina pectoris habit. He was for a month or so taken in an ambulance to the hospital every three days. The surgeons learned his name and pedigree by note, and gave him stomach-pump treatment, which effectually dissuaded him from riding in ambulances. He did not successfully simulate a single symptom of the disease, yet he always insisted that he had it. He is still plying his vocation as hostler and is a highly healthy organizer.

Heroic Remedies for Fakers.

There is not a more effective remedy for faking than the stomach pump. Many a man who pretends to have all kinds of strange diseases will weaken under this heroic treatment, and give the hospital where it is employed a wide berth forever afterward. This old-fashioned remedy is especially efficacious in the case of persons who desire hospital lodging from Saturday night until the following Monday morning. It is also helpful in case of prisoners, who, to avoid going to the workhouse for five days, make such howling declarations of misery that the keeper of the prison calls an ambulance and ships them to the hospital to get rid of them. Very often the prison faker gains his point, and stays in a cot until his workhouse sentence has elapsed.

There are some of the guild who are so devoted to their supposed ills that the stomach pumps and drastic and bitter medicines have no terrors for them. There was once a faker who for eight days submitted to doses of quinine, ipecac and quassia. Every morning his stomach was washed out, an attention which is worse than the ten devils of seasickness. One day there were so many bones to set that he was overlooked. "Doctor," came a voice from the cot where he lay, "I have been neglected. Nobody gave me my medicine and I didn't get my stomach washed."

Many of the fakers turn themselves superficially with carbolic acid, bandage the burned arm or leg and then hurry to a hospital with a pitiful story of accident. The surgeons generally send such persons to the dispensaries. Some men and women, despairing on account of hunger go to hospitals and declare that they are ill. The physicians find it very difficult to diagnose the malady of these unfortunate and ill-nourished fakers, for the reason that they feign no symptoms. They have genuine cases of general misery. These persons are often detained for weeks. It is not an infrequent thing for them to get well and strong under hospital care, and then go out and make a successful fight in the battle of life.

Many of the professional fakers by reason of their devotion to their calling, develop nervous disorders. Some of them actually become hypochondriacs. There have been cases on record where the man who has feigned disease has become a sufferer from the malady which he has successfully counterfeited. Nature frequently visits upon such a one, a terrible retribution. There are in the almshouses outcasts who were once successful hospital fakers. They are like the beggar who affected blindness until his eyeballs were seared and useless.

Many of the men who scheme to befool ambulance surgeons have originally nervous disorders. They are in a hysterical condition which gives them a facility in feigning misery to which a person in normal health could never attain. There are those who, after a study of symptoms, can actually hypnotize themselves into a belief that they are suffering from the diseases of which they so loudly and unremittently complain. The hospital faker is a person to be punished, and yet to be pitied.

JOHN W. HARRINGTON.

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A CASE OF SELF-DECORATION WITH CARBOLIC ACID.

are professional fakers who take a pride in their accomplishments. One of the best known of the several years ago a national celebrity. He had a command of a store of reminiscence which he made an entertaining book. Through some of a country surgeon who attempted to set the broken arm without the necessary appliances, the man set up for life as an anatomical curiosity. After it had been set, failed to unite thoroughly. He was a union of cartilage only. The man, who was named under the name of Harman, could move his member about at any angle. He could bend the small of his back and carter his head. In addition to this accomplishment he had the power to run up his pulse at will. By means which the physicians could never understand he could reach a number of heart beats which hardly have seemed possible in a normal human being. He was such an interesting faker that hospitals sought him gladly in order that the physicians might see him in their clinics. Dr. E. J. Janeway of New York City was the first to discover him. He has been the subject of lectures in clinics all over the country.

Fakers of Diseases.

One of the shining examples of the gentle craft of the faker is a dissimulator of universal genius named Graham. He can at will be stricken with nearly any disease known to science. One of his specialties is the puerile pectoris, in which role he is a consummate faker. He can without apparent effort develop a death-rattle. His pulse flutters and his features assume the expression of a man who feels that he is about to die. Graham, moriturus, takes great delight in saluting those who discover his fraud with vituperation and abuse. He is from feeble. Pulse and even temperature are under his control and he has the faculty of regulating every muscle of face and body. Graham, like

claims then give him barely enough food to sustain life, and then he skips.

Epilepsy a Favorite Fake.

Probably the disease most often counterfeited is epilepsy. Many of the fakers select prominent street corners in the cities, where they "chuck a dummy," to use their own vernacular. The purpose is two-fold. The sympathetic crowd which collects falls an easy prey to the dummy-chucker's partner, who is a professional and accomplished pickpocket. The faker himself is transported to a hospital, where, if he has good luck, he may be entertained for a while free of cost. Very often, however, the epileptic forgets to observe some of the simple details. Perhaps the man with a false fit straightens out his thumbs when he clenches his fists in convulsions. The man who has a genuine attack of epilepsy always has his thumbs tightly inclosed in the fist. Many a faker has been ingloriously ushered out of a hospital because he has neglected this simple thumb rule. The hurler of false fits generally carries in his pocket a small quantity of soap, which he uses to represent froth at the mouth, while he gnashes his teeth. It is inconvenient for the faker if a wily physician finds a saponaceous compound in the epileptic's waistcoat pocket.

Many of the craft pretend to be in a state of coma. They are not so far gone, however, that they cannot hear conversation. They often have to listen to blood-thirsty remarks about knives and quantities of blood which are soon to flow. They will lie still until they feel a scalpel toying around their wrists. Under such trying circumstances they have been known to clear the operating table with a single bound. This knife test generally succeeds where ordinary ordeals fail. Paralysis is regarded as a luxury by the hospital faker. The skilled medical "hobo" hesitates to attempt it, but the novice will rush into a state of paralysis where fakers knowing their limitations, fear to tread. Often

LONG-EARED WARRIOR. THE ARMY MULE AND THE IMPORTANT PLACE HE FILLS.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE is an eminent American army officer in the Philippines who has revised the proverb about heaven giving the victory to the side with the best guns. "Heaven gives the victory to the army with the most mules," is his version. Today the mule is regarded as the sine qua non of modern warfare. Should his muleship rise as a unit and balk on the firing line there would be no more up-to-date wars.

The continued demand for army mules in Western market has almost doubled the price. Four years ago a velvet-garbed, high-kicking, 16-hand mule could be bought for \$75, and a good mule for 50. Now a western farmer who owns a sound 16-hand mule will not look at less than \$135 for him, and almost any sort of specimen will fetch \$100.

Since the occupation of Manila, 10,000 mules have been shipped to the Philippines alone. Three times that many have been sent to Cuba and Porto Rico. English mule buyers have drained the St. Louis and Omaha markets since the commencement of the Boer war, in spite of the alleged unsoldierly behavior of a squad of American mules in Gen. Buller's command, who on three occasions, it is said, deliberately led their English drivers into a Boer ambush, and balked at every attempt to retreat. If this is true, it is the first instance of disloyalty ever recorded against the army mule. He has his faults, but he is game, and he is faithful.

Just before the breaking out of the Spanish-American war, Spanish buyers shipped 18,000 mules from American markets. Our army buyers were equally busy. "It was a popular supposition at the time that Uncle Sam was holding back to get his warships ready," says an old army officer. "He wasn't; he was buying mules. I myself bought 14,000 on contract during the Maine investigation."

Army officials have expended more worry in the transportation of mules to the Philippines than in the carrying of troops. Up to a year ago nobody had any idea that a mule could stand on his sea legs during a voyage of forty-one days and trot down a gang plank in better condition than he trotted up. The American mule has achieved this. Formerly, in attempting to transport mules over long distances the beasts were supported in their stall by a sort of sling, like a hammock, supposed to give them an opportunity to rest themselves. This process killed from 25 to 50 per cent. of the animals, and the rest were in a state of collapse at the end of the voyage. This plan has been abandoned, and mules are now carried to Manila from Portland, Ore., with a loss of not more than 2 per cent. At Manila they swim through the surf a mile in landing, and within a week are fit for work.

It has been discovered that between the mule and the Filipino there is a subtle sympathy. It is the same with the mule and the Porto Rican, the Cuban or the Mexican. Any of these people can take a mule so worn out that he will show no sign of resentment if an American soldier tickles his heels, pet him a bit, and talk to him in his own jargon, jump on his back and trot him a hundred miles. Before the advent of the American army in the Philippines, the only draft animal in use (excepting the donkey and the Chinese coolie) was the ox. The mule, of course, is slow compared with a horse, but he is chain lightning beside a team of oxen. The Filipinos consider him a marvel of rapid transit. There are a great many reasons why the mule is particularly indispensable in the wars now going on. He thrives on a hot climate, and is immune to everything. Yellow fever and swamp fever and breakbone fever are all the same to him, for he never catches any of them, while the horse does.

Mules furnish the propelling power for all army vehicles. The proud war horse is not in it with the mule when it comes to actual work. An army crawls on its stomach, as Von Moltke remarked; the mule packs and hauls the necessary victuals. When a battery of artillery is limbered up and galloped over a battlefield it is drawn by plunging, rearing horses; when that battery is to be dragged slowly and painfully over hundreds of miles of stifling hot roads, a patient six-mule team does the work, and more than likely goes without water and forages for its food on the journey.

A mule is the type of toughness. He will do more work than a horse and live on a third the food. He is a fine pack animal, and in his ability to go without water he rivals the camel. The mule can live on any kind of provender and work, and instances are on record where in a soldiering career a six-mule team has traveled for a week on what it snipped from the roadside. Also, he thrives on ill-treatment.

"It ain't kindness that a mule wants; it's abuse," says the sage army teamster. Certainly the patience of the mule is the patience of Job. He is somewhat stubborn and hard-headed, but he has a sort of mule sense, ideal in its way. His ears are not big for nothing. He is as watchful as a cat. Any unusual sound awakens him. He can tell the tread of the enemy at any hour of the day or night, and he is not bashful about lifting up his voice and warning his superior officers.

"A mule will speak out and tell you about a thousand things that a horse would let pass without saying a word," says the old army man. "He's a better sentry than the average man, who would resent being called by his name."

A mule never gets rattled. He has intuition, but he never jumps at conclusions, and he does not know the shape of fear. A mule can discover water two miles off, and he always speaks up and tells his driver about

it. He will go without water for days if necessary, but when he gets within sniffing distance of it he halts and remarks, "I say, now, there's water over yonder, and I propose to have a drink, see?" Nor will he proceed till he gets it.

A well-trained mule can be ridden into a well or up a tree. He never breaks down on a march. As in the case of the army wagon, there is a tradition that people have seen people who once saw a mule team collapse, but no person can be found who has himself witnessed such an event.

When the back must be used in lieu of vehicles, the mule is the only pack animal. He will carry everything his master puts on him, and he will carry it forever, and give no sign of complaint. He fattens on wading marshes and swimming rivers and climbing mountains. He is as sure-footed as he is clear-headed. A mule team can draw an ambulance six miles an hour for twenty hours, and feel rested after eating a bunch of hay and drinking a barrel of water.

Nothing short of an earthquake will cause a mule to run away. He listens to the roar of cannon without batting an ear. The sound of battle has neither terror nor charm for him. He stays where you put him, and he raises the white flag never.

The mule is an army classic, and the stories about him are as the legends of Samson. There is a familiar Lincoln story to the effect that one day the loss by capture of a few mules and two major-generals was reported to the President. "Well," said Lincoln, with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, "I can make plenty of major-generals, but I do hate to lose those mules."

It is properly understood among army teamsters that the only ways to start a mule are to build a fire under him, or to swear until the atmosphere is blue. Mule drivers, like poets, are born, not made. On the whole, Missouri men are supposed to handle a mule a little better than anybody else. When Gen. Otis was in command in the Philippines a raw Missouri recruit was set to driving a refractory mule team. His appointment was unfortunate, because he had "hitched onto the Baptists" just before joining the army. The roads were almost impassable, and the rest of the teamsters were literally bombarding their charges with oaths. The Missouri man held his peace, albeit in impotent rage. At last one of the wheel mules balked and refused to advance a step. The driver used every endeavor to urge the beast along, but to no purpose. At last he roared out solemnly, "O Lord, you know where this mule ought to be as well as anybody. The whole army knows where he ought to be. He knows where he ought to be. I know where he ought to be. O Lord; and if he doesn't move in a minute I intend to say so, by gum!"

Another soldier was assigned to teamster duty in Gen. Funston's division. He presented himself, apologetically, before his superior officer.

"Cap'n," he said, hitching his thumbs awkwardly in his trousers pockets, "I wisht you'd 'p'int Bill Jones to drivin' them mules."

"How's that; can't you drive?"

"Yeh."

"What the devil's the matter, then?"

"Well, ye see, cap'n, I ain't half wicked 'nuff. It takes a recklesser man than a pirate to drive a six-mule team."

These assertions are all from the view point of the army mule's stubbornness. No man who has had experience with him doubts his loyalty, his courage, and his toughness.

A. H. JOHNSTON.

"QUEEN OF BOHEMIA."

RECOLLECTIONS OF ONE OF CHICAGO'S
NOTED NEWSPAPER WOMEN.

By a Special Contributor.

JANUARY 16, the anniversary of the death of one of Chicago's best-loved newspaper women, "Amber," known in private life as Martha Ewart Holden, brings memory pictures.

Statistics as to her birth are of no interest to those who knew her—the chief thought being "When did Karma permit you to meet her?"

For many years Chicago was regarded as a place with no trace of the better element of Bohemianism; but this glorious soul, enshrined in a gracious magnetic personality, pledged itself to rescue the "fourth estate" from the conventional materialism of the city—and succeeded. What wonder that there is soon to be erected to her memory a monument in Lincoln Park!

Going to the city a stranger, meeting only the writers in our own office and those with whom business brought me in contact, it was a pleasure to have big-hearted Opie Read tell me of Bohemia.

"Is it really a club where the sexes are co-equal, with no formality, and yet a place where a gentleman need not fear to go?" was the query that his account drew forth.

"It isn't a club, it's a home-gathering," was his response. "Tell the elevator boy at the Schiller building that you desire to go to Bohemia. That's all you need to do. Amber knows who you are."

Verily, I knew not Chicago, if such things could be! Tuesday evening the longing for kindred minds drew me to the magic spot. As I entered the home-like room, a tall, slender woman grasped my hands, and the most beautiful eyes I ever saw looked into mine. There seemed no need of an introduction. How she knew me, I know not; but my soul had recognized her, and was grateful that the meeting brought no disillusionment.

And what was her position?

Martyrdom! The crucifixion of a womanly woman, whose great strength of character had dared to brave the cowardly provincialism of "the city of pork." Yet

the position had its sunny side, for few men

as she was. There was a Free Masonry in Bohemia too rarely meets. Introductions were made all who were welcome could be drawn. People understood each other, and knew intelligent sympathy toward one whom they knew not. Opie Read's unconsciously-winner, Charles Eugene Banks's tender utterance, Grace Duffie Roe's embodied poetry, Carl Scher's drollery—all these seemed outside picture.

And how came this miracle?

It grew as naturally as Topsy. During the Exposition, "Amber's" duties were such as to her reaching home each evening, and she took town. In these she kept "open house" each evening, until the capacity of the apartment was grown. What was to be done? No one could stay away, for all were welcome. There was one thing—hire a hall. With the change came of formality. "Amber" early announced authors, artists and musicians were hearing then, remembering some who were not included, list, she added, "All those who live by their laurels laughed when Nixon Waterman reminded her of the latitude of this heading."

Each time that you met "Amber" left you a photograph. Her tribulations were so intense, she enjoyed her misery, reaching that point where pain is akin to pain. Did the snow seem to you heavy and the cold unbearable? A trip to her apartment Times-Herald building could overcome that. Of nature—whose lithe form retained the beauty of movement learned in an earlier stage, while her soul leaped on to a future. She pointed out the beauty beneath the darkness so that you listened with her to the silence night, gloried with her in the blazing noonday with her and the babbling brook.

Yet few have so tender a sympathy for all. Once there came to Bohemia's door a "tramp" "Amber" welcomed him, and would have him into our midst had she not realized that guests present who would have wounded him. Between the horns of this dilemma the only middle course. Asking him to be aloof from the entrance hall, she came back with her face gleaming with heart-light.

Some there were who would have been stranger as a guest; but, this spirit not less, "Amber" prepared a lunch. Opie Read the napkin from the tray and slipped a card beneath. The action was contagious, and the Who noted that "Amber" took two cups. When she returned her eyes were moist, and she whispered, "The poor, grateful boy who kias him." No need to inquire what had response, for she loved all earth's creatures love that robbed self for others.

One cannot separate "Amber" from Bohemia she loved next to her family. There were those who could do a "good thing," or when done. There Paderewski played as he when the music was for sale; the best recitals us to live and laugh with—not at—his character tenors breathed forth song in this home-spontaneous wit bubbled over, and no still uttered—while over all ruled (?) this woman, who was acquainted with grief.

It was an unwritten law of Bohemia that the queen's behest, while she did not refuse to cate. Once, when the Press Club gave Bohemia, "Amber" said:

"I've made it a life-time rule to give thought that came to me, feeling that it might be a helpful germ. Now everything I've been think for two minutes is 'E Pluribus Unum,' that's a message for you, you're welcome. The laugh which followed did much to console sense of restraint that prevailed; but may as deriding idea contain the principle that adorns 'Musings' which daily came from her pen? It not be the heart-touch that reaches you in any her poems—with or without rhyme—in her philosophy, her keen dissection of shams and sage of love?"

To hear "Amber" sing "The Raven," to a chant she composed, was a pleasure never to be forgotten as nothing to the sparkling words which came times, when the spirit moved.

Three years before she passed from earth—woman who passionately loved humanity and said to Walter Hurt—since become well known editor of the "Galling Gun."

"I feel that I am about to die. Oh, you cannot what this means to one who loves life as a child's gold or a child loves sweets."

Yet this burden was so bravely borne that those to whom she brought the sunshine of life expected that she was living a hard-fought battle. January 14, 1896, she wrote to a friend:

"I know that you are a philosopher, so will give no advice; but is there not something I can give you—papers—books—anything that will bind you dear Bohemian life?" and added no hint of the great operation which she was to undergo next day.

Her letter and the announcement of her death received in the same hour, and the world grew to that sufferer, as to many who, though widely arated, felt this common personal loss.

The Times-Herald proof-reader was wont to say "Amber" could beat the world at writing long sentences without a predicate. With her pen, as in life she was a law unto herself, though the words that law were always pleasurable to her readers.

With a nature so sensitive that a look could wound and which loved the sheltered paths of woman she yet bore the glare of publicity, living a bravely pure that deceit, cowardice and pettiness away at her approach, and the best that was in woman sprang up to welcome her.

No words can paint this diamond-like entity, wonder that Bohemia could not live with her removed, though, being one of the "famous" of that time, it speedily reincarnated as the "Queen." We could have only one such queen.

WENONAH STAYNER.

JANUARY 13, 1901.]

ART IN HOW PLASTIC EARTH INTO ARTICLES

By a Special Contributor.

NE of the earliest art civilisation, was the forms which, after being made rigid and serve as rude specimens of pottery of Switzerland, and several thousands years before theolithic man roamed over the skins of wild beasts; plastic specimens found in the universal efforts of transform plastic clay into Babylonian, in Egypt, in the excavations of the refinement of producing forms of ideal beauty and transparency. During the Dark Ages, when the letters, there was corruption in the last three centuries, the higher appreciation of the forms of ware produced perhaps no person among

VIEW OF ART TILES M. ON

exercised a wider and elevating a taste for the texture, form, color and famous Wedgwoods, father dates from the middle of the beautiful vases and the ceramic art for 150 years. Many kinds of skill are fine pottery. The clay judgment; the design suited to the uses to which it was to be put, as will retain great heat, and the glazing patience and watch experience, to secure the conditions are compelled to like other arts of wide been specialized into the century which has these specialties which during the last for of ornamental tiles. The artistic corridors and public are rapidly coming to also true in regard to aside, however, from the valuable nature of their literary value which str for residence and absolutely clean, and germs, and one can with tiled floors and safety. For these rooms has come to Stanford had all the bathrooms in her re tiles, for both artist another branch of the developed into large proportion is the production of public and other decays, like wood tiles made from various

ART IN CLAY.

HOW PLASTIC EARTH IS TRANSFORMED INTO ARTICLES OF BEAUTY,

By a Special Contributor.

ONE of the earliest arts, marking the very dawn of civilization, was the moulding of plastic clay into forms which, after being subjected to heat, would become rigid and serve purposes of domestic utility. The oldest specimens of pottery found in the lake dwellings of Switzerland, and which date back to a period of thousands of years before the Christian era, when nomads roamed over Northern Europe, garbed in skins of wild beasts; and the equally crude and primitive specimens found in the prehistoric Indian mounds of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, alike attest the universal efforts of the earliest type of man to transform plastic clay into articles of use and beauty. In Babylonia, in Egypt, in ancient Greece, and in the Roman excavations of Italy, we have successive stages of the refinement and perfection of the art of moulding forms of ideal beauty and of increasing delicacy and transparency. During the long period designated as the Dark Ages, when civilization was at a standstill, and little progress was made in either arts or letters, there was corresponding inactivity in the ceramic arts. But with the revival of learning during the last three centuries, there has been stimulated a higher appreciation of the beauty and utility of forms of wares produced from refined clays. No person among the English-speaking race

surface can be kept absolutely free from impurities. Its use, therefore, in civilized countries, has become absolutely imperative, and these wares command a market as wide and steady as that of any other staple. A trip through one of our wholesale plumbing houses reveals the enormous extent of a business which has almost been developed during the past generation.

Another important use to which glazed-clay forms is now put is that of electric insulators. The wires of that indispensable agent of light and power now ramify throughout every portion of all kinds of buildings, and they require insulation at every point of contact, and millions of these articles, in innumerable forms, find an active market on the Pacific Coast. The present freight on these specialties—tiles, sanitary goods and electric insulators—is a large percentage of their cost to the California consumer. This trans-continental freight cost can be entirely saved, for the factory cost here is no greater than it is in the East.

Here, then, is the basis of three great manufacturing establishments, supplying the needs of a region rapidly growing in population and wealth, separated from the East, so far as transportation cost is concerned, as effectually as if located on another continent. But there is another interesting industry which will most probably be derived from these. At present the roof tiles used on private residences are imported from the East, while an article, equal in quality to the best importations, can be manufactured out of the refuse of the other three factories, and be furnished to the architect or builder in patterns and figures to suit, at prices which will be profitable to the maker and economical to the consumer.

When the Kirkham Art Tile and Pottery Company's factory at Barberton was destroyed by fire, Prof. Joseph Kirkham, its founder, was offered strong inducements

An interesting item of the local production of these wares is the variety, excellence and abundance of the raw materials. Some five hundred deposits of clay have been brought to the notice of the Pacific Art Manufacturing Company, embracing about fifty different varieties, and including all the kinds required for the different classes of finished work which will be produced in the factories. Some of these clays are superior to those conveniently accessible to eastern factories, thus enabling the Tropico factory to compete, aside from freight advantages, with the highest quality of work turned out in eastern concerns.

The central section of the long facade of the new factory will be an ornamental structure of pressed brick with stone trimmings, three stories in height, on the ground floor of which the main office will be located. The upper floors will be devoted to art work, clay modeling, designing, coloring, etc. It will be conducted something after the fashion of the Rookwood Pottery, near Cincinnati, and ladies with leisure and artistic tastes will be supplied with all the facilities requisite for turning out the most elaborate work in that line. It will be a veritable art center for California.

The New York Evening Post, speaking of this ceramic feature which it is proposed to develop in the works of the Pacific Art Manufacturing Company, says: "The art pottery movement which was inaugurated in the Rookwood Pottery by Mrs. Bellamy Storer, in 1877, has proved an educational force of power and permanence. In this city (New York) there are at least 300 men and women who work in this field of industrial art, some of whom employ it as a remunerative profession. Other members are wealthy amateurs, whose finished work is kept at home or is presented at Christmas or birthday season to relatives or friends."

A GREAT RANCH.

ONE of the most famous tracts of land in Southern California is the great Patterson ranch, now the property of the Patterson Ranch Company, of which Robert Oxnard is president and John H. Rathbone, secretary and treasurer. This place is situated about a half mile west of Oxnard, and consists of nearly six thousand acres of good farming land. Three hundred acres are devoted to alfalfa and used as pasturage and a grazing ground for the stock on the place. The Oxnard Courier says:

"The resources of this ranch have for years been the astonishment of a host of agriculturists, and presented to the great sugar company the ideal location for a magnificent sugar-beet farm, on which could be tested almost every style of soil. Moreover, a large portion of it had been leased by C. Leonardt, to be planted to beets, and presented an appearance delightful to the eye of expert agriculturists, having promise of maturing a heavy crop."

"Besides the buildings already on the farm, some of those used during the construction days at the factory were moved over and put in shape. One contains the office, residence, dining-room and kitchen; another is a lodging-house to accommodate a large number of men. Besides these there are several large stables, carriage houses, a blacksmith shop, and, in fact, all the necessary equipments for the successful carrying on of such a ranch."

"C. J. Daily is manager of the ranch, having lived on it as employé and afterwards as manager for many years before its purchase by the Oxnards. He knows every foot of it, has studied its peculiarities, and has helped largely to make it a success since his first establishment upon it as manager."

"During the beet season just past, hundreds of men were employed to harvest the beets, and teams from all over the Santa Clara Valley were employed to do the hauling."

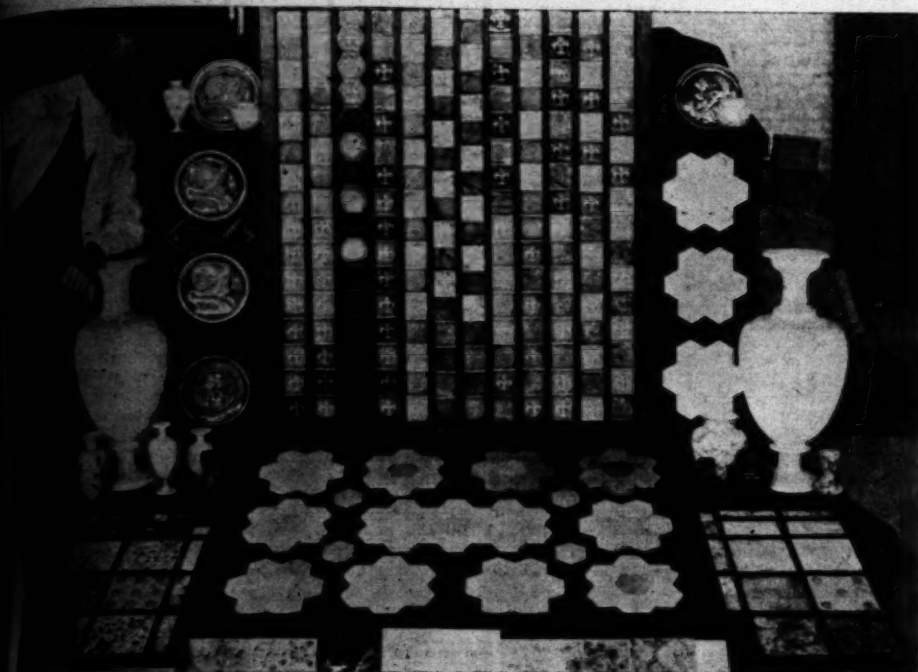
"Water is very near the surface, and artesian water is found at a surprisingly short distance, and with that already developed, an immense amount of irrigation is carried on. A large waterway from the factory also carries a heavy body of water, and is used during the early spring in preparing the land."

"Scientific farming is a phrase often scoffed at by men who are perhaps successful on land favored naturally with all of the advantages for a successful and remunerative harvest, but who have never come in contact with soil that must be developed through study and experiment. A good example of this is on this great ranch, where an extensive drainage system is being constructed that will virtually reclaim hundreds of acres of low slough land, that has for years been almost submerged during winter months."

"The work of construction on this magnificent drainage system began on October 13, and will continue for about three months from that date. A large canal is being excavated, running from the north end of the sand hills that extend along the western border of the large ranch. From that point it will follow down the full length of the dunes, ending at the southern border of the ranch. The first work was done at the south end and has progressed to about one-fourth the length of the proposed waterway. C. Leonardt has the contract, and employed in the work are seventy men, forty head of horses, and a large number of scrapers, shovels, etc."

"The size of the trench varies at different points according to the lowness of the land through which it passes. The minimum depth is two and a half feet and the maximum depth fifteen feet. The width also varies with the depth, running from twelve to thirty-six feet, with a slope of 'one to one' on the sides. The whole will be three and three-quarters miles in length."

"Besides the large trench will be run a series of nine smaller drainage pipes of tile, aggregating 60,000 feet. One of these pipes will run down each of the depressions extending through the ranch in long lines in a southerly direction, and laid deep enough to be free from the danger of plows and other tools. All of these lines will meet with the main waterway at its south end, where a pumping plant is now being constructed to elevate the water and run it into the ocean."



NEWART TILES MANUFACTURED BY THE PACIFIC ART MANUFACTURING COMPANY, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

to extend a wider and more beneficial influence in creating a taste for the best that could be produced in form, color and general effect, than the Wedgwoods, father and son, whose establishments from the middle of the last century, and whose beautiful vases and wares have been models of ceramic art for 150 years.

Many kinds of skill are combined in the production of pottery. The clays must be selected and mixed; the designs must be not only artistic, but adapted to the uses to which they are put; the colors must be such as will retain their tint and richness under heat, and the glazing requires the most painstaking patience and watchfulness, as well as matured skill, to secure the best results after all the other elements are complied with.

The other arts of wide application, the ceramic art has been specialized into several distinct branches during the century which has just completed its cycle. One of these specialties which has grown into great prominence during the last forty years is that of the production of ornamental tiles for floors, mantels and ceilings. The artistic beauty of mosaic floors for corridors and public buildings is so evident that they are rapidly coming into universal use. The same is true in regard to wall and mantel tiles.

And, however, from their artistic effect and the impermeable nature of their colors, the tile surface has a value which strongly recommends their use for residence and office purposes. They can be made perfectly clean, and are therefore free from dust and germs, and one can breathe the atmosphere of a room with tiled floors and walls with a feeling of perfect purity. For these reasons their employment in residences has come to be regarded as a necessity. Stanford had all the walls, ceilings and floors of his bedrooms in her residence at Palo Alto covered with tile, for both artistic and sanitary reasons.

Another branch of the ceramic art which has been developed into large proportions during the last half century is the production of sanitary ware for every purpose of public and private buildings. This ware, like wood, like stone, like metal, does not corrode like iron, and is made from various metallic substances, and its

to locate his works elsewhere. Recently, however, desiring to avail himself of the milder climate of California for himself and family, he came armed with incorporation papers for locating tile works somewhere on the Pacific Coast. Prof. Kirkham's connection with the pottery business dates back to the time when he held a responsible position in one of the Wedgwood establishments in England. The thorough training he there received, together with special aptitudes which he afterward developed, qualified him to come to America and engage in the business in this country, which he did at Trenton, N. J., where he organized the Provident Tile Works.

On arriving in this city, Prof. Kirkham fortunately met Col. G. J. Griffith, to whom he had been referred as one of our most progressive and public-spirited citizens, and Col. Griffith, ever desirous of promoting the interests of Los Angeles, looked into the merits of the proposition, gauged the possibilities of the enterprise, and finally arranged for the establishment of a great manufacturing plant in this vicinity. The first step toward the accomplishment of this purpose was that of securing a suitable tract of land in a desirable location. The site finally selected is a level tract of forty-three acres in the pretty village of Tropico, fronting on the Southern Pacific Railroad, five miles northwest of the business center of Los Angeles.

On this beautiful plat, with the Verdugo Mountains on the north, the Griffith and Elysian parks on the west and south, and the slender Los Angeles River threading its way through green meadows, the site of the main factory building has been marked out. Its dimensions are 135x570 feet, and when completed it will give employment to more than eight hundred operatives, about one-third of whom will be women. One section of the main building, 50x100 feet, has already been completed, having been constructed in the most substantial manner, and is now occupied with the latest-improved machinery for the production of ornamental tiles. External to the building one of the largest tile furnaces ever built has just been erected, and is successfully turning out such work as the beautiful exhibit recently placed in the Chamber of Commerce.

[January 12, 1901.]

H TO BLOSSOMS.

WHICH IS KILLING AN...

CAN VIOLETS.

Each year violets are...

States to the value of a...

all the money invested in...

not able to cope with and...

a name given to several...

The worst of these...

the spots with which it...

to the ravages of this...

the violet has been...

of the country.

Agriculture says that the...

any stage of their growth...

falling in the cutting bed...

flower. Plants making a...

best growth, are most...

appearances is characteri...

circular, greenish or yellow...

the bite or sting of an...

dots scarcely perceptible...

a thirty-second of an inch...

point of infection is surrounded...

colored tissue usually black...

to a lighter shade as the...

spot develops, the central...

appearance, while the tissue...

it, either to one side or...

become diseased by the...

through this portion of the...

have been expressed as to the...

of the plants, improper...

them in the open fields where...

light, rains, dews and direct...

and lack of attention to...

and fumigating the houses...

for the disease when it has...

principal fungicides in common...

and check of plant diseases...

for this trouble, but with...

of the problem of controlling...

it by giving careful...

vigorous, healthy, plant...

to check the trouble after...

old.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY.

at panacea for all ills. The...

of Paris. He is vouches...

journal, the Paris Figure, and...

per the New York Journal, and...

article, of which the following...

is effected by the Pasteur...

diphtheria, tetanus and the...

is because some one...

agent in producing each...

the Pasteur method has...

treating other diseases, the...

still now has the fact been...

disease is the result of more...

diseases of this type the...

able to cope. In other...

ing to Dr. Flammchen, has...

limited to those few diseases...

same symptoms in the case of...

the truth of this statement,...

severe attempts which have...

subscribed by means of the...

be maintained, have proved...

simple reason that in this...

is not the sole cause of the...

flour with other microbes the...

in the case of each patient...

and other directions covering...

age that the Pasteur method...

disease otherwise its usefulness...

and he at once set himself...

defect. Long he brooded over...

ally light came to him.

struck him that the proper...

curative agent was not in...

Pasteur and his followers had...

the secretions and excretions...

know that the human body...

though in an inadequate...

matter which has either been...

microbes that may be living...

which has been formed in the...

cluded that in these natural...

certainly these poisonous germs...

to the expert not only the...

patient was suffering, but also...

as, as well as his constitutional...

lary or acquired.

with be experimented in this...

Patients suffering from all...

to him and were treated by...

method. Among them were...

diphtheria, heart disease, cancer,...

and various forms of skin...

one claims that in no instance...

did a patient fail to receive...

claiming that his method of...

including efficacy not only in the...

also of all other acute and...

hitherto been deemed incurable...

it can treat diseases which...

as easily as he can those...

Throughout Europe are eagerly...

doctor's new book, in which...

himself as the discoverer of a...

they will approve of his...

in view of the splendid...

which it contains, they...

ground that he has not...

THE ADVENTURES
OF TSE-I-LA.A CHINESE STORY BY VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM.
Translated by Kate Brousseau.

NORTH of Tonquin, and far inland, the province of Kouang-Si, with its golden rice plantations, stretches out to the central principalities of the "Middle Empire" its cities of up-turned roofs. And here, in some of these towns, semi-Tartar customs still exist.

In this region, the serene doctrine of Lao-Tse has not taken the place of the deep-rooted beliefs in the Pousahs, a kind of popular Chinese genii. Owing to the isolation of the houses of the province, Chinese superstitions flourish here, even among the great, more than in the States nearer Peking, and differs from the Manchu beliefs in that it admits of the direct interference of the gods in the affairs of the country.

One of the recent viceroys of this immense imperial domain was the Governor, Tche-Tang, who is remembered as a despot at once sagacious, avaricious and ferocious. Now is the ingenious secret, thanks to which this Prince escaped a thousand dangers, and died peacefully in the midst of the hatred of his people, whose burning they be heaved to the end without care or peril.

It was a summer day, some ten years before this ruler's death; the heat was cracking the leaves of the trees, boiling the water of the pools glitter and throwing a shower of flames on the myriads of high three-storied buildings that constituted the capital, Nan-Tchang. In the central hall of honor of the palace, Tche-Tang was seated on a black throne, incrustated with flowers of mother-of-pearl, bordered with gold. He was leaning forward, his left hand on his knee, while his scepter rested on his knees. Behind him the colossal statue of Fo, the unutterable god, dominated his throne. On the steps his guards, in armor of black leather scales, were watching with lance, bow or long ax in hand. At his right stood his favorite eunuch, who was fanning him.

Tche-Tang's gaze wandered over the crowd of mandarins, royal princes and high officials of his court. All were so impenetrable. The King, who felt himself hated and surrounded by would-be murderers, regarded, at the while a prey to wavering suspicions, each of the group where conversation was being held in a low tone. He knew not whom to exterminate. He was astonished at each instant to find himself alive, and so he dreamed, hesitating and shunning. A curtain was hung aside, making way for an officer who drew by the queue an unknown young man with large, clear eyes and fine features. The youth was clothed in a robe of fire-colored silk, caught at the waist by a silver girdle. He prostrated himself before Tche-Tang.

"A look from the King the officer spoke: 'Son of man, the young man has said that he is but an obscure one of the towns, and is called Tse-I-la. Nevertheless, in the 'Slow Death,' he offers to prove that he has a mission to you from the immortal Pousahs.'"

"Tse-I-la," said the King, "what art thou?"

"I am," he said, in a calm voice, "I know what I do not keep my word. Last night, in a terrible dream, the Pousahs favored me with a visit, and gave me a secret that is bewildering to human understanding. If you will deign to listen you will recognize it is not of human origin. Merely hearing this word awakes in your being a new sense. When your eyes you will be able to read, in the space of moments the pupils from the lids, the names in letters of all those who may conspire against your life in your life, and at the precise moment when their hands move the plan. You will thus be safe from any surprise, and will grow old in your authority."

"Tse-I-la, promise you by Fo, whose image casts shadow over us, that the magic attribute of this secret I will assure to you."

At this astonishing speech, everyone shuddered, and a great silence fell upon the assembly. A vague uneasiness and the ordinary impossibility of the faces. All looked at the unknown young man, who without trembling declared himself to be the possessor and carrier of a divine power.

One tried in vain to laugh, but, not daring to look at the other, grew pale in spite of themselves when they heard Tse-I-la's assured tones. Tche-Tang observed this with his eyes.

Finally, one of the princes, wishing no doubt to hide his anxiety, cried:

"We have nothing to do with the propositions of an alien god."

The mandarins, reassured, added:

"In our place, first of all, to decide whether the pretended secret of which this young man believes himself is the guardian is worthy to be submitted to the high wisdom of the King."

At these words the irritated officials exclaimed:

"And he—perhaps he is one of those assassins whose sword but waits a favorable moment to strike the monarch!"

Tche-Tang extended toward Tse-I-la his scepter of jade, in which shone the sacred characters.

"Go on," he said, unmoved.

Tse-I-la continued, cooling his cheeks the while with a fan of ebony that he held at the end of his fingers:

"My torture could persuade Tse-I-la to betray his secret by revealing it to any other but the King. I am witness that the Pousahs, who listen to us, though invisible, would not have chosen me as their interpreter!"

"I have not smoked opium, I do not appear like a man, I do not carry weapons. However, I have this to say: I have the 'Slow Death,' it is because such a terrible and worthy a fitting recompense. You alone, O King, judge fairly whether it merits the price I demand."

If suddenly, at the sound of the first words, you feel under your closed lids the virtue of this wonderful secret—the gods having made me noble in inspiring me with their wisdom—you will grant me Li-tien-Se, your radiant daughter, the princely insignia of the mandarins, and 50,000 liangs of gold."

As he pronounced the words "liangs of gold," an almost imperceptible flush mounted Tse-I-la's cheeks, but he hid it with a wave of his fan.

The exorbitant recompense demanded by the young man provoked a laugh from the courtiers and angered the unbridled heart of the King, since it touched both his pride and his avarice. A cruel smile crept over his lips as he regarded the youth, who added, fearlessly:

"I await, seigneur, the royal oath. You will swear by Fo, the unutterable god who avenges broken promises, that you will accord me this recompense if my secret be worthy; if, on the contrary, I have spoken falsely, you may sentence me to die as best pleases you."

Tche-Tang arose.

"It is sworn," said he. "Follow me."

A few moments later Tse-I-la stood bound to a post under arches dimly lighted by a lamp that swung over his charming head. He looked in silence at the King, Tche-Tang, whose figure appeared in the shadows but three steps away. The King was leaning against the iron door of the vault; his right hand was resting on the forehead of a metal dragon that stood out from the wall and whose only eye seemed to regard Tse-I-la. Tche-Tang's green robe shone in the dim light, his collar of precious stones glistened, but his head, passing beyond the black disc of the lamp, was in the shadow.

In this vault, far underground, no one could hear them.

"I am listening," said Tche-Tang.

"Sire," said Tse-I-la, "I am a disciple of the marvelous poet, Li-tai-pe. The gods have given me genius as they have given you power. They have also added poverty, that I might think more deeply. I thanked them every day for so many favors, and lived peacefully, without desires, when, one evening, on the high terrace of your palace, in the silvery light of the moon, I saw your daughter, Li-tien-Se. Swayed by the night wind, the flowers of the trees were doing homage at her feet. From that evening my pen has not traced a letter; nay, more, I feel that she, too, dreams of the spell that she has cast over me. Weary of waiting, preferring the most terrible death to the agony of being without her, I resolved to raise myself, a mere passer-by, O King, to her rank, and this by a heroic stroke, a subtlety that was almost divine."

Tche-Tang, by an impatient movement, no doubt pressed with his thumb the eye of the dragon. A folding door opened noiselessly before Tse-I-la, permitting him to see the interior of the adjoining room. Three men in leather garments were standing by a brazier, in which the torture irons were heating. From the ceiling hung a solid, silken cope, fringed at the end in fine tresses, and under it glistened a little cage of steel, that was round and had a circular opening.

That which Tse-I-la saw was the "Slow Death." After having received atrocious burns, the victim of this machine was suspended in the air by the wrist to this silken rope; the thumb of the other hand was tied behind him to the great toe of the foot on the opposite side of the body. Then this cage was adjusted around his head, and when it was attached to his shoulders, two great, famished rats were introduced, and it was closed. The executioner pushed the victim so that he would swing, and then left him until the following morning. At this horrible sight, that usually terrified the most resolute, Tse-I-la said coldly, "You forget that no one is to hear me but yourself."

The door closed again.

"Your secret," muttered Tche-Tang.

"My secret, tyrant! It is that my death would bring on your own this very evening!" said Tse-I-la, a light of genius in his eye. "My death? But do you not understand that it is this alone they hope for up there in the hall of honor; they who, trembling, await your return? Will it not prove that my promises are vain? What joy it will give them! How they will laugh in their murderous hearts at your disappointment! How can it be other than a signal for your downfall? Assured of impunity, made furious by their anxiety, how can you expect them to hesitate longer when they find that you have been unsuccessful? Call your executioners, and I shall be avenged. But I see you realize that if I perish by your hands, your life is but a question of hours, your children will be butchered, according to the custom, and Li-tien-Se, your daughter, the flower of delight, will become the prey of your assassins."

"Ah, if you were but a wise Prince!"

"Let us suppose, on the contrary, that you enter the hall of honor, by and by, surrounded by your guards, your forehead grown broader, as it were, through the mysterious predicted sight, your hand on my shoulder, and there you clothe me in a Prince's robe and call your daughter, the sweet Li-tien-Se. After our betrothal you will order your treasurer to count out to me, officially, the 50,000 liangs of gold. I swear that at this sight all your courtiers, whose poignards are half-drawn, will fall trembling, haggard, at your feet, and that in the future no one will dare admit to his mind a thought that would be unfavorable to you. Think, then; they know you to be reasonable and cold, far-seeing in the affairs of state; thus, an idle dream would not suffice to change in a few minutes the careworn expression of your face for one of victory, of ecstasy. What! They know you are cruel, and you let me live; they know you are crafty, and you keep your word with me; that you are grasping, and yet lavish so much gold upon me; that you are proud in your paternal love, and you give your daughter for a word, to me, an unknown passer-by! What doubt will there be, after this? And in what consists the value of a secret breathed in by the old genii of our heaven if not in the universal conviction that you possess it? It was only necessary to create that conviction; this I have done; the rest depends upon you. I have kept my word. I have specified the number of gold liangs and the high rank, which, in truth, I disdain, only that this magnificent recompense may give a terrible importance to my imaginary secret. King Tche-Tang, I, Tse-I-la, attached by your orders to this post

and in the presence of the 'Slow Death,' extol the glory of the august Li-tai-pe, my master. Listen to the dictates of wisdom. Let us enter the throne-room with a radiant air. Pardon past offenders, but menace to me without mercy in the future. Order fêtes to be given for the pleasure of the people and in honor of the god Fo, who has inspired me. Tomorrow I shall disappear. Thanks to your liangs of gold, I shall live with the chosen of my heart in some happy and far-away province. The diamond button of the mandarins that I shall soon receive from your bounty and with so much show of pride, I presume that I shall never wear. I have other ambitions. I believe only in harmonious and profound thoughts that survive princes and kingdoms. Bieng a King in this realm of thought, I do not care to be a Prince in yours. You have seen that the gods have given me courage and intelligence equal at least to that of your courtiers. I can, then, bring more happiness into your daughter's life than could any of your princes. Question Li-tien-Se, I am sure that she will say this when she looks into my eyes. As for you, protected by this superstition, you will continue to reign in peace, and if you will but open your heart to justice you can change fear to love about your strengthened throne. This is the secret of kings who are worthy to live. I have none other to give you. Weigh well what I have said, choose, pronounce. I have spoken."

Tse-I-la was silent.

Tche-Tang, motionless, appeared to meditate several moments. His long, silent shadow stretched out toward the iron door. Soon he approached the young man, and, putting his hands on Tse-I-la's shoulders, looked him in the eyes, as though a prey to a thousand undefinable emotions.

Finally, he drew his saber, cut the cords that bound Tse-I-la, and threw the royal collar about his neck, saying, "Come!"

He mounted the steps of the prison, and put his hand on the door that led to light and liberty.

Tse-I-la, bewildered by his sudden fortune, regarded the King's new present.

"What! and these precious stones!" he murmured. "Who has slandered you? You have given me more than the promised riches. What does the King wish to pay with this collar?"

"Your insults!" replied Tche-Tang, disdainfully, as he opened the door toward the sun.

A DROP OF MARIE ANTOINETTE'S BLOOD.

[Minneapolis Journal:] A relic of deeply-tragic interest and well-attested genuineness treasured by a Minneapolis family is a scrap of heavy, finely-woven silk, yellow with age. It is embroidered with colors, and on it is a dull, dark stain, a drop of the life-blood of Marie Antoinette. The history of the bit is of deep interest and has been treasured in family traditions of the Maine Historical Society, before whom a paper on the subject was read several years ago. A few weeks before the death of the Queen on the scaffold, a plot was discovered to aid her to escape. This probably hastened her execution. French history, however, is silent upon the details of the plan. However, American research among family records and traditions throws an interesting light upon this incident.

At the time of the revolution, Capt. Joseph Decker and others of Wiscasset, Me., were engaged in the spar and salt trade between that point and France. Gov. Morris, then Minister to France, and other American sympathizers with the royal family sought to arrange for the escape of Queen Marie Antoinette, after the execution of the King. Capt. Decker's ship, the Sally, which was engaged in the French trade and was then in a French port under the command of his son-in-law, Capt. Stephen Clough, was chosen to convey her and her companions in safety to a new country. The ship had been freighted with furniture suitable for fitting up an abode for the Queen, and many personal belongings of the King and Queen were in the cargo. A plan had been formed by which it was thought she could elude the guards and escape. Lamartine in his record of the plot says that many joined in the plot, even municipalities. A gentleman of royalist sympathies gained access to the prison and contrived to see the Queen, handing her some flowers in which was concealed a note telling her of the plan. Unfortunately, the guards detected it, and the secret was revealed.

Capt. Clough was in the crowd which witnessed her execution. Just how he came in possession of the piece of the robe which she wore on the scaffold is not known, but attached to the relic is a statement in the handwriting of the captain himself, "This was taken from the dress which Queen Marie Antoinette wore at her execution, by an eyewitness, Capt. Stephen Clough."

HALL CAINE ON THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

[Chillicothe (Mo.) Dispatch to the Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Hall Caine, writing to the Sorocoba, a local woman's club, under date of Grete Castle, Isle of Man, December 8, says:

"When one considers what the position of woman was, even in the most civilized countries, as recently as 100 years ago, and how high a place she has now won for herself, not only in the statute books of nations, but in the republic of art, one cannot but feel that the change is even more remarkable than some of the great material developments which have distinguished the century."

"Speaking as one who has seen life in many countries, I feel that it is within the truth to say that the position of woman is higher in America than in any other part of the world. For this result American women have, no doubt, to thank their own natural gifts and great independence of mind, but they have also, I think, to be grateful to the splendid chivalry in the other sex, which is nowhere more conspicuous than in the best type of American gentlemen."

"HALL CAINE."

LIGHT CURE.

The Finsen treatment by light of cancer and other diseases is still being improved, and made much more effective. One of the recent improvements is the invention of an electric lamp which intensifies the action of the light and shortens the time of treatment. This lamp, which has been tested in Copenhagen, has been proved to produce more effectively than ever the chemical rays which are the essential features of the treatment.

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

The Bardeur's Portrait.

STUCK up in a prominent place on the lower deck of Her Majesty's ship Bardeur, flagship of Rear-Admiral Bruce, second in command of the British China fleet, is the portrait of a little Blackburn girl. The story of how this portrait came to be exhibited in such an unusual place is a strange one, and well illustrates what an impulsively-generous fellow—a perfect boy at heart—the British bluejacket is. Just before the Boxer outrages began and found the Bardeur's crew more serious occupation, a party of the tars were one day grouped around a messmate who was reading a paper just received from home. Presently he came upon a short paragraph which announced that a little girl, aged 8 (the name also was given), had been fined to shillings by the Blackburn magistrates for riding a toy tricycle on the pavement. A keen debate began, and if the Blackburn magistrates could have heard what the sailors said about them—well, they would not have found anything in the remarks to gratify their vanity. The tars were all of one mind. The child had been treated shamefully. "Let's pay her fine," suggested one of the men, and in a very few minutes twice the amount required for this purpose had been subscribed. The money was sent to the girl's parents, inclosed in a letter expressing the donors' sympathy with the child. Great was the parents' surprise, equally great their delight, when the unexpected gift reached them. The money they gave to the war funds, and when acknowledging receipt of it sent the kind-hearted sailors a photograph of the little girl whose misadventure had appealed to their generosity. It is this portrait that now graces the Bardeur's lower deck. —[London Chronicle.

Construction was Too Literal.

COL. PEW tells a story of the Tenth Regular Infantry that is pretty good. One night in Cuba one of the sentries was a raw recruit from the Green Isle, and the officer of the day, on his rounds, was challenged by him.

"Who goes there?"
"Officer of the day."
Not a move on the part of the sentry, and the o. d. stepped forward and again was greeted by "Who goes there?" and again replied in the same way. Not a move on the part of sentry, but the o. d. heard an ominous click.

"What are your orders, anyway?" he asked.
"Challenge three times, then fire," was the laconic and self-satisfied answer, and the o. d.'s hat was raised on his hair as he realized how near he was to being peppered by the sentry. The latter was given a few instructions before he went on sentry duty again. —[Boston Record.

A Letter on Imperial Paper.

IT IS not often that an American citizen has the opportunity to conduct his correspondence on stationery which is supposed to be sacred to the use of royalty, and particularly of such very exclusive royalty as the Emperor and Empress Dowager of China. William F. Wheatley, who is secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, has, however, received a letter on just such stationery from his son, William F. Wheatley, Jr., who is a member of the Sixth Cavalry, now in Peking.

In shape the missive, when it reached Mr. Wheatley, was not different from that which an ordinary business letter often assumes. The envelope is about eight inches long and three and a half or four inches broad, and it is yellow, just as many business envelopes are.

But there the resemblance ceases, for this envelope is of the softest, flowered silk, and the yellow is the color sacred to royalty. It has three stamps in the upper right-hand corner, two of them being Chinese and one a plain American "a-center," and in that shape it had come all the way from distant Peking, having doubtless caused astonishment in the breasts of many postal clerks. The letter consists of a long sheet of red paper—the lucky color—folded in box pleats, as it were, to fit into the envelope. The two outside folds are covered with the yellow silk, and behind the whole is a length of yellow paper. In the letter, which was dated October 24, Mr. Wheatley says:

"The paper I am writing you on and the envelope inclosing it are the imperial stationery used by the Empress Dowager and the Emperor when they issue a summons to a court dinner, etc. It was looted from the imperial palace, and I send it to you as a souvenir of the taking of Peking." —[Baltimore American.

How Buller Would Avoid Trouble.

H. S. S. PEARSE, a London war correspondent, tells the following Buller story: The general and Mr. Pearse came home in the same boat. Each evening the band played "God Save the Queen" after dinner on deck. Of course, every Briton stood up and removed his head covering. A number of Hollanders, however, remained seated and covered. The Britons were very angry, and it was feared that serious trouble might follow. The anxious captain privately consulted Gen. Buller.

"Sir," he said, "I wish you would tell me what you would do under the circumstances if you were commander of this ship?"

"Me!" replied Buller. "I should ask the band not to play 'God Save the Queen.'" —[Unidentified.

Very Much Alive.

ON ONE occasion Lord Wolsley's life was saved by Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, known as Count Geleichen. It was in the Crimea when young Wolsley, badly wounded, was passed by his doctor as dead. Undisturbed by the doctor's remarks, Prince Victor tried to extract a jagged piece of stone from the wound, and the Prince succeeded in his efforts to restore Wolsley, and after a little brandy had been poured down his throat and some

more asseverations from the doctor that he was dead, he sat up and exclaimed, "No more dead than you are, you fool." Prince Victor in this case carried out the popular German idea that the appearances of death should not be relied upon without suitable efforts at revival, especially in persons struck down in full health and strength, unless the vital machinery has been wrecked, lest they be mistaken for dead while yet alive and treated accordingly. —[Army and Navy Journal.

By an Overwhelming Majority.

PARSON HELTON, an old-time Baptist preacher, of Tennessee, had eighteen sons, sixteen of whom were in the Union army and two in the Confederate. When the old minister had reached his eighty-eighth year, some one who did not know about his sons' views, asked him where his sympathies lay during the war. "My sympathies were with the Union by fourteen majority," said the old man. —[New York Tribune.

A Military Pig.

IN AN old Kentucky history we find a peculiar incident related in connection with the invasion of Canada by the Kentucky troops in 1812. A company of volunteers destined for Shelby's army assembled at Harrodsburg and formed a nucleus around which the military recruits of the country gathered on the march to the Ohio. The facts as given below are vouched for on high authority:

On the outskirts of Harrodsburg the company saw two pigs fighting, and delayed the march to watch the combat. When the march recommenced, it was observed that the victorious pig was following the company, and when the men encamped at night the animal lay down near at hand. Of course, the soldiers fed their new recruit. The next day the pig followed them, and this it did daily on the march to the river.

When the men crossed on the ferryboat at Cincinnati the pig waited a bit, then plunged into the river and swam across, and when the march was resumed the animal took its place in the flank of the moving column.

Piggy now became a pet, and was as sure of rations as the men themselves; and, destitute as the soldiers sometimes found themselves, no one even hinted at putting the knife to the throat of their follower.

At Lake Erie the pig went on board the boat with the soldiers, but after reaching Bass Island it declined to disembark, and remained behind in the care of a man who volunteered to look after its wants. When the troops returned to the American side, to the surprise of all, the pig was soon discovered on the right of the line, ready for the return march toward Harrodsburg.

The animal suffered much from cold on this trip, and at Maysville, where the army recrossed the Ohio River, it was decided to leave it in the hands of a friend, by Gov. Shelby. Finally the piggy was taken to the Governor's home, where it passed the rest of its days in piggish ease and plenty. —[Louisville Courier-Journal.

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Big-hearted Policeman.

AN ACT of kindness which many scorned as trifling and others dared not undertake brought sincere satisfaction last night to James Cullen, a veteran policeman of the East One Hundred and Fifty-seventh-street station, as he stood shivering with cold but triumphantly holding in his arms a little dog which he had waded far out in the Harlem River marshes to save. A crowd of women gathered on the Central bridge which crosses the river at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street, cheered him.

The dog had fallen in midstream from a scow that was passing up the river. It swam to the edge of the marshes, through which it could not penetrate. Then it sent forth piteous cries, which attracted the attention of the throngs crossing the bridge. There were many women in the number. They implored several men to go to the rescue, but the men walked stolidly away. Then they sought the bridgekeeper, but he would not leave his post. Several women had the courage to essay an attempt to rescue the animal, but the more cautious warned them against entering the treacherous marsh, and they desisted.

Policeman Cullen appeared on the scene. He wears six stripes. He made his way to the edge of the marsh, stripped off his great coat and plunged forward. A few paces brought him knee deep in the water and edge. He had to make his way cautiously, and a misstep once plunged him into a quagmire and he disappeared from view. He plowed his way out and continued. An instant later the anxious crowd heard the cries of the dog cease, soon followed by a contented bark.

The women ran down to the marshland and hailed Cullen as he appeared. Cullen placed the dog in outstretched hands and hurried away to change his dripping uniform. —[New York World.

A Terrible Tale of a Tiger.

WHEN tigers are really at large in England there are no paragraphs and the secret is firmly held. At Clifton, though the committee which governs its delightful Zoo deny, in ignorance, what actually happened, it was discovered by a keeper on the morning of a children's fête that a tiger had escaped from his cage. The superintendent maintained an absolute silence and trusted to luck. A secret search of the gardens convinced the keepers that the tiger had scaled the walls and was in the open country. Thousands of children romped through the day, and cried "Oh!" and "Ah!" as the firewords gleamed in the night. They played and sauntered about amid trees and shaded alleys and dark corners in the evening, and then everybody went home tired and happy. In the

early dawn there was another search, and in the end of a disused money house was found the "missing animal" still trembling from freedom and surrounded by keepers threw a handkerchief about his neck and took him back to the grateful safety of his cage. But many might have happened! —[London Chronicle.

Two Little Lost Lion Cubs.

TWO little cubs, homeless and tagless, caused a terrible commotion a few days ago on their way to Baltimore by express at the Union station. They simply checked to Pittsburgh, and nothing more was indicated to whom they were consigned.

It was thought at first they were intended for the Highland Park, and word was sent to Knoxville, the keeper of the animals there. Later in the day a telegram was received from C. M. Cooley, agent of the Pennsylvania lines at Buffalo, to reship them to Buffalo. Last night they were sent back by the fast train.

They were little larger than cats and very tame. At noon "Billy" Garret, a porter at the station, had one of them out of the cage. Of course, he took every precaution to keep it from escaping, and the becoming frolicsome around the waiting-room. —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Chacma Baboon.

TWO officers escaping from Pretoria were about to cross a river, when they saw on the opposite bank a troop of these baboons coming down to drink. They were sensible of the danger of irritating these beasts, and making the troop utter their barks and yelps of rage that they remained for two hours up to their knees in water until the troop retired. Some surprise was expressed that the officers should pay regard to a troop of monkeys. Anyone who shares this feeling may see at the Zoo, probably for the first time in Africa, a full-grown mole Chacma. A soldier writing from the front described a locust as "something like a bird and fly." This baboon is "something between a monkey and a bear." Its head, shoulders, trunk and legs show immense strength, and its size is greater than the measurements given in a recent work on South African mammals. It is 3 feet 8 inches long from the tip of the body, and when it stands upright its head is 4 feet 4 inches from the ground. The baboon has maintained their place in South Africa against enemies, including man, and are likely to do so for years to come. —[Spectator.

Cat Saved Two Lives.

MISS ELLA LONG mourns the loss of her pet cat, Jettie, who passed away with the weight of years upon her head. Miss Long and her sister were the night Fri's planing mill burned. The house caught fire, but the sisters slept on, unconscious of danger. Jettie saw that something had to be done, crept upon the bed and scratched their faces.

The young ladies sprang out of bed, and, with their heels, fled from the burning house. The cat given the honors of a regular funeral, and his remains were placed in a neat little black coffin. —[Altoona Dispatch and the Philadelphia North American.

A Noble Dog.

MIL STEFFENS, a letter carrier, attached to the B. in Brooklyn, and living on Bay Eighth street, Bath avenue, Bath Beach, devotes his leisure to raising St. Bernard dogs. One of them is named Ben.

Just before dusk yesterday Steffens took Ben for exercise. On the pier at the foot of Bay Fifth street sat four-year-old Beale Garrison and her father. The father was busily engaged in fishing, the boy leaning over the edge of the pier, lost her balance and into fifteen feet of water.

Before the child had time to drown the St. Bernard plunged into the bay after her. He swam to the spot where the little girl had gone down, dived for her, seized her frock with his teeth, brought her to the pier. Then he swam to the beach, where he dropped the child at the feet of her mother. The child, who was too frightened to cry, was carried home by her grateful father.

Steffens is prouder than ever of his dog, who has six persons from drowning in the last two years. He is 2 years old, and stands 3 feet 1 inch. Steffens refused an offer of \$750 for the animal. —[New York Journal.

A Gentle Lioness.

FOLLOWING is a story told of the escape of a lioness from a menagerie at Chartres the other day, which makes one think that such a gentle creature should be kept a captive behind bolts and bars, but should be allowed the same freedom of action as the most amiable pug or pussy cat. It was evening when the lioness left the menagerie, and for some hours her absence was noticed. Meanwhile she met an old lady, who pointed on the head, thinking her to be a dog. This kindly comment evidently won the heart of the lioness, who followed her meekly for some distance. Then a hue and cry was raised; women and children, panic-stricken, shut themselves into houses and barricaded windows and doors. While a search was made for the lost inmate of the menagerie, which was at last found in a frightened condition in a carpenter's yard, and was doubtless to be safely taken back again. —[Columbus Dispatch.

TO MAKE MAPLE ICE CREAM.

[Ladies' Home Journal:] Scald a pint of cream to eight ounces of scraped maple sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Take from the fire; add a tablespoonful of caramel, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and when cold add another pint of uncooked cream. Turn into freezer, and when thoroughly cold freeze as ordinary cream.

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Author of "The

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Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," "Twas in
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THE STRANGER SAID THICKLY, "FATHER!"

"It is a good sign when an old person, or a person growing old, reforms some of his habits of living, adopts a new regimen here or cuts off an old indulgence there. Kind nature often forgives penitent transgressors at the eleventh hour, and I may say, without fear of contradiction, to my fellow-pilgrims on the home stretch that, as regards some item in the conduct of our physical life, it is high time that we reformed. Hereafter we must never forget that we are old and the bodily mechanism will not bear as many pounds to the square inch as it would aforetime. I recollect when I was a boy that we used to gorge ourselves at Thanksgiving dinner till we had to loosen the buttons of our jackets to allow for gastric expansion. One such folly as that now might bring me suddenly into a condition in which jackets and buttons would be superfluous! One surfeit has often been known to kill an old person which in youth or middle age was seemingly innocuous. Do not let us forget that, my fellow-pilgrims, and neither let us forget the broad and inclusive admonitions concerning life's regimen which are involved in it."

MAPLE ICE CREAM.

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1941

12. General and Local Sporting News.
13. Southern California by Towns.
Personal Mentions: Men and Women.

with his assistants....Pedro Lachica,
a bogus policeman, condemned for
brutal robbery.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS)
TACOMA (Wash.,) Jan. 13.-

OLD-TIME PICTURES.

THE BIRTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

By a Special Contributor.

IN OUR admiration of the beautiful photographs which are so plentiful at the beginning of this new century, the work of professional and amateur alike, and which are accepted as a matter of course, we lose sight of the fact that after all the art photographic is of very recent growth. The beginning of the wonderful century just passed knew it not. But a few short years ago and photography was a most complicated and difficult process, looked upon with awe by the layman, who entered the studio of the photographer with much the same feelings as accompany him to the dentist's office, his anguish of mind being often plainly expressed in the countenance of the finished portrait.

Most of us date the beginning of photography to the time of the famous French artist, Daguerre, but there is a certain fairy story which tells of sun photographs produced in the eighteenth century. The *Fortnightly Review* of July, 1873, makes mention of these pictures, and tells how, more than a hundred years ago, two men, so far as known entirely unconnected, each probably ignorant of the other's existence, "discovered a very beautiful art, supposed to have been photography, possibly photography in color." This, in England, and the patent law in operation, yet, so the story goes, they practised their art with the utmost secrecy for a short space of time, when it was suppressed for purposes of state and the invention was lost to the world for the time being.

The story goes on to state that all traces of this work were destroyed at the instigation of the Royal Academy, and some members of the government. This action was taken through the efforts of a certain artist who, on being informed of this new process of producing pictures, trembled for his artistic reputation, and so went about among his fellow-artists with a petition begging them to put a stop to this new process, which



FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN NEARLY FORTY YEARS AGO.

silver plate which had been exposed to the action of iodine." Daguerre also was the first to discover that an image could be formed upon the sensitive plate which under ordinary conditions were invisible, but which came into view when acted upon by the vapor of mercury. As has been the case with many great discoveries, this was the result of an accident. Placing some underexposed plates away in a closet as worthless, one day (the picture not having appeared at the end of the exposure as was expected) he was surprised later, on opening the closet, to discover that the image, before unseen, had made its appearance plainly on the plate which had been discarded as useless. He was naturally forced to the conclusion that the wonderful growth of the picture on what had been a perfectly blank surface must be due to some chemical action of which he was ignorant. Therefore he began removing the chemicals stored in the closet one by one, placing on the shelves from time to time plates that had been purposely underexposed. In each instance, in spite of removal of the various bottles, the image was, after a time, found upon the plate, and he at last concluded the mysterious agent could be no other than some mercury which had been left in a basin on the shelf, which substance will give off vapor at an ordinary temperature. All other chemicals being removed, Daguerre placed still another plate, on which no image was visible in the closet, thus proving beyond doubt that the wonderful effect had been produced by the substance least suspected at first and entirely overlooked in the removal of the others. Would that fortune might favor some of the photographic brave of the present day, whose underexposed plates find refuge in the ash barrel.

According to the terms of the partnership mentioned above the names of both Niepce and Daguerre were to be attached to their discovery, but after the death of the former, his son consented to another agreement, through which Daguerre was to contribute a new process which would lessen the time of exposure of the sensitive plates from one-twentieth to one-thirtieth, and that this new process should be known only by the name of Daguerre. Thus it was that the first practical photograph was made and called a daguerreotype. Whether or not Daguerre was altogether just to his former partner in this may be a question. He would doubtless be legally held as innocent of any wrong to the spirit of Niepce but the justice-loving reader of the history of photography would yield to Daguerre a little more respect and admiration had he not taken to himself credit for a discovery which, after all, was not entirely his own and might not have come at all had he not been associated with and had the benefit of Niepce's ideas and investigations.

The daguerreotype process was patented in England in 1839. We may say, therefore, that photography as we know it is but 60 years old. A young art, compared with most others, and yet the one most practiced and with the most satisfactory results, by the amateur of today.

Following the daguerreotype came the ambrotype, also on glass, samples of which are found in almost every household. This is simply an underexposed, underdeveloped negative, behind which is placed a dark backing to give details in the shadow. It may not be generally known that there is no better copying surface today than the old daguerreotypes, which are capable of being enlarged to many times their original size without showing the texture, as is the case with most enlargements now made. Herein may be an interesting hint to the amateur who is fond of experimenting. Several members of the Camera Club have most inter-

esting photographs of this character, which would undoubtedly make beautiful enlargements. "Up in the attic I found them, locked in the chest, Where the flowered gowns lie folded, which were brave as the best; And like the queer old jackets, and the waistcoats with stripes, They tell of a worn-out fashion—these old daguerre types."

Quaint little folding cases, fastened with tiny hinges. Seemingly made to tempt one to lift up the latch and look;

Linings of purple and velvet, odd little frames of wood. Circling the faded faces brought from the days of the past.

While the fathers of photography (I feel better when I have made the subject plural) were accomplishing so much in the line of their experiments, another investigator along similar lines had accomplished the results by quite a different method. Henry Fox Talbot, an Englishman, student and experimenter, was the first photographer to make negatives in the camera (the negatives), while with J. B. Rees rests the honor of having discovered the process of "fixing" the image on the plate. We will see that there were several inventors of photography, each of whom seems entitled to an amount of credit. Fox-Talbot also introduced the men coating on papers that they might have a photograph when printed.

Though the honor of producing the three "great" who made photography possible belongs to France and England, it was an American, Mr. Draper of New York, who made the first photographic portrait. In the many other names inseparably connected with the rise and progress of photography, we are unable to make mention, however, the photographic student will find much of interest and instruction in the many now published on photography, past and present, and in following closely its progress through the centuries just at an end.

The longest exposure to bright light of which we have any record is that made by Niepce, who succeeded in securing an image only after exposing the plate for three days. From an exposure of three days down to that of an infinitesimal fraction of a second.



FROM AMBROTYPE TAKEN ABOUT 25 YEARS AGO. OWNED BY MRS. H. D. HOAG.

is a long jump, and the shortening process was lengthy one (if I may be allowed a paradoxical expression.) The first portraits taken by Draper were very long and tedious posing, and he tells in a letter written in 1840 of his contrivances for holding the head and body still in the chair, of his success on doors by the aid of mirrors as reflectors, and would the reader not to place the hands upon the chest in the movement imparted to them by the lungs in breathing made said hands appear thick and clumsy. He also mentions the placing of a false drab front over a white shirt, and speaks of dusting the face with white powder. There was no retouching in those days, and the necessity for the powder which covered up to a certain extent unseemly freckles and other blemishes of the skin, for "persons whose faces are freckled or over give rise to the most ludicrous results—a white mottled with just as many black dots as the sallow or yellow ones."

At first photography was confined almost exclusively to portraiture, hence most of the early literature of photography deals with portrait making, but as the early method was followed in 1845 by the waxed-paper process, and the introduction of collodion in 1850, and in 1873, the dry-plate process, etc., etc., the time of exposure being gradually shortened, it became possible to secure photographs of outdoor life, and scenes in all her moods was caught and held by the amateur, to whom no study or work has ever proven so engrossing as this reproduction of things beautiful. As late as 1853, however, the *Art Journal* speaks disparagingly of the photograph in the following terms:

"Notwithstanding this correctness of outline and perfection of detail, the photographic picture yet lacks that delicate gradation of tones which ever marks a beautiful in nature. So great is the charm of many of these sun pictures that their admirers are disposed to regard them as perfect. By so doing they sacrifice

the program of the art of nature, lacking that all. It is not that the landscape from the eye is not realized in the photograph exhibits harsh in nature."

This may all have from which these faces written, but to those views on the screen at Club, in which distance half-tones and farthest from the lens nature, the camera seizes. When properly theochromatic plates, the wonders in the reproduction.

Before the present perfected, to be an amateur an extensive knowledge of practical experience, on an outing resembling loaded down as are the pack miners' outfits of cumbersome camera, tripod, he was weighty and last, but by no means which could be set up having to be developed.

Today, the amateur in its neat carrying of light tripod on his steed and skims over by his photographic art.

When we consider photography has attained more the new century, indeed, it brings to us been striving in vain.

QUIRKS

SUNDRY ODDITIES
CULLED FROM

By a Special Contributor.

THE somewhat novel suits decided by according to local at least two cases year. Just recently insurance policy on plaintiffs and their at a jury of seven was After the evidence a lawyer-jury retired verdict for the widow nearly just." Earlier one of American both sides were in cases could not be on twelve lawyers, v. come to serve. This tried with, satisfaction new work for able jurors.

"What is a build question the Queen's has been trying to a structure made up and a chimney. This "building," for which sary. The mission ing, but rather some enforce his argument the city, quoted the "Who builds stronger a carpenter?" and asked this question houses that he mal accounts the court h

The new German husband supreme in the hour for dinner number of servants, of linen, but under his wife's letters will may fix the dinner him to be on hand actually ready.

The lawyer's inall "cursing the court" him is married, as me the "cursing" must version, however, s communication of the of the law reports. cations have been ing firm. One lawyer only, and seems to Another, beaten in a "They do not know ble over it." Another the court, stating the profession that this fallacy and danger of posed." Another "The opinion of our serving of nothing i



FROM DAGUERRETYPE TAKEN NEARLY 50 YEARS AGO. OWNED BY MISS H. L. DAVIS.

made fair, as the petition reads, to "shut up the painters' shops."

Mention is made of a camera belonging to one of the Wedgewoods as early as the year 1791, which had been sent out to be repaired, so it is evident that the possession of a camera from the very first original machine meant a bill of expense to the owner, and that it refused utterly at times to operate as intended by the maker or as expected by the manipulator. It is certainly comforting for the amateur of today to think of a camera in the hands of a Wedgewood so long ago as 1791 "acting up" and ruining the temper and vocabulary of respected citizens quite as happens in this year of Our Lord, 1901.

This is all very interesting, but as nothing tangible has been left to us from these early experiments we will confine our attention to a consideration of later and better-known artists and methods. Although Daguerre has been called the "father of photography," there is one who might better claim the title, the soldier, scientist and dreamer, Joseph Nicéphore Niepce. Up to his time the great problem had been how to preserve the picture made by the sun, whose powerful rays were as effective in destroying as in forming the image. Niepce spent much time in endeavoring to fix the images of the camera obscura, and while not successful in this, yet he left as a legacy the process of copper-plate printing, called by himself "heliography," prints from which were shown by him as early as the year 1826. This method, somewhat improved upon, is still in use.

Niepce, in 1829, entered into partnership with another Frenchman who was also devoting himself to the permanent fixing of the camera-obscura images, Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre. This partnership was continued until the death of Niepce, in 1833, the investigators working together, and Niepce noting with much joy the improvements in his invention which were effected by Daguerre. To the latter belongs the credit of discovering that an "image could be produced on a

[January 13, 1901.]

January 13, 1901.]

character, which would be enlarged. They were, locked in the same. He folded, which once were. Buckets, and the wa'stoons gay.

fastened with tiny hooks. One to lift up the latch and. Odd little frames of gold, brought from the days of old. Photography (I feel better when plural) were accomplishing their experiments, another had accomplished like method. Henry Fox-Talbot, and experimenter, was the first. Negatives in the camera (paper). Reed rests the honor of having "fixed" the image so that influence of strong light. There were several inventors of photography, past and present, and progress through the century.

producing the three great possibilities belongs to France and America. Mr. Draper of New York, connected with the photography, we are unable to the photographic student will instruction in the many books, past and present, and progress through the century.

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ABOUT 35 YEARS AGO. MRS. H. D. HOAG.

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the progress of the art, which gives only the outlines of nature, lacking that filling-in which is the life of all. It is not that there is an entire absence of color, but it is that the tones which mark the receding of the landscape from the eye which may by analogy be compared to a dissolving note of music—a dying cadence—are not realized in the photographic picture. The photograph exhibits harsh contrasts not to be discovered in nature.

This may all have been true in 1853, when the article from which these few extracts have been taken was written, but to those who had the pleasure of seeing the views on the screen at a recent meeting of the Camera Club, in which distance was perfectly shown by delicate half-tones and natural indistinctness of objects farthest from the lens, all beautifully blending as in nature, the camera seems to have no limit in this regard. When properly handled, and by the aid of orthochromatic plates, the camera is capable of producing wonders in the reproduction of color values.

Before the present method of photography was perfected, to be an amateur photographer meant to possess an extensive knowledge of chemistry and much practical experience. In those days the photographer as an outing resembled somewhat a beast of burden, loaded down as are the patient little animals used to pack miners' outfits over the mountains. Besides his cumbersome camera, weighing many pounds, and huge tripod, he was weighted down with bottles of chemicals, and last, but by no means least, a portable dark room, which could be set up wherever desired, each picture having to be developed as soon as taken.

Today, the amateur, with his compact little camera in its neat carrying case strapped on his back and the light tripod on his wheel, mounts his rubber-shod steed and skims over the country roads unhampered by his photographic apparatus.

When we consider the degree of perfection which photography has attained, it is difficult to imagine what more the new century can have in store, unless, indeed, it bring to us that for which many have lately been striving in vain, photography in colors.

HELEN L. DAVIE.

QUIRKS OF THE LAW.

SUNDRY ODDITIES OF LEGAL PRACTICE CULLED FROM COURT AND RECORD.

By a Special Contributor.

THE somewhat novel experiment of having law suits decided by juries composed of lawyers has, according to local reports, resulted satisfactorily in at least two cases in this country within the last year. Just recently the case of a widow suing on a fire insurance policy on her house was, by consent of the insured and their attorneys, submitted to be heard by a jury of seven well-known lawyers in Collins, Ga. After the evidence and the charge by the judge, the jury retired and then speedily brought in a verdict for the widow which, it is said, was "eminently just." Earlier in the year was reported the case of American B. Co. vs. Pung in Chicago, where the case was in court ready for trial, but enough evidence could not be found. The judge thereon called in a jury of lawyers, who happened to be in the courtroom to serve. This case, also, it was reported, was decided with satisfactory results. Here, possibly, is no work for able lawyers, serving as professional juries.

"What is a building?" is the apparently simple question the Queen's Bench Division Court (Ireland) has been trying to solve. A church mission erected a structure made up of wooden walls, a canvas roof and a chimney. This the city of Dublin argued was a "building," for which corporate permits were necessary. The mission claimed that it was not a building but rather something "in the nature of a tent." To solve his argument, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, solicitor for the city, quoted the grave digger's question in Hamlet: "The builder stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?" and the reply thereto: "When you are asked this question next, say a grave maker; the house that he makes last till doomsday." At last the court had not decided the question.

The new German code of civil procedure makes the husband supreme in most social matters. He may fix the hour for dinner, the manner of serving it, the number of servants, and he may limit the yearly supply of linen, but under no circumstances may he open his wife's letters without her permission. Though he may fix the dinner hour, it is probably just as well for him to be on hand at the time when the dinner is actually ready.

The lawyer's inalienable and inestimable privilege of "seeing the court" when the decision has gone against him is, as most lawyers realize, by the fact that the "seeing" must be done in private. This animadversion, however, sometimes takes the form of communication of the lawyer's opinion to the publisher of the law reports. Parts of some of these communications have been printed recently by a law-publishing firm. One lawyer wrote: "The case is a legal curiosity, and seems to have been decided by main force." Another, beaten in a highway case, wrote of the court: "They do not know a highway, even when they stumble over it." Another requests the publisher to chastise the court, stating that "it will be of great benefit to the profession that this case be thoroughly aired and the liberty and danger of it in its far-reaching results exposed." Another "very prominent lawyer" wrote: "The opinion of our court is a schoolboy blunder, denoting of nothing but scathing rebuke, and a review

of it should run in that line." Most seductive of all the suggestions was the statement, "I should be very willing to pay for such a criticism of the decision as herein above indicated by me." "This," comments the publisher, "recalls the Quaker chasing his hat in the wind, who hired an urchin to curse it."

The recent case of Skipwith vs. Hurt, a legal publication records, "was an action by a county judge on a county treasurer's bond. The county treasurer was Skipwith, who skipped with the funds, and the county judge, who was Hurt, brought the action."

What is "a reasonable state of intoxication" apparently just missed precise definition by a coroner's jury in Mississippi, which stated in its verdict that "We, the jury, find that deceased came to his death by a stroke of an east-bound train, No. 204, on I. C. R.R., at Fentress, Miss., in Choctaw county, on the 27th day of November, 1898, he being in a reasonable state of intoxication." A somewhat similar indefiniteness of legal conclusion mars a recent verdict of a neighboring Georgia jury, to the effect that "We, the jury, find the defendant almost guilty." Equally as uncertain and ambiguous as these statements by laymen is the opinion in an early Maryland case, which "acknowledges the corn" by saying that an occurrence referred to took place "at a former sitting when the court was full."

So careful are they in Kentucky and so sensitive are their weapons that the Kentucky Legislature passed, some time ago, according to a legal authority, an act reading as follows: "It shall be unlawful for any person to fire or discharge at random any deadly weapon, whether said weapon be loaded or unloaded."

That a young woman who breaks her engagement with one man in order to become engaged to another cannot have that loss of opportunity considered as an element of damage in a suit against her second choice for breach of his promise to marry, was decided by the Minnesota Supreme Court in Hahn vs. Bettinger, 82 Northwest Reporter, 467. The court was of the opinion that it would be contrary to good morals and sound law to permit a woman to recover damages in such a situation.

A Missouri lawyer has set up in a wife's cross bill in a divorce suit the fact that the husband "undertook to poison her without just cause."

The members of the Central Reformed Church of Sioux Center, Iowa, have been engaged in a bitter legal and social controversy as to whether their pastor should preach his sermons in Dutch or in English. One faction in the church applied recently for an injunction to restrain him from preaching in Dutch. The application was denied, the judge being of opinion that he lacked jurisdiction. The same faction then tried to gain the desired result by bringing a suit based on the theory that the pastor was required by his contract to preach all his sermons in English. The result of this latter action is not known.

A man who may or may not have been a tramp, but who was arraigned recently in a Minneapolis Police Court on a charge of vagrancy, tried to disprove the charge by proving by "two competent witnesses" that he had taken a bath "at no very remote date." Something, possibly the suspiciously uncertain "no very remote date" made the judge persistent, and after reflection he decided that the defendant would have to prove also that he had worked, "whereupon," it is recorded, "the defense at once collapsed."

The injudicious use of the word "dogmatic" out in Oregon not long ago nearly cost O'Connor his liberty and Johnson his life. O'Connor and Johnson, who were friends, indulged in heated debate as to the respective merits of McKinley and Bryan. Finally O'Connor told Johnson he was "too dogmatic." Johnson thought that was an over-refined way of calling him a dog, and the trouble began. O'Connor drew his revolver and shot at Johnson, but as his aim was not true and the weapon was a poor one, Johnson escaped with his life. Thereupon O'Connor was arrested for the crime of "assault," being armed with a "dangerous weapon," the revolver, of course. Subsequently, when things were explained, Johnson requested that O'Connor be allowed to enter a plea of guilty of simple assault.

The ancient office of ale "conner" in England appears to be losing its dignity and prestige, because, in part, apparently, of the lack of men qualified for the office. The "conner" was an officer of the old Court Leet, whose duty it was to go the rounds of the various public houses for the purpose of tasting the ale to see if it was of good quality. "Conner" meant a man who knew what good ale was. At the recent annual meeting of the Court Leet for the Manor of Halton the deputy steward who presided said that if volunteers appeared the court might revive the office. The Halton Manor Court Leet has an unbroken record back to 1347.

A. H. WALKER.

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WOMEN AS BIRD DOCTORS.

[New York Times:] One of the latest schemes of a clever woman forced to earn her own living is establishing herself as a bird doctor. Canaries are her specialty, and she has established a hospital where she attends to the ills of these pets. Broken limbs, disordered digestive apparatus, catarrhs and fevers are treated by the woman with benefit to the birds and profit to herself. Other song birds and house pets, and even the repulsive parrot, are treated for their ailments by this bird doctor, who is said to be the only woman in the world making a specialty of this business. So well established is her fame in this direction that she makes visits to Philadelphia, Boston and other cities when called, and has established a regular clientele there, as well as here, among dealers who make the handling of birds an incident to their other business, as is the case at some of the department stores.

SURFACE CIVILIZATION.

A YOUNG ZULU GIRL WHO COULDN'T RESIST HER NATURAL TENDENCIES.

[Lady Broome in the Cornhill Magazine:] I think quite the most curious instance of the thinness of surface civilization among these Zulu people came to me in the case of a young Zulu girl who had been early left an orphan and had been carefully trained in a clergyman's family. She was about 16 years old when she came as my nurse-maid, and was very plump and comely, with a beaming countenance, and the sweetest voice and prettiest manners possible. She had a great love of music, and performed harmoniously enough on an accordion, as well as on several queer little pipes and reeds. She could speak, read and write Dutch perfectly, as well as Zulu, and was nearly as proficient in English. She carried a little Bible always in her pocket, and often tried my gravity by dropping on one knee by my side whenever she caught me sitting down and alone, and beginning to read aloud from it. It was quite a new possession, and she had not got beyond the opening chapters of Genesis, and delighted in the story of "Adam and Eve," as she called her first parents.

She proved an excellent nurse and thoroughly trustworthy; the children were devoted to her, especially the baby, who learned to speak Zulu before English, and to throw a reed assegai as soon as he could stand firmly on his little fat legs. I brought her to England after she had been about a year with me, and she adapted herself marvelously and unhesitatingly to the conditions of a civilization far beyond what she had ever dreamed of. A friend of mine chanced to be returning to Natal, and proposed that I should spare my Zulu nurse to her. Her husband's magistracy being close to where Maria's tribe dwelt, it seemed a good opportunity for Maria to return to her own country; so of course I let her go, begging my friend to tell me how the girl got on. The parting from the little boys was a heart-breaking scene, nor was Maria at all comforted by the fine clothes all my friends insisted on giving her. Not even a huge Gainsborough hat garnished with giant poppies could console her for leaving her "little chieftain;" but it was at all events something to send her off so comfortably provided for, and with two large boxes of good clothes.

In the course of a few months I received a letter from my friend, who was then settled in her up-country home, but her story of Maria's doing seemed well-nigh incredible, though perfectly true. All had gone well on the voyage, and so long as they remained at Durban and Mafitzburg; but as soon as the distant settlement was reached, Maria's kinsmen came around her and began to claim some share in her prosperity. Free fights were of constant occurrence, and in one of them Maria, using the skull of an ox as a weapon, broke her sister's leg. Soon after that she returned to the savage life she had not known since her infancy, and took to it with delight. I don't know what became of her clothes, but she had presented herself before my friend clad in an old sack and with necklaces of wild animals' teeth, and proudly announced she had just been married "with cows"—thus showing how completely her Christianity had fallen away from her, and she had practically returned, on the first opportunity, to the depth of that savagery from which she had been taken before she could even remember it. I soon lost all trace of her, but Maria's story has always remained in my mind as an amazing instance of the strength of race instinct.

INVENTED BY A WOMAN.

[Chicago Chronicle:] All women are not degraded in China. Witness the Dowager Empress, who rose, by the force of her own will, from the position of a slave to that of ruler over the most populous nation on the globe. Notwithstanding the prejudice against the sex among the Mongols women occasionally break through the barriers and achieve distinction.

In Shanghai, the metropolis of the most coveted section of that vast empire, is a temple erected in honor of Huang, a woman deified for her great service to her people, and Chinese men do not disdain to worship before her image.

Centuries ago an elderly lady of good family and condition, who had hitherto lived in the region of Kwang-Tung, removed to Wu-Mi-Ching, near Shanghai, where she spent the remainder of her life. Since the lady happened to be Huang, this simple event revolutionized the province in which she made her home. It was a great revolution, yet the most conservative will not accuse her of having left "woman's sphere" since her instruments were those associated with countless women, from Penelope, the terrible fates, and the "virtuous woman" of Solomon's praise, down to our own grandmothers—the spindle and the loom.

Cotton fabrics have been used to some extent in China for 4000 years, but the cotton interest, now so important, received its first real impetus about 500 years ago.

HOW TO LENGTHEN A SKIRT.

"Should a skirt be too short lengthen it by the use of the highly-favored accordion plaiting, using a strip of ten yards for the bottom of the skirt and putting it on from five to eight inches deep," writes Emma M. Hojer, in the January Ladies' Home Journal. "The plaiting may be of cheap taffeta, as plaiting do not show the quality."

"Stitch on with the hem a row of mohair skirt binding so as to project beyond the plaiting and protect the edge. This plaiting may be sewed to the lining, which should be made as a drop skirt. Cut the silk over it in deep scallops and finish with rows of black velvet ribbon or a tiny ruche of black gauze ribbon. Or the skirt may be lengthened with two narrow circular ruffles."

"This will make a handsome skirt to wear with separate waists, and if there is sufficient material for part of a bodice left press it into service for sleeves from elbow to shoulder, and make the bodice with plain black and loose fronts from a yoke. The collar, yoke and sleeves may be of black taffeta in fine tucks, and finished with narrow jet if an all-black gown is wanted, or these accessories may be of pink, green, blue or lavender silk, or jetted net over a black or white lining, or of heavy guipure piece lace."

MINING QUICKSILVER.

AN INTERESTING INDUSTRY IN THE
HEART OF THE SIERRAS.

By a Special Contributor.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand tons of refined quicksilver is the record of the celebrated New Almaden lode, situated in the heart of the California Sierras. And 50,000,000 pounds is a prodigious output for a single quicksilver mine, especially when it is considered that the average deposit of the metal in question works out long before one-fiftieth part of such a yield is realized.

It was close bordering on a century ago that the presence of quicksilver in the Santa Cruz Mountains was revealed to the early-time Californians. The discovery came about under most peculiar circumstances. For many years the Indians of the section referred to had been accustomed to color their faces with a most vivid vermilion, the properties and true value of which

quently formed a company which undertook the development of the property. It was then that the mine received its name, being christened after the renowned Almaden lode of Spain. And yet twenty years more of comparative lethargy were destined to elapse before the wonderful resources of the mine should be revealed to the world. During this period identically the same methods were employed in delving for the metal as had obtained for centuries in connection with the original Almaden. Instead of the modern system of shaft sinking and tunneling, deep, horizontal stopes, following the trend of the quartz vein, were run from the summit into the depths of the mountain. In traversing these steep subterranean inclines the native miners used for ladders long timbers with notches hewn at intervals for footholds. Likewise, instead of ore cars, heavy rawhide panniers, known as cercoons, and borne on the backs of the miners, were employed in transporting the quartz to the upper world.

In 1864, however, the New Almaden was sold for \$1,700,000 to a company of Americans, who proceeded to develop the property under a more modern system, and with such success that in a short time the mine became celebrated as the greatest quicksilver producer in existence. The amount of work performed on the

sure extending at a sharp angle across our way, and after a short, brisk climb came to the large crew of miners at work with picks and getting out the ore. A casual examination of the men of this pay rock, which my companion perceived the average run, revealed the presence of chambers and veins of vivid red. Occasionally, when the ore is unusually rich, it presents a rich vermilion throughout, and in weight is heavier than lead.

The main ore body is from fifteen to thirty feet and usually runs in an oblique direction from the base of the mountain, which results in the vast chambers known as stopes or labores. The men employed throughout the mine are exposed to the risk of salivation from continually handling the curial ore. The native mineral is volatile at a temperature above 40 deg., and its absorption into the system produces rheumatic pains, causes the teeth become loose, and leaves the constitution in a deplorable plight generally. To obviate this as far as possible, when the ore is exceedingly rich, the men worked in short shifts, relieving each other every

my feet or not," for it use for the latter dur but eventful passage. light up at the nethermost cut, and what I beheld my companion's reigned torch sundry bruises and abra it. We were on the thr the vaguely-distinguish of which seemed gar the flickering light- points of innumerable



were never once suspected. Finally, however, a specimen of the rock which supplied the pigment was shown by one of the Indians to Don Antonio Sutil, who, upon examining it, detected a myriad of minute scintillating globules imbedded therein. Mistaking these shining particles for silver, the old Don lost no time in seeking out the locality whence the original specimen had been procured. Finding an immense vein of the ore at the summit of a mountain peak, he industriously set about, after the most approved method, with mortar and pestle, to pulverize the same, incidental to extracting the coveted metal therefrom. Much to his bewilderment, however, the substance developed a singularly elusive tendency, effectually resisting every attempt at concentration, with the result that, after the expenditure of a year's time and several hundred dollars in various experiments, the project was abandoned as a hopeless delusion. This somewhat ludicrous venture transpired in the year 1824, and it was not until twenty years later that Andres Castillero, a Mexican officer sojourning in the vicinity, examined the ore and pronounced it cinnabar.

Recognizing the immense value of the deposit, the Mexican at once filed a claim on the ledge, and subse-

quently formed a company which undertook the development of the property. It was then that the mine received its name, being christened after the renowned Almaden lode of Spain. And yet twenty years more of comparative lethargy were destined to elapse before the wonderful resources of the mine should be revealed to the world. During this period identically the same methods were employed in delving for the metal as had obtained for centuries in connection with the original Almaden. Instead of the modern system of shaft sinking and tunneling, deep, horizontal stopes, following the trend of the quartz vein, were run from the summit into the depths of the mountain. In traversing these steep subterranean inclines the native miners used for ladders long timbers with notches hewn at intervals for footholds. Likewise, instead of ore cars, heavy rawhide panniers, known as cercoons, and borne on the backs of the miners, were employed in transporting the quartz to the upper world.

During a recent visit to this mine, the writer, accompanied by one of the superintendents, made an extended tour of its labyrinthine depths. The descent was accomplished by means of the double-decked electric cage, which at the first dizzying drop through the black, grewsome shaft, precipitated us to the 700-foot level. Upon quitting the car at this point we found ourselves in a spacious subterranean ante-chamber, at intervals in the walls of which appeared the low-timbered portals of the various tunnels radiating to divers parts of the mine. Entering one of these we followed its tortuous course for the distance of a mile, when we suddenly came out upon an immense rock-roofed fla-

Having inspected the principal sources of the mineral, my guide proposed a visit to the reduction plant at New Almaden, the largest and most important of the mine's works. This portion of the mine, my companion led the way to a narrow aperture, whence a yet steeper descent reached away into the depths of the mountain. This, he explained to me was a "winze," or, in other words, a rapid transit, time-saving connection penetrating to a 100-foot division between two levels, the use of which obviated the necessity of retracing the mile or more of stopes and tunnels to the nearest elevator shaft. By my own part, however, as I gazed into the blackness of that all-but-perpendicular corridor, I inwardly owned my thorough willingness to undergo the fatigue and other inconveniences of the more circuitous route. In my cheerful convoy evidently forgot to inquire as to the possible preference I might entertain. Laying hold of the bight of a slick, greasy-looking rope made fast at the entrance to the cavern, he bade me do likewise, and a moment later vanishing into the darkness ahead, he took a firm grip on the line and followed. It was perhaps well that my conductor shouted back the junction to "keep my head and my hold, whether

A TYPICAL QUICKSILVER

er was hung. We re-embarking scene, howe-ly bent on showing m-quit miles of devious- is crowded into the r- the most interesting feat- was a wide chamber n- shaft, called the "cha- some apartment were-th- mine. In the old days- wing men descending to- form their devotion. No- the time when Spanish- e day, every shaft; drift- entire mine is designated- least two-thirds of the p- the same origin.

our tour of the lower gal- ducted me, this time by- the level whence we had- ered a long, straight tunn- which a shining white d- led onward this gleaming- open portal, and presen- of the mountain, 700 fe- only entered.

number of these tunnel- ons levels of the mine, mountain, to facilitate- ch is accomplished thro-

At the mouth of each- called a planilla, whe- orted. From these poin- ances of three miles do- k of a steep incline, dov- means of gravity cars to-

the reduction plant at Ne- tion the largest and m- works consists mainly- provided with a series- ers. The process of ex- nes simple and unique- itted with a huge hopp- pounds of ore are re- There furnaces are- and as the ore becom- on, together with the sm- into the adjoining com- at a medium-low tem- ing of cold water thro-

the mercurial vapor c- ing element it resumes- to the bottom of the co- off in its refined, mol- ument. The great sub- inden vapor penetrates- remarkable. It forces it- rks and pores of the re- mously imbedded in the

angle across our way. Then, as the aperture we took the upward, brisk climb came upon a work with picks and drills. A casual examination of a specimen which my companion pronounced to be the presence of cinnabar. Occasionally, where the presents a rich vermilion color, it is heavier than lead. From fifteen to thirty feet wide, the direction from the apex results in the vast, slanting planes or labors. The men are continually handling the mineral is volatile at any time and its absorption into the veins causes the teeth of the constitution in a most delicate. To obviate this as much as possible, the men are exceedingly rich, the men are eliciting each other every day.

for it seemed to me I had but one for the latter during the progress of that but eventual passage. However, I presently found up at the northernmost extremity of this veritable mine, and what I beheld by the fitful flame of my miner's reignited torch more than compensated for the weary bruises and abrasions I had sustained on the threshold of a mighty chamber. We were on the threshold of a mighty chamber, the vast, slanting planes or labors. The men are continually handling the mineral is volatile at any time and its absorption into the veins causes the teeth of the constitution in a most delicate. To obviate this as much as possible, the men are exceedingly rich, the men are eliciting each other every day.



A TYPICAL QUICKSILVER MINER.

long. We revealed but briefly in this scene, however, for my companion was showing me just as many of those mine of devious burrowings as could possibly be reached into the space of two short hours.

An interesting feature of this long, deserted chamber near the foot of an old, unroofed "chapel." At one end of this chamber were the remnants of a shrine, built in the old days, the native miners, each descending to their work, were wont to make devotions. Nor is this the only reminder of the Spanish usages prevailed. For, to every shaft, drift and chamber throughout the mine is designated by a Spanish name, while the children of the present force of miners are of Spanish origin.

As the lower galleries completed, my guide led me, this time by way of the elevator, back to the whence we had last descended. Here we were in a straight tunnel, at the farther extremity of which a shining white disc appeared. As we proceeded this gleaming patch resolved itself into a portal, and presently we emerged from the mountain, 700 feet below where we had previously entered.

A number of these tunnels have been run from the base of the mine, straight out to the slope of the mountain, to facilitate the removal of the ore, accomplished through the medium of tramways. At the mouth of each tunnel is a large, open platform, a planilla, where the ore is screened and sorted. From these points tramways extend for a distance of three miles down the mountain to the base of a steep incline, down which the ore is carried by means of gravity cars to the great distilling works.

The distillation plant at New Almaden is without exception the largest and most modern in the world. It consists mainly of six immense furnaces, each provided with a series of from four to six condenser. The process of extracting the quicksilver is simple and unique. The top of each furnace is fitted with a huge hopper, into which upward of 100 pounds of ore are emptied each twenty-four hours. These furnaces are kept at a perpetual white heat, as the ore becomes roasted the quicksilver is driven off, together with the smoke, in a thin, transparent vapor into the adjoining condensers. These latter are kept at a medium-low temperature by the constant flow of cold water through numerous intersecting pipes.

The mercurial vapor comes in contact with the bottom of the condensers, whence it is carried in its refined, molten state to the weighing platform. The great subtlety with which the mineral vapor penetrates the most minute apertures is remarkable. It forces itself through imperceptible cracks and pores of the reducing plant, and becomes imbedded in the brick and woodwork of

the various structures that the latter have to be destroyed at intervals in order to secure the escaped metal. When, several years ago, the old intermittent furnaces were removed, the ground beneath them to a depth of thirty-five feet was worked over, and 153,000 pounds of the stray metal recovered. Few workmen continue long at the reducing works before exhibiting the disastrous effects of absorbing the mercurial fumes into their system. Considering these risks, the pay is inordinately small, the men rarely receiving over \$1.50 per day for their work. After refinement, the quicksilver is carefully weighed into metal flasks, each holding 76½ pounds, and in this shape is shipped to the general-storage vaults in San Francisco.

The present output of the New Almaden mines aggregates about 183 tons per year, which is only about one-tenth its former yield. There is still sufficient medium-grade ore in sight, however, to keep the great reduction works employed for many years to come.

While the use of quicksilver enters largely into various phases of medicine, arts and science the world over, by far the greater bulk of the product is exported to China. There, oddly enough, it is extensively resolved into its chief original element—the exquisite vermilion for which the Celestials have so long been famous, and which first led to its discovery in America.

JOSE DE OLIVARES.

WILD-ANIMAL FARM.

A CURIOUS AMERICAN INDUSTRY,
STARTED NEAR NEW YORK.

By a Special Contributor.

SOME few months ago an unusual consignment of goods arrived in the harbor of New York. At the time the customhouse clerks, who make cabalistic scrawls on the broker's papers before they will consent to issue a permit of landing, raised their eyebrows with interest. Here was such an invoice as had never, hitherto, come to their notice. In place of silks, sugar, linen or tea, the items read elephants, monkeys, camels, wolves, bears, birds, to the amount of some hundreds in all.

Those who thought about it at all probably imagined some menagerie was to be replenished or that a "Zoo" had come into port. But these animals went to no circus or public garden. Ferried across New York Bay and the Hudson River they started a line of march of several miles. Trucks carried stout packing cases, each containing a frightened and angry animal. The elephants and camels trudged along in the rear. They came at last to a patch of land on the brink of the Jersey meadows. Here was an inclosure within a high fence of boards, with the roofs of several shanties showing above it, and a long building of corrugated iron at one end.

The spot is remote. In fact, in an equal distance from New York City there is no other location so out of the line of traffic. It is near no railroad or trolley line. The visitor reaches it by a road that is very little traveled. It makes no advertisements of its business, for its proprietors want no publicity and no visitors except such as come strictly on business; they are not in the exhibition business; they are running a new American industry, a wild animal farm to supply the show business and zoological garden demand. Up to the present the trade in wild animals has been meager and fluctuating. What few orders there were, went to European dealers, who filled their commissions directly from their own stock. This Jersey enterprise is the first attempt to establish an animal supply bureau.

Within, this animal farm is a curious place. The plot of ground is fenced roughly in, without regularity. A number of hastily knocked together buildings, covered pens along two sides of the fence, a windmill and a series of tanks that are used for the stock of fish that is a portion of the life held in captivity, and the iron structure already mentioned make up its architectural outfit. A few trees give shade to the yard. One of the shanties the attendants bunk. The iron building contains the iron-bound boxes, barred at one side, that hold the lions, tigers, panthers, and other dangerous beasts. The boxes are ranged in tiers, two high in the building, but there is sometimes an overflow, and wolves and bears are to be found penned in the yard.

The animals are not on dress parade. They are thin, rough-furred, out of condition, for the most part. Nearly all of them have just been landed from an ocean voyage. There is no trace of sickness in all the cages. As soon as a beast or bird gets in good condition it is sold and carted away to begin its menagerie or zoological park days. At present there are comparatively few animal inhabitants of the farm, for this is the slack season in the show line, and the farm is not yet stocked up for the coming season.

Camels wander unrestricted and meditatively around the yard. Their good behavior is not to be questioned under ordinary circumstances and the fullest freedom behind the fences is theirs, though a kick from a camel's hind leg is to be feared. The scene's picturesqueness is enhanced by the herd of elephants that lumber backward and forward as far as their heavy chains will let them. Grizzled and brown bears; gray and brown wolves lie in boxes with netted fronts, the wolves calm and lazy, the bears in a state of unrest, romping up and down their narrow cages. Three or four peccaries are in a cage near by, and two buffaloes puff and wheeze in a pen not far off. All are waiting the professional buyer. Half apart from the rest of the herd; perhaps for some misdeed, per-

haps because of an unbridled temper, a little elephant stands by the hut where the camels sleep at night. On a tree close by hangs the day's supply of food for the flesh-eating beasts of the farm, four or five great joints of raw meat. For the elephants and camels a wealth of hay is spread out on the ground every few hours, and buckets of vegetables poured beside it, with carrots, an especial delicacy, never wanting.

Outside the inclosure an Indian goat, nicknamed Sacred by the farm men, is tethered securely and browses at will, its surroundings in the thickets at the edge of these marshes being not unlike its native jungles.

On the day when the writer visited the place it was hot, heavy aired, oppressive within the long house of corrugated iron. The walls were lined with cases of extra strength. One of the visitors who was not an animal fancier, a showman or a Zoo curator, started to walk down this animal aisle. He was seized promptly by the arm.

"Hev a care about yeh!" said a hoarse voice. "Hev a care!" Walk in the middle! They're quiet now, but Nero or Leona or one of them tigers might put a paw out as easy as not. Yeh can't figger fer a moment if yeh're in reach o' them paws."

The passage of a few feet to the open door at the further end thus became a little journey of perilous excitement, to be made, shuffling sideways, for safety. The lions lay quietly, sulkily, half asleep. But the occasional twitch of an eyelid or shift of a great paw suggested unpleasant possibilities. The boxes, so innocent looking from one angle were explosive mines viewed from another. A tigress paced and growled, uglily awaiting the chance of a near approach. One could almost see her claws a-tremble. In the same room were a dozen of the great cats, leopards and jaguars, recently captured, not yet reconciled to bars or used to them, magnificent brutes all of them. It was the "real goods," fresh from jungles and forest fastness that lay there.

"We're a-goin' to move this here panther now," said the foreman as he pointed to an ugly-visaged, quivering beast, who, inside her narrow box, lashed her tail in contempt of her jailers. "We'll put her in that box there in the second row."

At first sight it seemed an incredible proposition. Nevertheless three broad-shouldered fellows did it readily in half an hour. What they called a transfer box, a narrow cage barred at the two ends and equipped with heavy handles, was brought into play. It was placed in front of the panther's cage, lengthways so that it covered but one-half of this front. Then the heavy bars were drawn out of the end against the cage. After this, corresponding bars were pulled, one by one, up from the front of the panther's prison. Two men crouched on these boxes so that their combined weight might hold them steady should the beast, despite her narrow quarters, make any sudden lunge or spring. There was now an easy entrance for the panther into the transfer box. The sole question was how to get her there. With the barriers removed it was as if the capacity of the original cage had been doubled. If the panther would only take the fancy to walk within the second box all would be well. But naturally she would not. She cowered angrily in her wooden lair, refusing all blandishments.

The time was one for gentle persuasiveness and ingenuity. The two men remained in their crouching postures on the boxes' tops. The third reached into the panther's cage with long iron rods. Skillfully he inserted these between the bars moving them over gradually, penning the panther up more and more, contracting the space she had while yet scarcely touching her. Soon she had little more than half her original domain. Cramped, and disturbed in mind at this remarkable procedure, she found her only refuge in the transfer box whose length stretched invitingly before her. A tin of water as an additional inducement had been placed at its further end.

Snarling, she crept sinuously inch by inch into the box, a gentle nudge or two hastening her progress. At last even the tip of her tail was in the new prison. The iron bars were jammed down. The panther was secure in her new quarters. The men raised the box by its handles and set it in front of the cage the beast was finally to go in, on the second tier. They pulled up sufficient bars of the new cage to admit her and again raised the bars of the transfer-box. The same tactics were repeated. Unwillingly again, with many a snarl which the other animals echoed to the full, the panther crept into the den assigned her.

"It's hard work, but no danger if yer careful, yah!" said the foreman, wiping the sweat off his face.

CUBA'S HELEN GOULD.

[Buffalo Courier:] Cuba has a rival to Miss Helen Gould, known throughout the island for her deeds of charity and philanthropy. Maria Abreu de Esteves is her name, and she owns large sugar estates in Santa Clara province and a theater in Santa Clara. She has for years devoted all the proceeds of the theater to the support of schools for women and children. When the war broke out her sympathy with the insurgents made her practically an exile in Paris, but she kept in touch with events at home, and whenever disaster befell the Cuban cause she cabled large sums of money to the revolutionists, always timing her gifts when the outlook was darkest.

When Maceo fell she proposed to other rich Cubans to raise \$100,000 to carry on the struggle. She herself gave \$40,000, her sister in New York added \$20,000, and other friends made the sum up to \$120,000. While giving thus freely in one year alone she lost between \$200,000 and \$300,000 because she sent word to the overseers to obey the edict of the provisional Cuban government, forbidding the grinding on the sugar estates. In gratitude for her patriotic assistance the revolutionary government offered to make an exception to the rule in her case, but she refused to set an example which might cause discontent among others. Her gifts throughout the war amounted to \$121,000 for Cuba alone, and with what she gave to Porto Rico and local charities in Paris made fully \$150,000. She has now returned to Cuba, and is actively engaged in relief work.

PANCHITA'S BASKET.

HOW SHE BROUGHT IT TO THE SEÑORITA OF THE FROUFROU SKIRTS.

By a Special Contributor.

THAT is what Panchita called them—"Keolimpets;" but how could a little Mexican girl who could not read or write or speak much English know that the odd conchitas which the little Americans sought and chattered about were key-hole limpets?

The little Americans came too much, anyway, on her beach, to gather her shells and look at her sea. And they stared so at Panchita; at her black hair and her beautiful eyes, half hidden by her long black lashes; at her bare brown legs.

Panchita's home was a red-tiled adobe, perched on the bluff, high up above the sand dunes, and her playground was the long stretch of white sand where the great blue Pacific came rolling in, always making music.

It was here Panchita searched diligently for the keolimpets which she wished to give to the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts, who lived in the Palace where Money was King.

Around the palace was an Enchanted Garden; Panchita knew because she had seen and it was there she had met the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts.

It happened in this way.

One day Panchita, under the house eaves, was making a beautiful plaza in the sand with yellow sea-primroses for trees; and the fountain in the center was to be a big keolimpet. Just then Guido came along, driving his stout burro, Polito. He had been up in the cañon digging up the twisted roots of the old live oaks for firewood (the trees had been cut down and burned, long ago)—and Polito was laden with great bundles on either side of his slim gray body.

Guido was Panchita's father, and, being very good-natured, he cried out:

"Come, little one, I go to the Palace to sell wood; wouldst thou like to go, also?"

Then Panchita's mother, coming to the door, said, "Guido, thou foolish one, has not Polito load enough already?"

But Guido begged, "Chita's but a feather weight; the so good niña, let her come."

And in a twinkling Panchita was on Polito's back, between the huge packs of greasewood, jogging along the hard beach, for the tide was low.

On one side was the blue ocean, with the whitecaps rushing in and breaking almost at their feet, and on the other the gray sand dunes in smooth little hillocks, with the red brown bluff rising up behind. After awhile they left the shore and tolled up the bluff where fine houses were built; and the road was so heavy Polito grew weary, so Guido hastened his steps by crying out some strange Mexican jargon and prodded him so well with a forked stick that he trotted on quite briskly.

Soon they came to a beautiful green park, and here it was that Panchita caught her first glimpse of the towers of the Palace where Money was King; and then almost immediately they came upon the Great Stone Wall, which surrounded on three sides the Enchanted Garden; and the fourth side was open to the sea.

Over the top of the wall Panchita could see great pink roses blooming. They seemed to nod their heads and beckon.

When they came to a gate in the Great Stone Wall, Guido beat on it three times with his forked stick, and, lo! it was opened in much haste and there in the entrance stood a stranger creature than Panchita had ever seen. He had a brown, shiny face like a nut, almond-shaped eyes, a bald forehead and a long black queue; he was dressed in a loose, white upper garment and wide blue trousers. And when he saw Guido and Polito and the wood he said:

"All litce, bling-im-in-here!" But when he saw Panchita, he opened his great mouth, full of white teeth, and cried: "Hi! where you get lil' gel? Heap big eye—lil' gel!"

And this so frightened Panchita that she covered up her face with the ragged ends of the old reboso which the good mother had thrown over her head as she started. For Panchita did not know that the strange creature was a Chinaman and that Chinamen are almost always kind to little children; so she did not uncover her head until Polito had carried her past the Palace where Money was King, and when she peeped out again there she was right in the heart of the Enchanted Garden.

And there in the shade of tall eucalyptus and yellow-tasseled acacia trees was stretched flapping blue and white canvas like an awning, and under this was a hammock and bright pillows, soft rugs and low, lazy-looking chairs. And there was a tea table spread with Beautiful Shining Things. There was The Young Man in a red golf coat, and Another in queer little short trousers, and with them sat the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts. She wore a blue gown of Shimmery Stuff and her hair was pale gold; jewels sparkled on her pretty fingers and on her arms were Glittering Hoops! And when she looked up and saw Panchita, she gave a little cry and sprang up and left The Young Man and Another, saying:

"Oh, señor! where did you get that dear little darling? Isn't she just Typical! Isn't she a Dream!"

This last she asked of The Young Man, and he said Panchita was "a Peach." All of which Panchita thought must be very nice, because the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts looked so lovingly at her and The Young Man had kind blue eyes.

"Mayn't I take her, señor?" asked the Señorita.

Now it pleased Guido to be called señor, so he bowed very low and said, "En veritat, señorita. Go little one with the so great lady."

And The Young Man lifted Panchita from Polito's back and she took the hand of the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts and went with her unafraid under the blue and white awning, and there she had chocolate and sweet-cakes which Panchita called dulces. And The Young Man and Another gave her silver pieces.

Now when Panchita opened her hand to take the silver, she found in her little moist palm the big key-hole limpet which was to have been the fountain in her plaza and which she had carried, unthinking all the way.

"Why, what have you there?" asked the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts. "A little shell? Oh! what a beautiful shell!"

Panchita shyly extended the key-hole limpet, saying: "Dis for you."

"For me? Oh, you little darling! Isn't it exquisite! It's the prettiest thing I ever saw. See, I will keep it always, and wear it here," and the Señorita took a silken thread and, putting it through the key-hole of the limpet, fastened it to one of the Glittering Hoops, smiling tenderly at Panchita, for the Señorita was a very Charming Person.

And when Panchita had eaten all her dulces and had two cups of chocolate and chattered a good deal in her sweet Mexican Spanish way, Guido came and carried her home.

But from that day she thought always of the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts, the Palace and the Enchanted Garden; and every day she hunted in the sand for the keolimpets which the señorita thought so beautiful and which Panchita hoped some day to carry to the Palace where Money was King.

Now when she found ten she began to wonder what she should carry them in and she thought of the Wonderful Basket woven with feathers and beads which Mother Ana kept hidden in the iron-bound box. This basket was an Heirloom and it had been left to Panchita by her great grandmother. It was very valuable; once an Americano had offered Mother Ana twenty pesos for it, but Mother Ana had said:

"I cannot sell it—no puedo—it is the basket of Panchita," and she had tied it up again safely in a bit of red handkerchief; but Panchita untied that handkerchief and hid her keolimpets therein.

Twenty pesos was a great deal of money, but Panchita thought she would like to fill the basket, soft and downy as a little bird, with feathers red and black, and carry it some day to the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts, when Guido went to sell wood.

But Guido never went again to the Palace where Money was King. The winter arrived; the rains came, the Palace was closed and the gate in the Great Stone Wall was locked. Then dreadful things befell. One night there was a storm at sea, and Guido, who was out in the fishing boat, never returned. Then the good Mother Ana cried and cried, and soon there was no bread to eat and very little arroz and polenta. Sometimes Panchita was hungry and went supperless to bed. Then it was that the good Mother Ana would take out the little basket, woven so fine with the beads and the feathers, and look at it sorrowfully. But, shaking her head, she would put it back in the strong box, saying:

"No, all else will I sell, but that I cannot; it was the old grandmother's last gift; it is the basket of Panchita; pobrecita, it will be all her marriage portion." But she did not notice the key-hole limpets within.

And then the worst happened. Mother Ana fell ill and the old Francisca came. Francisca was cross and stupid, but she was good to Mother Ana, who grew worse every day; and there was less to eat. Then Francisca would take out the Heirloom and say: "It shall be sold!" But even she did not discover the ten key-hole limpets which Panchita had hidden there.

Fortunately just then the Rich Gringo came and bought the green chest of drawers, and they lived well, and spring arrived, but still dear Mother Ana grew worse and worse. There were strange doctors and at last the good priest, who said:

"Alas! when all is over what is to become of the pobrecita?" The pobrecita meant Panchita—poor little one!

"Madre de Dios!" cried Francisca, crossly, "Have I not enough mouths to fill? But I will shelter her, and the little basket will bring something. The last Rich Gringo offered forty pesos—think of that!—but the foolish Ana she would not sell. It is always 'the basket of Panchita.'"

And one night Mother Ana was dead and Panchita's little heart ready to burst with grief.

It was summer now and she thought of the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts. Francisca would carry her away and she would never again eat dulces in the Enchanted Garden, nor give the señorita the ten keolimpets.

Then Panchita had a great thought. She would steal away while it was yet dark and find the Palace where Money was King, and she would carry with her the Heirloom and the keolimpets; for was it not her very own—the basket of Panchita?

So she stole into the room where Mother Ana lay so cold and still, and she took the Heirloom, tied in Guido's old red silk handkerchief, with the keolimpets wrapped inside. Then she wrapped herself up in Mother Ana's silken reboso, which she would need no more, and trudged bravely away in the darkness to find the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts and the Palace where Money was King.

Now the way was long; the sands were heavy and tired the little feet; the great waves seemed no longer friendly, but grew blacker and blacker and rushed at her and roared like beasts tossing their white manes. But Panchita plodded on.

On the bluff road dogs ran out and barked at her and evil shadows fell. Panchita's feet grew heavier and heavier, but she kept up a stout heart and whispered a prayer to the Good Father who watches over little children. By and by the moon came out and Panchita discovered a great hole in the red bluff like a cave, and, being now very tired, she crept in and fell fast asleep.

When she awoke, the round, red sun was shining brightly over the sea of dancing waves, and a little brown gopher was sitting on his haunches, looking at her while he ate a nut. Panchita wished she had a nut, too, for she was very hungry and her lip trembled.

Just then she heard a curious rumble, so she crawled out of her hole, and there came a Ranchero in a rattling cart, and he stopped his horses and cried:

"Hello! you little greaser, what are you doing here?" Panchita did not understand—only that he had a jolly red face and gentle eyes, so she tried to tell him about the Enchanted Garden, pointing in the direction of the Palace where Money was King. Then the Ranchero laughed, for

he did not understand, but he said: "You as far as I go."

So Panchita crawled in the back of the cart, curled up in the hay.

And they rode and rode, and pretty soon Panchita caught a glimpse of the Palace and the Enchanted Garden.

The very same roses were nodding welcome to her.

Then she cried: "Stop, stop! I am here!"

And the Ranchero was astonished, but he did not say a word.

Panchita crawled out, saying, "Muchas gracias."

which meant, "I thank you very much, thank you very much."

When the Ranchero was gone, Panchita looked at the Great Stone Wall and thought: "How did I get in!"

Then she remembered Guido and the Enchanted Garden, she looked around until she found a piece of wood, and she knocked loudly on the huge gate three times.

And behold! again the gate swung open, and there was the very same Strange Creature, and he said to her, "Hi! what 'chou do, lil' gel?" and Panchita, frightened that she almost dropped the Heirloom, told him the ten keolimpets.

Now this was a desperate case; for Panchita, this Strange Creature shut her out over the Great Stone Wall, and she saw the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts, who would see her get into the Enchanted Garden.

her reboso together about her and boldly asked the Strange Creature could close the gate.

"Hi! there; where you go? Heap fool! you go to the Strange Creature; but Panchita sped on, trees and flowering things, until once more she was in the heart of the Enchanted Garden.

There was the blue and white awning, the bright pillows, even the tea table; but no Mother Ana. And the Young Man was not there, nor yet the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts.

Poor Panchita! Sadly she crept to one of the chairs, and dropping the Heirloom, robbed her of the key-hole limpets.

Suddenly she awoke, for standing over her was the Ogre, with red hair and bushy whiskers. He loomed in his hand but the red handkerchief was gone.

"By the beard of St. Patrick!" he cried, "a little dago. Get out o' this!"

And then Panchita began to cry.

Now when Panchita cried, she cried strongly. She even startled the Great Ogre, so that he said, "Bless the imp—listen to the lungs of a dago, noise, will ye?"

But Panchita wouldn't but cried the louder. Just then a Vision of Loveliness floated down from the Palace where Money was King, and she cried:

"Michael, what is the matter? What are you doing that child?"

The Great Ogre turned, abashed, and went to the Vision of Loveliness, with the Heirloom in his hand.

"Oh, Michael! that beautiful basket! What is it? It is a treasure, a wonder, and see, Michael, this inside?" She alone had discovered the key-hole limpets!

She looked at them with surprise; then she saw Panchita, still sobbing, in the chair; and she wiped her tears away, stared, and the Vision of Loveliness was no less than the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts.

"It is the basket of Panchita, mine own, and I give it to you and all the keolimpets."

And the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts took Panchita and clasped her about with her arms, which no longer were Glittering Hoops, and Panchita hid her head on the señorita's breast, while the broken English of Guido and the cruel sea, of Francisca and the Heirloom—and how she had the long way to bring it and the keolimpets!

And as she told her sad little story, the señorita clasped her closer and closer, and when Panchita saw the eyes of the Señorita of the Frou-frou Skirts were dim with a glistening sheen, she fast that it shut out the Palace where Money was King, the Enchanted Garden and all remembrance of the Glittering Hoops; and she bent over Panchita and said:

Then she took the Heirloom, and said: "Your little one you have given to me. What is also be thine." And she took Panchita by the hand and led her through the Enchanted Garden into the Palace where Money was King, and there she lived in afterward.

ISABEL RATES

A GIRL GARDENER.

[Washington Times:] Landscape gardening, of Miss Beatrix Jones, has attractions superior to any other society. She has adopted it seriously as a profession, and it ever so much more stimulating than any other.

Miss Jones is a daughter of Mrs. Cadwalader, belongs to the Four Hundred of New York, but it is a far greater distinction that she is the landscape gardener in this country, and that she has been chosen a member of the Executive Committee of the American Society of Landscape Architects.

Landscape architecture is the modern name for the old term, since gardening implies the raising of plants rather than the laying out of parks according to artistic standards.

In the two years that she has devoted to it, Miss Jones has achieved notable results, says the Home Magazine. She has designed the several new residences at Bar Harbor and other places. One of her most recent patrons was George W. Vanderbilt's estate.

Miss Jones does her designing in a studio fitted up for herself in her mother's home in New York. There, surrounded by objects of art, she sits at her drawing board, planning how to mold the landscape so that they will simulate the work of nature or the fairest groves of antiquity.

CHINESE

TITLES OF OFFICIAL WORDS USED IN

BY FAK GA

Chinese Int

people of at least half a century ago, and deeply engrossed with the most to forget other questions.

Yet there is such general ignorance in the land of the poppy that is explaining those who are in the land of the poppy.

ray of light is eagerly sought by the public. The following is a prolonged residence at the "Yellow Fellow," both casual reader and student of the latter a knowledge of the Chinese, British and large Chinese firms.

There is no obligatory at the government officials, yet like nothing else so much with the Emperor, the chief priest. Greatly government may be brief.

ending with the simple to the more complex, hierarchy begins with the district, which is a county. Foreigners as a district magistrate; embrace those of a judicial as well as of a judicial term is quite inadequate chain connecting private and is the hardest work any service. He never above the chi hien is the government, which is composed of fu (prefect) is the court under him; and the city as a "fu city," there prefecture or department of the residence of the respective prefectures. The of the termination "chi hien."

In order is the tao or chief executive is a g. (The Emperor is called who ever sleeps in his subjects. There is, who is really not essential, he is frequently dispersed, the highest official in the regular government is in this paper. The of the tsung tu or chi hien Governor-General, and supervises the affairs of the provinces have no tsung tu; a mistake of calling the chi incorrect, as there is a V. where duties are altogether. Sometimes there is a tsung tu—or, I should of them. Li Hung Ch. powerful chi tai or tsun Governor-General of the years; but he never will not abandon the subject.

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[January 12, 1921]

CHINESE TERMS.

TITLES OF OFFICIALS AND OTHER WORDS USED IN DISPATCHES.

BY PAK GAW WUN,
Chinese Interpreter.

one more statement—one which, I expect, will occasion a great deal of surprise to many of my readers—and that is, that, great as are the powers of the high officials of China, they do not embrace that of life and death. This rests solely with the Emperor. Except in cases of piracy and high treason (and then only when the case calls for pressing haste) the death penalty may only be inflicted after the prisoner has been duly convicted; the findings of the court retried and approved by a commission especially appointed from a body of high officials; the case reviewed and passed upon by the adviser of the Emperor; and, finally, the death warrant having been signed by the Emperor's own hand, and sealed with his private royal seal—not the public royal seal, which is sometimes entrusted to one of the viceroys, but a seal which never leaves the possession of the Emperor—the instrument is then read to the condemned man, and he then has the right to appeal to the throne to review any part of the trial wherein he was done an injustice. However, this appeal is rarely or never made; for the reason that, if it be found that the prisoner has made an appeal on false grounds, for the purpose of prolonging his life, he is subjected to cruel torture before the sentence of the Emperor is finally carried out. Popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, so sacred is human life held in China that it is hedged about with more safeguards than are known in any other country in the world. Of course, this is only absolutely true in theory, as there are, alas, only too many ways, even in our own enlightened country, of evading the best of laws. One way of evading the law regarding the death penalty in China is to inflict tortures of so rigorous a character that the poor victim either dies from their effects or inflicts death upon himself to escape from a worse evil. However, this is comparatively rare; much less common than many writers, I am sorry to say, seem to believe, or at least intimate.

Another provision of Chinese law (also evaded in exceptional cases) is that no official, no matter how high his rank, may hold office for more than three years in succession during any one term. In the case of Li Hung Chang this law was practically nullified; and it will probably be disregarded in the case of the Imperial Minister to the United States, Hon. Ng Tip Yeung (or, as he is now called, though the one just given is his correct name, Hon. Wu Ting Fang; he having adopted the latter name since his appointment.) All Chinese have more than one name; some quite a goodly number. The reasons for this are so complicated that I will not attempt to discuss them in this paper.

THE GABOOG TWINS.

THE STORY OF AN ATTEMPTED TRAIN HOLD-UP.

By a Special Contributor.

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his car. Yet the motion of his lips and his wild gestures, said as plainly as words:

"Don't stop! Go ahead faster than ever!"

It was an astounding order, or rather plea, to make, for who could judge of the situation better than the king of the cab? But the nervy young man had cause for his prayer, or it would not have been made. Jim turned his eyes again to the front. A tall man, in a slouch hat, with the dress of a cowboy, a mask over his eyes, and a Winchester rifle in his left hand, stood in the middle of the track, swinging the red lantern back and forth and round and round, as a command to the engineer to stop, and what engineer dare run past that danger signal?

Those knights of the lever are trained to think with lightning quickness. The glare flung forward by the headlight revealed that the man upon whom No. 19 was plunging like a cyclone was signaling and nothing else. The partial mask on his face left no doubt of his business, but relying upon the potency of the red signal, he had not taken the trouble to place obstructions on the rails.

In a flash Jim Harman released the air brakes, flung the reversing rod forward, and opened the throttle. No. 19, under the keen prick of the spur, leaped forward as if angered at the attempt to delay her. The miscreant standing between the rails was not quick enough to catch the significance of this, but he did awake to the fact that the engine was bearing down upon him with appalling velocity, and he had not a second to spare in getting out of the way. Few comprehend the stupendous speed of an express engine, and Abe, one of the notorious train robbers, known as the "Gaboog Twins," with all his nimbleness, was just a second too late.

While the attention of engineer and fireman was fixed upon the front, something of a still more startling nature was going on directly behind him. At the moment the express pulled out of Dinmore, a man climbed upon the front platform of the express car, where he stood to one side, unobserved in the darkness. When the opening of the furnace door of the engine in front threw a glare over the tender, the stranger stooped down to avoid detection by the engineer or fireman, who were likely at any moment to look behind them. He, too, wore a mask and carried a Winchester, and he was Zeke, the other Gaboog twin.

But Tim Haveman, express agent, was nervously suspicious that night, and not without good cause. Within the safe in his car, which was as vulnerable as rotten wood to dynamite, was a cool \$50,000 in yellow metal. The secret had been imparted only to Barnes, the conductor, and himself, but Tim knew how Satan helps his agents at such times, and he half-suspected that the Gaboog gang would learn in some way or other of the valuable shipment. If they did, an attempt to hold up the train was as certain to be made as the sun was to rise on the morrow, and rather than lose the treasure in his charge, Tim would have sacrificed his life.

He was on the alert, and the train had not run a mile when he became aware of that form on the platform, though the fellow himself did not suspect he had been observed.

"It is one of the Gaboog boys," muttered Tim; "and we're in for it!"

The door was locked so the fellow could not force an entrance, and Tim was armed cap-a-pie, as may be said, but it was exceedingly difficult for him to decide what to do. It was useless to open the door and attack the man, for he was alert and would get in the first shot. Tim was still debating with himself as to his best course, when Jim Harman applied the brakes and began checking the train with startling suddenness.

This made everything clear. The engineer had been signaled, and the gang was waiting in the dark woods at the side of the track. If Jim stopped, all would be lost, for no successful resistance could be made against this formidable band, and probably several lives would be lost. So Tim made his frantic signaling. His purpose was preëminently wise. If there were obstructions on the track that threatened to wreck the engine, no a p a l could induce Jim to run into them, but if the cause of stoppage was only a signal, the express agent was appealing to him to disregard it, and that, as we have shown, is precisely what he did, with excellent results for the train and disastrous ones for Mr. Abe Gaboog.

While Tim Haveman stood behind the glass in the front door of his car, peering out at the cab of the engine, the fireman drew open the furnace door. Instantly a flood of light streamed over the chunks of coal, which were tumbled about by the feet of a man who was gingerly picking his way over them toward the cab. His contortions were grotesque, as he strove to keep his feet. He flung out his arms like a boy walking a log, slipped, and once fell partly on his side. The huge pieces rolled forward under his tread, but the noise they made was drowned in the greater noise of the engine, and neither fireman nor engineer was aware of his approach.

But as the yellow glow bathed the tender, it was partially eclipsed by the form of the man, who looked as if he were stamped in ink against the gleaming background, as a passing ship is sometimes shown against the face of the rising moon. No doubt he was on his way to compel the engineer to stop his engine at the point desired—a method which is quite fashionable among those of his class.

It will be noted that no more favorable opportunity could have been given the express agent, for the miscreant did not look to the rear, when the door of the car was jerked open and the Winchester thrust out. And thus it was that on the same night took place the passing of the Gaboog twins.

GEOFFREY RANDOLPH.

COMPANIONSHIP OF FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"I'm sure that your father knows you love him, just as you take his affection for granted, but do you ever stop to think how little you have to say to him, day after day?" writes Helen Watterson Moody in the January Ladies' Home Journal. "How often do you find yourself at his side on the piazza, or by the sitting-room fire, really talking to him with the vivacity and interest you show Gertrude's father, for example? Sometimes he seems to want to talk, and asks questions to draw you out, but you answer so indifferently and with so little desire to keep up the conversation that he feels rebuffed and says no more. Do you know that he said to me on my last visit, when he spoke of you: 'Amy is a good girl and a bright one; I wish I knew her better, but she doesn't seem to find her father very interesting?' And, dear, there was feeling in his voice. Now I know you have not had the slightest idea of this."

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

'A Chinese Den With Gold Dragons.

W T. A.: NEW YORK CITY, writes that he would like to have a scheme for a Chinese den. Having recently returned from China, with some fine panels of the open brass screen work used there, and many beautiful embroideries, he solicits my aid in the artistic arrangement of his den. As he prefaces his letter with the remark that he would like something different from the red, so popular for dens, and says that many of his embroideries have green back grounds. I would suggest the use of a predominating green, with the brass and gold effects in this den. Green and gold can be made just as attractive in combination as red and gold, and as you justly remark, the latter has been much used. I like your idea also of keeping your den purely Chinese in scheme, and in doing

figured cretonne would look well in this room if you mean to use it daintily; if you want something for hard usage, a corduroy in moss green or a cold leaf green would be better. Nothing would go better in furniture with this scheme than the natural willow. A rug of moss-green Brussels in a fine white matting or a dark polished floor would be the proper floor covering.

A Narcissus Dining-room.

S. M. V.: Los Angeles, says that she has made a great success of dyeing ordinary coarse cotton a strong rich green for her dining-room curtains. She has a rug made of two shades of green rags, woven together, her dining-room is in rough gray plaster with antique oak woodwork and furniture, and she wishes to know just how to arrange this scheme to obtain the best effect. Have your green-cotton curtains from brass rods at the top of your windows, letting them fall in straight folds to sill. Against the glass hang sash curtains of a soft pale yellow thin silk. These should be rather full and hang in conventional-looking folds. Now on your sill in front of these curtains, set Chinese bowls of narcissus or Chinese lilies. Embroider for your table and buffet doilies having borders of narcissus

decide for me. I have a small table of mahogany, and thought with a blue I could have my hall furnished with it. I also have the woodwork mahogany. Shall I use in papering?" You will use some hall, if you use mahogany. Wood finish and crimson paper on your crimson or a mulberry red goes with this wood, and leading into your parlors, the effect would be charming. Blue for your hall it may be that your carpet with blue which you wish to use is the case, you need not hesitate to use with it. A rug with blue in it would and warmly with the red walls. My scheme for your parlors with the use of a bow of ribbon on the chair. Your chair will have much more dignity and not decorate it in this way. The dining-room, in conjunction with oak or I think I would prefer walls of plain unless you are prepared to buy a very fine paper having gold figures, use it with it, and generally furnish up to readily perceive how much extra expense. You will find ingrain paper in a blue green, and the effect with black upholstery and artistic.

A Setting For a Picture.

L. C. D.: writes that she has a very
ing which she wishes to feature in her
is an Arab in white on a richly-capi-
fore the entrance to a tent. The darent
yellow, beneath an intensely-blue sky,
in the doorway of the tent is a clear
wishes with true artistic instinct to
her hall so as to give this painting (v
really magnificent) a proper setting,
she wishes the scheme of her hall t
harmony with the painting. From t
the picture, I should judge that taw
yellow tan, would form a good backg
dinierie, buy one of old Algerian brass
Turkish taborette. A small palm wil
In buying your oriental rug for the
much blue in it. Let some of the gl
of the crinkled amber kind and hang
dull old blue brocade. If you can f
gauze, that is, a thick and thin aeth
fringe of long tasseled cords, use it a
If you have among your collection of
or Moorish lamp, swing it where its
the picture. A crouch with embroide
lons would be in order also.

P. L.: writes to know why some of the published recently in this department attention, a very beautiful room which belongs. A confusion of titles was the cause and I am glad to rectify this mistake. However, that in the selection of my film never guided by anything but the art introduced in the architecture or furnishing, frequently unaware of the locality of the

Crystal Wedding.

I may be giving you a hint of something to you when I tell you that I once sent letters on cards of Isinglass. I remember very pretty and original. I would save



A BEAUTIFUL ROOM

So would warn you to avoid the possibility of a resemblance to a tea room decorated in Japanese style.

Never having traveled in either of these countries I cannot tell you just where the difference lies in the decorative effects produced in them, but I have made a thorough study of the practical application of the artistic productions brought to us for our own needs from these two oriental countries, and will give you the benefit of that study. Of course nothing so suggests Japan to the decorative sense as the airy pink-and-whiteness of the cherry blossom. Nothing so effects this as lines and delicate traceries of teak wood; the fairy-like effect of daintily-made lanterns in brilliant colors falling in most exquisitely with this style of adornment. Now I have given you as clearly as I can in a few words, my ideas of the suggestive possibilities of Japanese art. To my own sense of these things, heavy carvings, brass work, rich embroideries in strong colors, etc., give a Chinese result. As I have said, I cannot speak by the board as to what the Chinaman does with these things in his own home, but I know what rich effects we can obtain from them. I would panel the walls of my den alternately with the embroideries and the brasswork. Have the wall behind the brasswork colored a plain green, and set your screen out far enough from this to permit the introduction of electric lights behind it. Your heavily-carved teakwood chairs should have cushions of red satin with Chinese embroidery. Set them stiffly against the wall, and between each pair of chairs place a teakwood stool, holding smoking paraphernalia, ash trays, etc. Use the two beautiful pieces with gold dragons, for a folding screen of two leaves to set anywhere in the room. It will serve to break the stiffness, and will make the piece de resistance, which will give character to the den. Near this screen place your bronze jardiniere holding a palm. It should be set upon a teak stool about eight inches high. Behind the screen would be arranged a comfortable couch covered with an old Chinese rug. These rugs, if you can get the real antique, are very beautiful, and have a distinctive Chinese character. They are, however, rare and expensive. You could substitute an Anatolian having a good deal of solid tawny background if you cannot obtain the old Chinese. These rugs should also, of course, cover your floor.

Concerning Black Paint.

Mrs. M. L. G., writes: "Relative to your scheme for a violet bedroom in issue of December 16, would be pleased to know what kind of black paint is used on the woodwork, and whether the effect is a dull or glossy finish. Is the paint used in the furniture the same as that on the wood work? What kind of a couch would be suitable for such a room, and would the natural colored willow chairs look well here? Also please tell me what kind of floor covering would be most desirable. The black paint that I so often refer to as being desirable both for wood work and furniture is not mixed with varnish; when first put on it has a dull finish, but is susceptible of high polish with a cloth. It is known to painters as "Drop Black." A couch painted black as to the woodwork, and unholstered in a violet

on white linen and cover your lamp with a shade of pale yellow silk.

A Crimson Hall With Mahogany.

Mrs. D. H. M., writes: "I am planning to fix up a house of eight rooms, and am going to repaint and re-paper throughout and get some new furniture. I am going to have new carpets everywhere. The back and front parlors are to be papered in a pretty, medium shade of plain green paper (or would figured be prettier, say gold figures). Is it very much more expensive?



A HANDSOME DUTCH DINING-ROOM

I have not priced it. The woodwork is to be black in here, subject to your approval, the carpet to be a mixture of red, green and black. There will be a few new pieces of Flemish oak furniture. A rosewood piano, a piece or two—by way of variety—of some pretty green rattan. This decorated perhaps with a red bow of ribbon. A couch in red with various-colored cushions. Now, having planned so far, I cannot make up my mind as to my hall and dining-room. The dining-room is a northeast room, the parlors being south and west, and my furniture is light oak, which I expect to use. Now, how shall I paper? Woodwork also oak. I had thought of a delft-blue dining-room as being pretty, and as I have to get a new set of china, I thought I would get the blue and white.

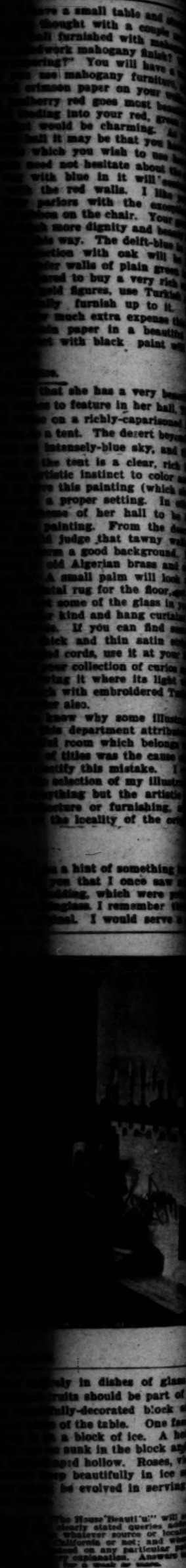
Now I had wanted blue in my ball. I wish you would

such an affair entirely in dishes of plates, crystallized fruits should be prominent and a beautifully-decorated block form the center piece of the table. One to serve salads is in a block of ice. A depth required can be sunk in the block out leaves a bowl-shaped hollow. Roomed and any flowers keep beautifully in the original ideas might be evolved in serving these crystal blocks.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" is possible, all proper and clearly stated queries care of The Times, from whatever source they write, be a resident of California or not, and have been clearly understood on any particular privately, making necessary explanation. And

[January 12, 1921]

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.



from a skyscraper.

WILKIE of the secret service has received a telegram announcing the arrest in San Francisco of William Benton Fritch, father, and Emmett Benton Fritch, son, on the charge of counterfeiting. The story of the capture of these men is so out of the ordinary as to merit attention.

With a workman high up on the new postoffice building in San Francisco noticed two men at work in the corner of a building some distance away from the postoffice. One of the men went to a window and looked at an object in his hand. The workman, who was a counterfeiter, reported his suspicions to the chief of the western division of the secret service. He was a field glass, and Wednesday morning he was on the postoffice building with the workman. He watched the operation of the two

men as they made him certain that the men were not counterfeiters. On Thursday he went to the postoffice with a search warrant. On being refused admission he broke in the doors and found the men doing their work as usual. In the room was found \$3,000 in counterfeit money and gold pieces. Fritch and his son were taken to the postoffice, where they were held until they could be taken to the postoffice. When detection would not be so easy.

as an Anesthetic.

The operating-room of the surgical department of the University Hospital today was given the most recent demonstration of the practical uses to which ether may be put that has yet come to the attention of the medical fraternity here.

Dr. Van Buehler, suffering greatly from rheumatism and attendant ailments, went to the hospital in search of relief. Dr. George Van Buehler, the only thing to do for him would be to sear the nerves on his spinal column. Dr. Van Buehler refused absolutely to take ether. Dr. Van Buehler would not attempt the operation without an anesthetic.

A young man who went to Cuba during the Spanish war, happened to be in the hospital. He was asked to hypnotize Kneeland. He was anxious to have the experiment tried. He was in front of Kneeland, and in the usual manner he hypnotized him. When it was clear that Kneeland was completely under his influence, the doctor gave a signal to Dr. Van Buehler's assistant. The iron was put in an alcohol flame to heat. Dr. Van Buehler said to Kneeland: "Now, I am going to sear your nerves. He will run his finger along your backbone, but it won't hurt

him. He was turned on his face, and Dr. Buehler ran the iron across the delicate nerves, searing them. The patient chattered with the patient. The scent of the iron and nerves filled the room, but the patient did not notice it. His wounds were dressed, and he was returned to his normal condition.

That the operation had been performed, but he did not know it, and did not until the dressings were removed. He was shown his back in a mirror. He said he was smarted somewhat, but declared that he felt no pain whatever while he was being seared. A dispatch to the Philadelphia North

played Santa Claus.

The family of W. Dewees Wood, living at 1000 Myran avenue, Pittsburgh, was at dinner. A sneak thief "worked" on the upper part of the house. A grandchild of Mr. Wood, a year-old Marie, a granddaughter of Mr. Wood, was going upstairs during the meal and saw the man's room.

He was called with a warning finger to his lips, to be quiet. "I'm Santa Claus, and am just looking at you. What I will leave at this house." He went upstairs, stepped out to the roof of a porch and disappeared.

He came downstairs to tell her nurse that she had been stolen. An investigation followed, and the robbery was discovered. The man got away with about \$300 in cash and jewelry. [Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Hand.

MYERS of Hanover, Pa., is a good penman, but he has no hands, and an expert boxer without

his hands were blown off twenty-five years ago by a stone quarry when he was a boy. To save his life it was necessary to amputate both arms at the elbows.

During the period of his convalescence he read a book of self-made men, and, encouraged by their example, he determined to make the most of life. He attended to his recovery and prepared himself for a new life. He began his life-work at once, and has been a teacher in the public schools of York and Lancaster for fourteen years.

He is a few of Myers' accomplishments: He is an expert penman, holding the pen between the ends of his fingers. He is an accurate marksman. He plays pool and billiards. He is known as an expert with the boxing gloves. He is always ready for a bout.

He handles a gun deftly, and when he fires at a tar-

get he pulls the trigger by means of a leather thong attached to it. This he holds in his teeth.

Myers says he wore a pair of false hands once, but "only for appearance's sake," he adds.

The occasion for his unusual display was his wedding. He is popular in Hanover, and takes an active part in the politics of the county. He is secretary of two local societies, and his books are said to be models of neatness. [New York Journal.]

How a Time Lock Thwarted a Dying Man.

THE Presbyterian Church of Mt. Joy loses a handsome legacy by the decision of the Auditor in the estate of the Rev. David Conway, deceased, its pastor. In May, 1899, he was injured in a driving accident. The night he died he made his will, bequeathing \$5,000 to the church. When told that a bequest to a public institution had to be made thirty days before the testator's death to be valid, he gave H. W. Hartman an order for \$5,000 worth of bonds in the Mt. Joy National Bank, directing him to turn them over to the church. Mr. Hartman telephoned the bank cashier from Lancaster, directing him to send the bonds to him that night. The bank vault was closed, and the time lock prevented him opening it until the next morning. By that time the Rev. Mr. Conway was dead.

The bonds were delivered to Mr. Hartman, who held them pending legal decision. The auditor yesterday filed his report, declaring the gift void, and surcharging the executor of the clergyman's estate \$3,000, the value of the bonds and interest. [Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Diamond Ring in Hog's Stomach.

A REMARKABLE story comes from the town of Hornby, northwest of this city. Three years ago Miss Mary Smith, who has since married Peter Hagancamp, attended a husking bee at the home of her uncle, George Smith. During the evening she lost a diamond ring she had been wearing, and it was thought that it had fallen from her finger among the ears of corn. A thorough search did not disclose the ring. Later, for some reason, suspicion fell on a western visitor in Hornby, and when she left the village the ring had not been found.

George Smith killed a four-year-old hog a few days ago, and in cutting up the animal found the ring in the stomach. It was battered and discolored. The only explanation seems to be that the hog swallowed the ring in eating husks after the bee at Smith's three years before and that it had remained in the animal's stomach ever since.

Mrs. Hagancamp, who always believed that the ring was stolen, is now trying to learn the whereabouts of the suspected woman to apologize to her. [Coring (N. Y.) Correspondence New York Sun.]

A Very Useful Man, Though Blind.

THE little village of Lexington, Lesueur county, Minn., has a blind postmaster. For more than thirty years Hiram Baxter has served the people of the village and surrounding country to their entire satisfaction, and nearly all of this time he has been blind.

He also has a small general store and an inn, where he keeps the traveler who needs a meal or a night's lodging. He has a wonderful memory, and can always tell whether there is a paper or letter for anyone who calls.

His wife or son calls off the names when the mail is distributed, and a letter may lie in the office for two weeks, but when the proper person calls he remembers it. He can put his hand on any one of the 120 boxes and give the name of the owner.

In the store he has a more accurate knowledge of where everything is than a person who can see.

His hearing has been cultivated until he knows every one of his regular customers by their voice, and when one of them calls out "Any mail for me?" he answers yes or no with as much assurance as if he saw them.

In money matters he favors coin, and can count it almost as rapidly as a person with good sight.

He keeps several cows, and cares for them himself. Each cow wears a bell, and by this means he finds and drives them up from a large woodland pasture. They seem to realize that he is different from other people, and no matter how much he runs against or stumbles over them they never move. [St. Louis Republic.]

Sixteen Hundred Diamonds Thrown Away.

IN A fit of abstraction, John Davis, member of a firm of diamond merchants, while walking down Victoria street on a recent morning, pulled an old envelope out of his pocket and commenced to tear it up.

When he reached the last section the terrible fact dawned on him that it was the envelope in which were some sixteen hundred small diamonds, valued at \$500, and that he had been sowing these broadcast over a public thoroughfare.

The news spread with lightning-like rapidity. Shopkeepers looked up and came to the more lucrative occupation of picking up diamonds, while for a mile around an errand boy at his ordinary work was a phenomenon. Such a scraping of the street with knives and sticks had never been seen.

As it happened, most of the lost stones went down the cellar grating of a jeweler's shop. Ingenious youths fished for them with a piece of soap attached to a stick, and reeled in three prizes at a time. Others sat in the gutter sorting an anxiously-guarded handful of dirt. Still the crowd grew. At one period over fifteen hundred lads were to be seen hard at work. From noon to 7 o'clock the street was nearly blocked.

When night fell candles, lamps and lanterns were brought to aid the indefatigable hunters for treasure trove,

and the scene presented could only have been done justice to by Hogarth.

About half the diamonds have found their way back to their rightful owner. Some were sold to a shopkeeper, and the rest, like the graves of a household, are scattered far and wide. [London Express.]

A Burglar-timing Machine.

YESTERDAY, at the Chertsey Petty Session, George Miller, an engine fitter, and George Hilton, a plumber, neither of any fixed address, were charged with having burglariously entered the Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, Englefield Green, and stolen eleven platinum crucibles, two platinum cylinders, two platinum dishes, a quantity of platinum wire and foil, two silver dishes, and a microscope, together of the value of £82, the property of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India.

Prof. Matthews, demonstrator of chemistry at the college, identified the property, and said the platinum was worth 85s an ounce. The things were stolen from the laboratory, which was attached to the main building by a covered way.

Prof. McLeod produced a paper showing that the disturbance among the chemicals took place at 2:15 a.m. The information was supplied by an automatic barometer. [London Telegraph.]

Pleaded Fraud as a Defense.

ONE of the oddest defenses to a charge of violating a law heard of in some time was that made by Attorneys W. J. Overbeck and N. R. Park before United States Commissioner Adler in the case of S. W. Bramley, charged with using the mails in a scheme to defraud. He professed to be an astrologer.

His attorneys argued that astrology could not be considered a subject for fraud and deception, because the falsity of its pretense is presumably known to everyone, and therefore no one could be deceived by it. They declared astrology is not a science; that it is intrinsically false, and the public has long since been taught through the schools, the pulpit, the newspapers and other agencies that it is a fake, and public opinion has been shaped to so regard it. They declared that everyone thinks it is a delusion in the same category with witchcraft and such superstitions.

Commissioner Adler inclined to the view taken by the attorneys, but said he preferred to have the charge go before the grand jury and that a higher court pass upon the question raised. However, he let the accused go on his own bond. [Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Where Women Pop the Question.

THE beaux of Zambesi file the middle teeth in the upper jaw into the form of a swallow's tail. In one province of Tasmania a rebellion nearly broke out when orders were once issued forbidding the use of ochre and grease, for the young men feared the loss of favor in the eyes of their countrywomen. Among the Guarayos the suitor, when courting, keeps for days close to the cabin of the mistress of his heart, being painted from head to foot and armed with a battle club.

The Melanesian women do the courting. When a girl likes a man she tells his sister and gives her a ring of string. The sister says to her brother: "Brother, I have good news for you. A woman loves you." If willing to go on with the affair, through the sister, an appointment is made, and the following dialogue takes place:

The man says: "You like me proper?"
"Yes, I like you proper, with my heart inside."
Unwilling to give himself away rashly, he asks: "Now you like me?"

"I like you altogether. Your skin good."
The girl, anxious to clinch the matter, asks when they are to be married. The man says: "Tomorrow, if you like." There is a mock fight when they tell their relatives, and everything is settled.

In Maori land, the girl generally begins the courting. The love-token which the girl throws at the feet of her lover is a little bit of flax made into a sort of half knot. "Yes" is signified by pulling the knot tight; "No" by leaving the matrimonial noose loose. [Leitlie's Weekly.]

A Banker for Thieves.

THAT man has struck out quite an original line," said a detective the other day, indicating a respectable-looking man in a London east end street. "He's a 'thieves' banker.' Not that thieves are a thrifty lot, but there are ways in which the 'banker' is useful."

"Just after a burglary, when the detectives are paying surprise visits and searching suspected persons' dwellings, it would mean certain conviction if they found, say, £30 or £40 stowed away in the thieves' lodgings, so any gold they've stolen is entrusted to the banker for a few days. Sometimes a burglar, starting on a fresh 'crib-cracking' expedition, will leave any gold he possesses with the banker, in case he gets 'lagged,' or lest he be robbed by a brother thief."

"Again, if a housebreaker is 'nabbed' just after a successful burglary, and knows he is in for a long sentence, he sends word to the banker, and he takes care of the money for him till the thief comes out of prison. This man is known to be well-to-do, and they know they can trust him."

"This banker has worked his game for years. In one instance he paid a convict's wife £1 a week for two years, from money placed with him for that purpose, while her husband was in prison. In another case a bank thief entrusted £350 to him, previous to undergoing fifteen years' penal; and as he charges a small fee, gives no interest, and is said to have invested the money at 10 per cent. for the whole time, he must have done well. Why don't we stop him? Well, he is too artful. He keeps no money in his house, and doesn't receive stolen goods, and we can't prove anything. We caught an imitator of his, though." [Answers.]

Los Angeles at 8:35 a.m.

a.m. Returnline arrives.

General and Local Meeting News.

13. Southern California by Towns.

with his assistants. Pedro Lachica,

a bogus policeman, condemned for

brutal robbery.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS

TACOMA (Wash.) Jan. 12

(January 13, 1901)

Illustrated Magazine Section

viewer.

D. The Century
C. Parker.]

ESSAYS.

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and manner. The minute descriptions of
laborer are delineated with artistic fidelity. Some
of the women of the book are dainty sil-
houettes. This pictorial record will have value in the
future as an illustrative chronicle of the Vanity Fair
of our time. The book comes from the press of J. W.

Wittington Family. Drawings by
Allen Gilbert. Life Publishing Company, New York.]

the New York

The Chief of the United States Weather Bureau,
Washington, D. C., has issued a Meteorological Almanac
for 1901, which is a weather guide, according to the
needs of the farmer, the horticulturist, the ship-
owner, the merchant, the tourist, the health-
ful, and for those who wish to learn the art of
weather forecasting. The book contains an instructive
introduction on "The Construction and Use of the
Weather Map," which is illustrated by numerous
sketches. The sketch on "Climates and Storms of Our
Hemisphere" calls attention to the great benefit
which will result from a storm-warning service organ-
ized in the Philippines. The writer calls attention to
the progress of this time, in which the telegraph joins
with an electric touch and the scientist is
able to trace out many mysterious physical laws.

Weather's Meteorological Almanac and Weather Guide,
By Willis L. Moore. Rand, McNally & Co., Chi-
cago and New York. Price, 50 cents.]

the Philippines.

The novel tells the story of the saving of Dick Car-
son from death by Aginaldo, who retained him as a
prisoner. A Filipino surgeon made him useful as an
assistant. The description of the armies of Filipinos,
at the time of the coming of Dewey are in the tale.
The book is the opinion of Gen. Otis and Aginaldo,
and all the perils of Dick Carson before he made his
escape. The author, a war correspondent, is one of
the contributors of Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Aginaldo's Hostage. By H. Irving Hancock. Lee
Benson, Boston. Price, \$1.25. For sale by C. C.

the Stage.

The new prominence in light opera in the United
States as reported by this author as by no means as
prominent as the women of high rank in the same line of
work, and thus the compiler's selection of the persons to
be included in a volume dealing with the operatic com-
munity can be made without great difficulty.
The material is plentiful," says the writer,
and has been written exhaustively of Francis Wilson,
J. P. Jones, Walter Jones, De Wolf Hopper, Richard
D. Thomas, Q. Seabrooke, Frank Daniels, Jerome
K. Daly, Henry Clay Barnabee, Henry E. Dixey,
Richard Carle, Digby Bell, Jefferson de An-
tonio, F. Bailey and others. The book is illustrated
with many of the comedians. The work con-
tains anecdotes of the profession, and depicts some-
thing of the struggles of stage life in winning dramatic
triumphs. To be able to radiate fun and jollity, and pro-
duce infectious laughter, is the aim of the craft,
and this effect spontaneous and lifelike is an
achievement (so lightly estimated). The book is well
bound in the paper, and exquisitely bound in garnet
and gold. One of the Stage Lovers' Series of the Colo-
nial Press, which is electrotyped and printed by C. H.

Comedians of Light Opera and Musical
Comedians. By Lewis C. Strong. L. C. Page &
Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

Thought at Random.

Author of this book has put together a series of
thoughts in prose and rhyme which illustrate many
of the little book abounds with optimistic philoso-
phy, and the freaks of human nature engage the pen of
the author. Among subjects of suggestive interest are
"The California Dialect" and "The Gold Seekers."
The book is bound in maroon and gold, and the excel-
lent type and paper do credit to the publisher.

Thoughts. By Guy Alby Buell. Published by Record
Company, Stockton, Cal. Price, \$1.]

the Life.

of the liveliest lessons to give a child is a knowl-
edge of bird life. The work of this author would prove
a most helpful assistant. The reader is first reminded of
the wisdom of the bird creation, and dainty, illustrated
pages are given of the breakfast, dinner, tea and sup-
per of birds, which could not fail to interest a child's mind.
The birds' nests and eggs of birds furnish two en-
tertaining chapters. A dainty lesson is taught in the
study of birds' plumage and their exquisite markings.
"Flight and Flight" is an especially suggestive chapter.
"Songs and Call Notes" should interest every lover of
birds. The whole production will awaken a new interest
in birds and teach children a nobler reverence for the
work of God's creation. This book alone should enlist
the hands of merry among children to plead for the
protection of birds. They should become so much the
dear friends of the air that the sight of a
bird on a hat would seem in its true light, a cruel
crime. The little book, in green and gold cover, is beauti-
fully illustrated with many forms of bird life. The 300
pages are from photographs by C. Keaton.

The Bird Friends: A Book for All Boys and Girls. By
C. Keaton. F. L. S. Cassell & Co., London, Paris,
New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Fowler Bros.]

the Book.

The monthly number of the Book Lover comes with
attractive cover, paper and print for January and
February. The magazine contains well-selected literary
material. Among its numerous contributions are "Pri-
vate Illustrated Books," "Hawthorne's Warwickshire
Sketch," "Two's Rank as a Writer" and Bret Harte's

"Favorite Novelist and His Book," which is a tribute
to "The Count of Monte Cristo." The Book Lover is a
San Francisco publication, and will be issued six times
a year.

A suggestive and noble illustration is given in the
frontispiece of the Century Magazine for January,
which is taken from Cole's engraving of the old masters,
"The Shepherd's Chief Mourner," was painted by Sir
Edward Landseer and engraved on wood by Timothy
Cole. The illustration is that of a rude interior. The
central shadow is the long, dark coffin, over which is
thrown the shepherd's plaid. A dog hovers over the
dark box, his head on the folds of the cover. The pic-
ture is a beautiful delineation of the love and faith
which is stronger than death.

Lippincott for January contains Cyrus Townsend
Brady's complete novel, "When Blades are Out and Love's
Afield." The story has a military theme, and intro-
duces Cornwallis and Gen. Washington. J. G. Sande-
son writes of Cornell College life in "The Personal
Equation." "The Story of the President's Message" is
a graphic sketch of newspaperdom in the time of im-
portant telegraphic dispatches.

The World's Work for January is an enlightening
number, concerning the march of events. One of the
important contributions is that of J. D. Whelpley and
R. R. Wilson, on "Great Tasks of the New Century."
"A Wonderful Feat of Adventure," by Chambers Rob-
erts, is illustrated with the portrait of Ewart Scott
Grocen.

Guntton's Magazine for January contains Charles Burr
Todd's account of "One of Miss Gould's Private Char-
ities," which is the fresh-air home and school for chil-
dren in Tarrytown. Julius Moritsen writes of the
"Color Problem in Jamaica."

Alnslee's Magazine has a biographical sketch and
portrait of Claus Spreckels, the Sugar King, of Cali-
fornia. The number is supplied with fiction, varied
sketches, and lyric contributions and Henry Harrison
Lewis's illustrated delineation of "America's Largest
Water Works."

The January number of the Cosmopolitan has an in-
structive account of "The Paris Press," by Emil Friend,
which is illustrated with portraits of some of the lead-
ing editors who are associated with journalistic life in
a city of fifty-one papers. Brander Mathews contributes
his impressions of "Americanisms Once More." Vance
Thompson contributes an illustrated sketch on "Beauty
on the Paris Stage." One of the chronicles of antiquity
in New York is "Knickerbocker Days," by E. S. Mar-
tin, with facetious illustrations by Maxfield Parrish.

The American Review of Reviews for January comes
with its broad outlook on the "Progress of the World,"
its record of "Current Events," its amusing political
cartoons, and its contributions to general literature. A
sketch of Mark Twain is an illustrated contribution.
Nicholas Murray Butler's account of "President Gil-
man's Administration of the Johns Hopkins Univer-
sity," will interest the friends of that celebrated insti-
tution.

The Forum in the January number has an unusually
attractive list of contributions by eminent educators and
men of science. Robert Ellis Jones, president of Hobart
College, N. Y., asks in a thoughtful sketch, "Is the
College Graduate Impractical?" "New Problems of Im-
migration" are discussed by Prescott F. Hall. Max
Muller and His Work" has engaged the thought of A.
C. Williams Jackson.

The Popular Science Monthly for January has the
usual instructive index in fields of advanced thoughts.
T. H. Huxley's "Address Before the Anthropological
Department of the British Association" is illustrative
of the progress of scientific study. Prof. William
Henry Hudson of Stanford University writes "The Story
of Antonov," which is a literary study of a character
of the type of Robinson Crusoe which the scholar found
in an old unknown book of the British Museum. S. F.
Peckham writes a practical sketch on "Asphaltum for
a Modern Street." Prof. Newcomb continues his illu-
minative "Chapters on the Stars."

"The Reconstruction Period of the Southern States"
is the leading contribution of Woodrow Wilson for the
January number of the Atlantic Monthly. "The Em-
press Dowager," by R. Van Bergen, is a study of the
present diplomatic problem in China, in which the
writer predicts that unless precaution is used "the
whole of China may be roused to a war, compared to
which the late Boxer movement was mere child's play."
"The Child in the Library" is a pleasant dream picture
by Edith Lanigan.

The Black Cat, which announces that its columns are
devoted only to "original, unusual and fascinat-
ing stories," publishes in the January number its two
prize novelettes, "Margaret Kelly's Wake," by E. S.
Breen, and "When Time Turned," by Ethel Watts
Mumford.

The International for January advertises a new in-
struction course in Spanish. John Livingstone Wright
gives valuable data concerning the early traditions of
"The Valley of the Illinois," and tells something of the
life which is associated with the fame of Father Mar-
quette, Robert Caveller and Tonty of the Iron Hand.
The paper contains an illustration of the statue of
"Father Marquette in the Capitol at Washington," and
copies of old maps, one being that of Franquelin of
1684.

The holiday number of the Strand Magazine contains
an interesting illustrated sketch by Frederick Dolman,
"The Most Beautiful Woman in Painting." The number
is devoted to the festive season.

Good Cheer comes in the usual spirit of optimistic
philosophy. Though a small publication, it has the
amiable intention of radiating sunshine.

St. Nicholas for January comes with an entertaining
and instructive table of contents. "The Dawn of the
Twentieth Century" is a studious sketch by Tudor Jenks.
Ruth McEnery Stuart adds a characteristic southern
tale of "Martha Ann of the Evergreens." "Careers of
Danger and Daring" introduce "The Diver"—in an in-
itial illustrated sketch.

The Literary Era has a brief sketch by William S.
Walsh on "The Revival of Polemic Fiction," in which

Grant Allen's "Linnæ," Marie Corelli's "The Master
Christian," Mrs. Ward's "Eleanor" are mentioned as
illustrative of the new trend of fiction. John Gilmer
Speed in this number contributes an article on "Writing
for Periodicals," in which he speaks of the prominence
of women among American writers and the excellence
of the work they are producing.

Cassell's Little Folks for January, with its chronicles
of birds, flowers and fairies, its land of hide and seek
its dreams of blossom time and song, is a bright gift
to childhood sent with the new month of the new year.

The Ladies' Home Journal contains many useful direc-
tions for home keeping, for the care and education of
children, and offers practical suggestions for economic
living and dressing. Edward Caskoden continues his
"Blue River Bear Stories," and promises the greatest
bear story of all in the February number.

The American Queen for January contains Stuart
Erskine's interesting illustrated sketch, "Ti Land of
Burns."

Success for January has among its numerous tributes
to the century a sketch on "Problems and Personalities
of the Hour." "The Romantic Beginnings of Great
Newspapers" will interest journalists. "A Brilliant
Career for America" is predicted by various eminent
scientists and educators who have contributed to this
number.

Collier's Weekly, pictorially, has exhibited artistic
craft in its holiday editions. "Tunneling in New York,"
by John McDonald, will be read with interest by all
who have observed anything of the tremendous ob-
stacles of engineering work.

People and Things Literary.

The English novelist, W. E. Norris, is talking of vis-
iting this country for the purpose of giving public read-
ings from his books.

Hall Caine will winter in Rome, where he has just
arrived. He expects to complete his novel, called "The
Eternal City," during the next few months.

M. Zola is about to begin the serial publication of the
second work in the group of novels known as "The
Four Evangelists." This is the story of Mark, and is
entitled "Travail."

Thackeray's daughter is writing again—a series of
essays this time dealing with charming but forgotten
books. She calls them "Blackstick Papers," after the
good fairy in her father's inimitable little tale, "The
Rose and the Ring."

Holger Drachmann, the Danish poet, who has just
been entertained in London by English men of letters,
is a tall, white-haired man of unconventional and roving
spirit. He has made a vigorous translation of
Byron's "Don Juan" into Danish.

That Capt. Slocum's great adventure in "Sailing
Alone Around the World" is appreciated in naval cir-
cles is shown by the fact that his book has recently
been added to the list of works included in the crews'
libraries on American men-of-war.

"Laughter of the Sphinx," by Albert White Vorse,
has compelled a good sale by its novelty. The scene
is laid in the Arctic regions. A third large edition is to
be placed on the market at once, we are told by the
publisher, Drexel Biddle. It contains a glossary of
Eskimo words which adds great historical value to the
publication.

The Annual Report of the Board of Education and
Superintendent of City Schools, with rules and regula-
tions of the Public Schools of the City of Los Angeles,
Cal., 1899-1900, has been received from J. A. Foshay,
Superintendent of Schools. The work contains an ad-
dress by the president, Charles Cassat Davis, and vari-
ous addresses, and reports by representative educators,
and has a series of excellent illustrative photographs.

The library formed by Edmund Waller, the poet, and
his descendants, has just been sold in London. Two
books bore his autograph—a copy of the Marinius Ovid
(Frankfort, 1601.) and the Homer of 1606. Two other
important lots in this sale were Grollier's copy of the
Aldine edition of Horace, "Poemata," 1509 an untouched
specimen from the bibliophile's library and a copy of
the first edition of "Waverley" in the original boards,
uncut.

Ex-President Cleveland is writing for the Saturday
Evening Post a series of strong articles which will appear
in the magazine during the winter months. Some of these
papers deal with political affairs, and others with the per-
sonal problems of young men.

A cable from London says that "An Englishwoman's Love
Letters" is making a furor among reading people. The
London Academy has recently sent out a circular, asking
prominent authorities what are the two best books of 1900,
and in the replies this remarkable book of exquisite love
letters stands first, although only published a few weeks
ago. The American edition is issued by Doubleday, Page
& Co., who have just received a letter from John Murray,
the English publisher, who says: "You have the book of
the decade."

Gilbert Parker, author of "The Battle of the Strong,"
which has now reached 40,000 impressions, has been elected
a Member of Parliament from Gravesend, an old town lying
across the Thames from Tilbury, in London. Hildebrand
Harmsworth, one of Harmsworth Bros., the publishers of
a dozen or so magazines and periodicals, was his Liberal
opponent; but the novelist denounced the Boers, called for
a strong government in the Transvaal, rebuked the anti-
Imperialists, and won by a handsome majority. "The Battle
of the Strong" has been dramatized, and is now "on tour,"
Miss Marie Burroughs taking the part of Guida. The
novel has been continuously successful since its publica-
tion.

George W. Peck (ex-Governor of Wisconsin) has accepted
the editorship of the comic supplement of the New York
Sunday World. He is going to revive "Peck's Bad Boy,"
and will write a new series of "Bad Boy" papers. There
is no doubt but the friends of that entertaining urchin
will rally to his support and be glad to hear from him
again.

Los Angeles at 6:35 a.m.
Returning arrive

15. General and Local Sporting News.
13. Southern California by Towns.
Personal Mention: Men and Women

with his assistants....Pedro Lachica,
a bogus policeman, condemned for
brutal robbery.

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS
TACOMA (Wash.) Jan. 13

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

COLLARS FOR SPRING GOWNS.

WHAT PARIS DRESSMAKERS ARE TRYING TO FORCE IN THE WAY OF NECK DECORATIONS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE fashionable French dressmaker is trying to force the flat collar, reasonably arguing it is the proper companion for the 1860 sleeve. An extremely ingratiating model of the newest Parisian neck decoration is shown in stitched taffeta, over which a flat circlet of ribbon threaded lace is laid. For such a collar, a many looped knot of ribbons or a quaint cameo brooch is the proper finish.

Quite the nearest approach to the flat collar we have

a sprinkling of forty whites. There are no police, one constable and one justice of the peace being the only government representatives, yet crimes are unknown, and there is little lawlessness, a phenomenon locally attributed to the influence of the industrial school and its teachers.

Thirty-eight years ago Miss Laura M. Towne, a prepossessing little Pennsylvania woman, young and of influential connections, went to South Carolina in response to Gen. Sherman's order asking for teachers for the freedmen. She was set to work on St. Helena Island, when formerly the great cotton and rice plantations teemed with slaves, and the young volunteer teacher found abundant work. Later she bought an old homestead, got a friend, an Englishwoman, to bear her company, and settled down with the uplifting of the

before teacher and pupils understood each other, then only partially. "Please tell me your name," she was asked of a pupil, and on the girl being silent, the neighbor would nudge her and say, "Talk and tell him ax yonner." "Your name," the teacher asked again, and the timid scholar answered, "What?" It was only after three or four girls in succession had given the same name that Miss Towne discovered "Whada" to mean "What's that?" or "I don't know."

The school is well progressed now. Several graduates are teachers, and its influence has been the surrounding denseness, but the founders vividly the quaint hindrances at the start.

Numbers of these uninstructed were shy as they scuttled off to the woods, or under the banana trees, when a white person approached, and only with difficulty suffering anyone to look them in the face. The boys and girls were rigged out in the same sort of nondescript garments. Gender was to them unheard of, every being and every object being indiscriminately as "him." The parents were generally poor, and the teachers felt that they were dressed themselves to a baffling task. The eagerness to learn, however, once the school's name became known to them, was encouragement, and the universal love for music provided an influence more effective.

These descendants of the Gullah negroes have flute-like voices, their syllables are tuneful, and speaking. The native "spirituals" sung by the choristers on visitors' days and at services are almost sweet.

"Nobody knows the trouble I feel, nobody knows Jesus," is one of these harmonies sung by six boys, two with falsetto voices. And the girls sing with:

"Oh, sinner, go ring that bell, go ring that bell."

A temperance society, numbering 1500, also a "for reconciling offending friends," are outgrowths of the school. A law-and-order association, formed under Miss Towne's auspices, likewise thrives, and the home-protective influences is due the well being of black people on this island. Many negroes own twenty or thirty-acre farms, cows, poultry, mules and vehicles. If no wholesome influence within their territory none would penetrate from out, for no boats run regularly to St. Helena. It is predicted when St. Helena was virtually turned over to negroes after emancipation, the big plantations had been confiscated for taxes and cut up and parcelled out to the ex-slaves in small farms, that the people would revert to savagery. Many families among them, but lately over from Africa, and were still bringing water to the moon, trying to exorcise hags and bring to the ways of the jungle. But Miss Towne has been a mother and guardian spirit to them. Her is the only one yet going out of a half dozen on the sea islands. Where other philanthropic workers wearied and went home, she has kept firm. At home and life among these humble cotton growers, the refined people she draws about her has had same leavening influence that a college settlement in the city slums.

OLIVE F. GUNN

HARDY JAPANESE BABIES.

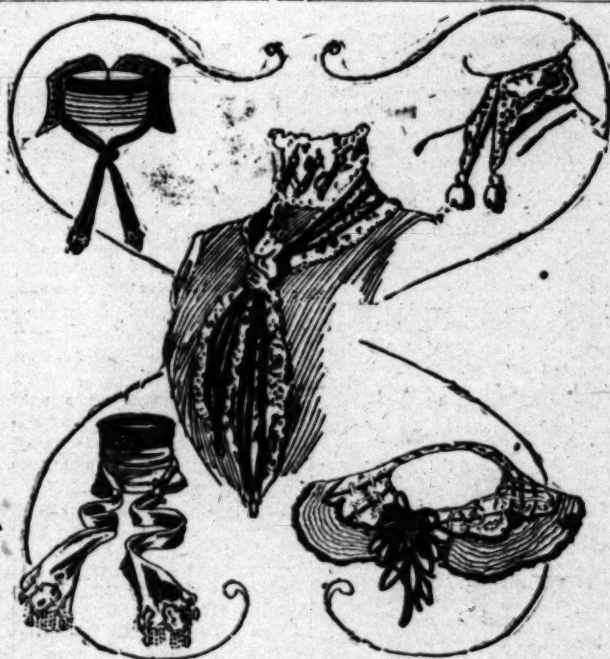
EXPOSED TO ALL SORTS OF HARDSHIPS, YET FATTER, HEALTHIER INFANTS LIVE.

By a Special Contributor.

According to our modern scientific ideas as to careful treatment of babies, those of Japan would have a hard time, and yet there are no fatter nor fatter-looking little mortals on the face of earth. We insist on a fixed temperature, on milk, and all sorts of improved things, while the Japanese baby gets a good dose of nature, and thrives on it. It is dressed and undressed in a temperature in winter, and in summer its tender eyes are always exposed to the full glare of the sun. It is carried on its mother's back. It is to be seen, however, that this latter treatment often does the eyes of the children, though they get over it in life.

The Japanese are a very cleanly race in all particulars, but these do not always embrace the baby faces, which are sometimes quite smutty. It suits the baby all right, in fact any baby would you that it was far more humane than that constant treatment with unsolicited soap and water. This is the reason that the Japanese babies are never to cry. Such a statement is an exaggeration of the truth; while they are good natured above the average, they can bawl as loudly as anyone when demands.

It would be impossible to find a more fascinating sight than a clean Japanese baby in its fresh state. These are made of crepe of the brightest and design and color. In winter the small head is covered with a worsted cap of the same shades. The black eyes look out of a round face which has the exquisite coloring of brown and deep red, and the hair is cut in all sorts of fantastic ways, just like the hair of the Japanese dolls imported into this country. The whole family take the deepest pride in the baby, and especially the father and mother, who are foolishly indulgent. Some parents seem incapable of denying their children anything, and many is the household entirely ruled by a small tyrant of a girl. In this way there are often spoiled children in Japan. The babies of the lower classes are generally



COLLARS FOR SPRINGTIME GOWN.

reached on this side, is a graceful rolling lace neck band, which does not rise very high under ears and chin, and is shaped in front in two long points finished with tassels of white silk floss falling from little balls of gilt. This and the afore mentioned type of collar are destined to play a prominent part in the completion of the foulards and sweet summer cloths already making springtime in the show windows.

Our American spring and summer, and the pretty round throats of our women are persuasive agents in the popularization of the low and easy neck finish. For the present, however, high and ornamental stocks and scarfs have the field to themselves. Only the extremely fashionable women who flaunt their new plumage well in advance of every season are swathing their throats in stitched chokers of white satin with wing backs of a contrasting shade of panne. All the narrow string ties of satin clasping the base of the choker in front display jeweled ferrets on their ends. Such a modish little stock in white, mouse grey, gilt and sapphire blue is illustrated in the group along with a powerful rival in black and peach pink satin. The black satin top shows a delicate vermicelli pattern of gold thread, and the lower tightly drawn pink satin, half is drawn about the stock twice, fastened with smart little gilt pins in front, and after tying in a four-in-hand bow lets fall two broad ends, fringed and embroidered in gilt.

Not less attractive than any of the other patterns shown is a fichu necktie that has been introduced for adoption with some of the pretty springtime waists.

It is no more nor less than an extra long lace barbe upon which straps of black bebe velvet ribbon are applied and made fast with ornamental gilt of jewel set buttons.

MISS TOWNE'S WONDERFUL SCHOOL.

SHE TENDS HER FIELDS IN THE MORNING AND HER CLASSES IN THE AFTERNOON.

By a Special Contributor.

A school that has no match anywhere in this country for economical adjustment and practical results is maintained on the island of St. Helena, down off the South Carolina coast. There the woman with the hoe is to be seen as a teacher. There are six of her in the faculty doing half-time work in the field, half-time in the classroom. During the crop-growing season the school commences at 11 a.m., to allow of teachers and pupils hoeing their cotton and garden vegetables. In the fall months, when it is important to get in the ripened crops at a certain time, the schedule of school duties is made even more elastic to suit family interests. But the rest of the year the classes run at full time and every department takes on additional stimulus.

Six thousand negroes live on St. Helena Island, with

negroes for a life's work. For a while the freedman's relief societies supported the school, Miss Towne bore her own expense. When public interest flickered out, she became financier in chief, and for years now donations from her own family and personal friends have kept the treasury going.

The school is a miniature Tuskegee, a modest Hampton Institute, doing as far-reaching and needed work in a sphere less talked about. It has a picturesque setting in the old mansion, surrounded by giant live oaks, fringed with moss. The economies practiced in the school are interesting. The normal class is taught how to make a blackboard out of the sides of a dry-goods box and blacken it with paint, or even with soot. The students learn how to make writing books out of parcel wrappers, how to teach geography from a map drawn on a black board, in default of a globe or printed map and how to teach history from memory, this method provided for those country schools whose scholars are unable to obtain books.

No fine wood-turning, or Sloyd is taught, for lack of funds, but the boys' carpentering teacher, a negro who acquired his trade in old massa's time, gives instructions in matters that will be actually needed in his pupils' homes. They are taught how to patch a roof when means are wanting to reshingle it. How to hammer out old stovepipe flat and put it round a pipe to prevent the roof from taking fire. How to make a cupboard out of a box. Taught to rip old boards apart carefully so as not to spoil them for future use. To splice a joist, to put new underpinning beneath a canting house, and how to do good work with antiquated or inferior tools. Graduates from Uncle Scipio's instruction go to Savannah or Charleston and find ready employment at their trade. Miss Towne's aim is to impress in her charges with the truth that their best place is in the country, and that labor with hoe, plow, and hand is honorable and to be desired.

The printing class with the smallest of hand-presses turns out creditable work, being stimulated to overcome obstacles by invention, and showing marked ingenuity. There is a sewing class continually in progress fashioning garments for the aged, and sick, and the new-born. Miss Towne does not believe in making the sewers selfish. Their profit from labor is the skill acquired, but the product of their fingers out of the material furnished goes to the poor. A cooking class proper cannot be provided on present funds, but lessons are given in hygiene and nursing and cooking, receipts to be tried at home and reported on. How to stew, fry and broil the oysters and crabs, with which the creeks abound; how to make "light" bread, and cook the indispensable rice and hominy that are standing dishes. Advice is also given on the civilized way of laying a table, instead of each member of a family taking their plateful of food off into a corner, as was the custom.

The island negroes are of different descent from the other southern negroes, and the chief obstacle that confronted Miss Towne and her assistant, Miss Murray, on opening the school, was the language. It was months

on the back of the mother the small brother is obliged to carry it. The "kimono" is made of pocket large enough to all head reaches the back of is carrying it. It is not children who are barely given peace on their eyes in horror, and expect movements are impeded another member of the family. At Nagasaki, among the only, you see many with way. The mothers work or the snow, and there bal thing, the top of its head means of the mother do not and she accomplishes as seems as if the babies of ANNA

ULTRA FASHION.

DRESSMAKERS BUSY ADDING BUCKLES.

By a Special Contributor.

The long, tight sleeve, making circles as the Dress all in the architecture of show windows are already and designs for their baggy wristed, Bishop or you may prefer to call the fashion-plate figure.

It is no exaggeration to sleeves will be alike, and that the floor sweeping and now years ago, will be so now a good big pouch in all want and the more puttings, and unexpected

January 12, 1901.]

the back of the mother or little sister; sometimes the small brother is obliged to be the nursery maid. The "baby" is made extra large at the back, with a small bump enough to allop the baby in, and its round back reaches the back of the neck of the person who is carrying it. It is not an uncommon sight to see children who are barely old enough to toddle themselves laden with a small brother or sister sleeping peacefully on their backs. At first you open your eyes in horror, and expect to see the small one stagger and fall beneath the weight, but apparently none of its movements are impeded, and it plays with the other children as unconcernedly as if not loaded down with another member of the family.

At Nagasaki, among the women coalers who coal the ships, you see many with babies on their backs in this way. The mothers work all day in the rain, or the sun, or the snow, and there baby sleeps indifferent to everything, the top of its head alone visible, while the movements of the mother do not seem in the least hindered, and she accomplishes as much work as the men. It seems as if the babies of this class were born stoics!

ANNA NORTHEND BENJAMIN.

ULTRA FASHIONABLE SLEEVES.

DRUMMAKERS BUSY SLASHING, PUFFING AND ADDING BUCKLES TO ARM COVERINGS.

By a Special Contributor.

The long, tight sleeve, technically known in dress-making circles as the Desdemona, will play no part at all in the architecture of the new spring gowns. The sleeve windows are already gay with spring dress patterns and designs for their making, and the full elbow, Bishop or 1860, or Eugenie sleeves, as you may prefer to call them, cover the arms of every fashion-plate figure.

It is an exaggeration to say that hardly two pair of sleeves will be alike, and that there is every prospect that the floor sweeping angel sleeve, worn some thirty years ago, will be soon engaging our fancy. Just a good big pouch below the elbow is what we want, and the more puffs, and lace applications and buckles, and unexpected bunches of chiffon, and buck-

been on sale ever since the Xmas holidays and most of these are made to hug the forearm closely with pointed cuffs to fall upon the wrist.

When a dressmaker sets out to make a rarely lovely calyx green cloth or gray creped voile for a spring trousseau, she decks the sleeve wondrously. A sketch is given of the arm of a beautiful cloth suit in the wardrobe of a February bride. This is of the new calyx green, and the sleeve takes the arm closely from shoulder to elbow. On the shoulder a cap of deep ecru Venetian tape lace is set, and the same lace wraps the arm from the elbows to the tucked puff of green chiffon that swatches the wrist. A model sleeve this is, but not more to be commended than the all lace ones on a reception gown of black chenille embroidered over white satin. A full-mouthed cylinder of dotted chenille out full to the elbow, from which a full bag extended to an embroidered cuff clasping the wrist is regarded as the perfected expression of what the Eugenie should be.

HELPFUL HINTS.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS OF VALUE IN WOMAN'S REALM OF LIFE AND WORK.

By a Special Contributor.

A New Aid to the Hostess.—Griselda is giving dinners that she may show off an Arabian outfit for after-dinner coffee making. The coffee is horrid, so some of her guests say, being jealous, but the method of making is fascinating. She has a little charcoal fire that stands on the table in a queer earthen receptacle. A quaint bellows is used to urge the fire to white heat. She keeps the unroasted coffee beans in a scarlet earthen dish, and makes a great show of selecting beans of good color (she didn't know a thing about all this before she got the lay-out a month ago.) The beans selected, she pours them into a little iron ladle and roasts them over the charcoal. They are done when they turn a reddish brown. While they cool in a shallow saucer, she sets a jug of water on the charcoal to boil, then, in a funny mortar, very narrow and deep, she pours the roasted berries, and with a heavy pestle grinds the beans. This saves all the oils of the bean, and Griselda declares that the chief part of the coffee flavor is in this oil. (Pooh! she used to use a plain steam drip thing before, and grind her coffee in a machine of us.) By

a small display, and are likely to supply themselves with more stock than they sell at regular price. The wise woman has had time to decide what style is really good form, and is reasonably sure to find it represented at a first-class sale. She gets her hat fresh and fashionable at a time when early season buyers are getting a bit shabby. She finishes this season and begins next with the hat. Often it is worth while to purchase gowns in this way, if one can assure herself that the gowns have not been used for display stock.

Hand Lines Not the Only Hints.—Palmistry is still popular. One can get a lot of books and study mounts, lines and all that, and not become very expert, unless she has a special aptitude, but any one can begin at once the study of hands, and gain in dexterity with each hand studied. Hands differ as markedly as do faces. One instinctively forms an opinion of a man from the way he looks, and it is easy to learn to modify that opinion by reference to the hand. In a little while one can make quite a hit at "reading character" from the palm. Of course the inferences will not by any means be drawn from the palm alone, but that is the palmist's own business, and need not be guessed.

A Frosty Theory.—The athletic woman lectures her friends on wearing too much clothes. She says that the air ought to have a chance to circulate next the skin, that it is a degrading thing to bundle up in furs. Heat is of our own manufacture, according to her, the result of activity and good physical condition, and so amount of imported heat will take the place of the heat we make for ourselves. We should dress no warmer in the winter than in the summer. Briak walking that allows the foot to bend should keep the feet warm. So give up your scalps, don't be degraded!

One Woman's System of Accounts.—Throw away your account book. Economy? Not a bit of it! All the accounts in the world won't bring back the money that is spent. Make-up your mind that you will buy only what you must have, lay out your money, in plan, beforehand, but after it is once spent, don't worry further. More women are run into nervous prostration by the tyranny of small accounts than by the pernicious habit of extravagance. Get over the feeling that each month your expenses have "run away with you." If you are conscientious enough to feel that way, you are probably mistaken. One woman worried herself sick over her household accounts. During her recovery she looked over her books, and, for the first time in her career of "keeping accounts," compared the months. She found that butcher, grocer, baker, gas, ice, milk, eggs, wages, coal and other expenditures that were a steady feature of each month had made a lump sum each time that had not varied \$5; that the amount spent for car fare, stamps, amusements, "pina and needles" and extras was absurdly small in proportion, and that it also did not vary more than a few dollars from month to month. She had put herself to bed for an expensive illness, all because she had not had the sense to do this comparing of months before. She is getting along beautifully now, and makes out her accounts before spending the money. That is the great secret. Try it!

Don't Let 'Em Ache.—The new-thought people warn mankind against giving way to physical ills. They argue that the body is no more a part of you than are your clothes. If your collar is tight, you do not submit and choke; if your coat is too close, you do not give up breathing. They claim that to dismiss the possibility of being restricted by the body, as easily as you dismiss the possibility of being restricted by your clothes, is actually to adjust such difficulties of the flesh as would restrict you. They point out that once you permit the physical side of you to dictate terms, you are forever enslaved. Everyone knows the course dyspeptics go. First, they "have to be a little careful of their eating." Presently they must be still more careful. Still they are not relieved. At last they come to a rigorous diet, and that does not satisfy the stomach. The new-thought people claim it never will be satisfied, so if you have a pain, just dismiss it haughtily. Say "nonsense, don't bother me," and see how it works. If it works, you will be saved doctor's bills and lots of bother. Under stress of circumstances ailments for which one has no time do sometimes disappear. The new-thought people would have us control this principle, to act always. When this is accomplished, whatever will the drug stores do?

Ventilation for the Hair.—One who will make a habit of brushing and combing the hair at night, and vigorously rubbing the scalp, rubbing till you feel the blood tingle, may be sure, if she inaugurates this habit before her hair has begun to fall, that her hair will keep its color and youthful quality. Even falling hair will often be brought back to vigor by such treatment. A good deal is said in favor of brushing the hair. Brushing cleans the hair itself, but it does not invigorate the scalp, as does combing, and neither is half as good as vigorous rubbing. When one begins she will find it takes a lot of rubbing to make the head tingle, but in a few weeks the first rub will start the blood. That tells its own story, for where the circulation is sluggish, there deterioration of vitality has begun. Where the blood runs freely, there life renews itself.

It is good to let the hair hang free at night, especially if one sleeps in a room in which outside air circulates freely. The roots need air. Twice a week braid the hair into little braids all over the head. Hair thus treated will keep a glossy look, yet not hang together, and it will turn back prettily in a pompadour with better effect than as if the curling irons are used. Besides, curling irons are ruinous to the health of the hair.

A BIG MENDING OF FRANCE'S TAPESTRIES.

[New York Sun:] A great mending of State tapestries will soon begin in France. The task of filling in all the worm-eaten parts of 233 tapestries will be done at the Gobelins establishment. Of these ninety hardly hold together. The cost will be \$140,000. The work will be spread over twelve years, because there are so few skilled workmen equal to it. The State owns in all 635 tapestries, made before the revolution. It is impossible to clear moths and worms out of those most needing repair without tearing them into rags. To employ chemicals in fumigating them would be to injure the colors. Parasitical life has been kept down by hanging the tapestries in strong, cold drafts of air, but in the long run the parasite has been more than a match for human ingenuity. These tapestries are a good deal used in decorating State palaces and embassies, but there must be nearly four hundred that are kept permanently in the Garde Meuble and only brought out on great occasions.



SLEEVE NOVELTIES FOR THE NEW SEASON.

and bebe ribbon we can contrive to array our arms better satisfied we all are.

The styles of sleeves are sketched in an accompanying group to show how wide the differences in our coverings are. One, and the most novel of the lot, is a pouched sleeve ending with ribbon ends and flaring just below the curve of the elbow. This is the ultra fashionable arm decoration for the latest spring frock. Already the dressmakers are busy up their needles and scissors for the fresh and delicate twilled cloth, and some of them are making a long close sleeve caught just below the turn of the elbow with a fancy buckle, which marks the sleeve through the lower half of the arm covering flares. A long close sleeve caught just below the turn of the elbow with a fancy buckle, which marks the sleeve through the lower half of the arm covering flares. A long close sleeve caught just below the turn of the elbow with a fancy buckle, which marks the sleeve through the lower half of the arm covering flares.

These sleeves promise to be one of the chief features of the fancy cloth coats worn through March and April, while members of the silk trimmed cashmere will have odd puffs of taffeta ballooning below the elbow, and many of the little old-fashioned slip under sleeves, into which bebe ribbon is woven, have

this time the water is boiling. She throws the loose coffee into it and lets the water boil up a few times while she stirs it with a stick, not any old stick but one that came with the rest of the outfit from Arabia. That sends out a fine aroma of coffee. Next she pours the infusion into Arabian cups. They have no handles, are very small and are set in metal holders. She uses an ordinary American strainer. Most everyone thinks that the coffee would be better if she put it in a bag, instead of dumping it loose in the water, but Griselda says that wouldn't be Arabian. The great advantage in the whole ceremony is that it makes talk. Overworked hostesses know how to appreciate that.

Buy Only the Complete Hat.—Don't let your milliner say that she will "trim you up something." The only safe hat to buy is ready trimmed. Its effect you can try. To see a hat in scarlet and trust to having "the very same thing done in black," is a delusion and a snare. It won't be the very same thing. Hats never duplicate. Lots of women who are too wise to rush into the early styles buy their hats at "sales." They go to the very best places, of course. A "sale" elsewhere means battered and handled goods. At a first-class place it often means goods never before taken from their wrappings. The best places make

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and then, in the butter dish, was Jacob, kicking and struggling before our astonished eyes. When we attempted to pick him up, he flattered to the edge of the soup tureen, and tried to perch there, but his claws were so full of butter that they could not get their grip, and he fell in. He was a sorry sight when we got him out, with the verminous clinging to him like little white serpents.

One day, when I was sitting at my desk writing, with Jacob on my shoulder, my pen seemed suddenly to become alive and went gliding over the paper independent of my hand. A pair of scissors hanging on the wall jingled; a chair suspended from the ceiling swung to and fro. Every picture on the wall began to rock as though by human agency; pictures rattled against the walls, and the mantel shook.

I jumped up from my chair, but had to sit down again, for the floor seemed to be rocking just like the chairs. In the midst of the turmoil came a sleepy voice from the verminous, where my heart was taking his siesta in a hammock; "Don't be frightened; it's nothing but an earthquake."

He had been used for thirty years to the mild "Panama earthquake," you see, and it was an old story to him; but it was a new one to me and to Jacob, and we did not enjoy it a bit. The poor little bird was half wild with terror, and clung to me with all his might, screaming at the top of his voice.

He did the natives like it any better. Men, women and children ran into the streets, and, dropping on their knees, begged the saints to deliver them. But after all, as Jacob said, no harm was done, save to one's nerves, even Jacob's being upset for a day or two.

New Year's was a great day among the American residents. The old custom of making calls being generally observed. As a matter of course, we had wine and cakes for our callers, and Jacob was very much in evidence. His insects were his natural food, but he was in the habit of eating almost anything that was offered to him. On this occasion he ate a good deal of cake, and took many a sip of wine.

"It's such jolly fun to see a bird get tipsy!" said one of our guests, in answer to my remonstrance.

Perhaps it was "jolly fun" to our thoughtless friends, but a few hours later the poor little fellow went into convulsions, and after much suffering he lay over on his back in my hand, and closed his bright little eyes forever.

THE ORCHID'S BODYGUARD.

It is well known that flowers and even the plants that have them, have undergone certain changes of their parts so as to attract insects that may benefit them or repel those that may do injury. There are some that come to the visits of ants and keep them away by means of minute hairs about the stems, over which the ants cannot climb. Others desire the presence of ants



THE ORCHIDS PROVIDE FOR ANTS.

to keep away other insects, and among these are orchids that have gone so far as even to provide in their own nests, homes where the ants may live. In one case this home is a bulb with cells and galleries; in another (that shown in the illustration,) it is an oval nest of roots, in which the ants make their nests. If ants are not for them, cockroaches and other pests will greatly damage the orchid by eating its tender stems and leaves, but the ants which live on other insects are always on the watch for these invaders, and when they arrive immediately attack and kill them.

COSSACKS ARE BORN, NOT MADE.

ONE OF THESE SOLDIERS ARE PUT INTO FULL UNIFORM AS SOON AS THEY CAN WALK.

By a Special Contributor.

The Cossacks form a branch of the Russian service which has no parallel in any other army in the world. They are irregular cavalry, but very different from our Cavalry Guard, or volunteers, for the right to be a Cossack comes only through inheritance. The son of a Cossack, therefore, is a Cossack as soon as he is born, and is taught the use of arms and the traditions of his race all through his boyhood.

It is, in fact, this hereditary military caste, that is almost impossible for an officer of the regular army, to enter how high his rank, to secure a commission in the Cossack regiment, unless he has inherited the right to a command.

Several hundred years ago the Cossacks were lawless bands of freebooters, living on the banks of the Don and the Dnieper in Russia. When the territory was divided into the Russian dominions, the Cossacks were not included with the problem of turning these turbulent people into good citizens. They had always been used to martial life and the use of arms, so the most natural and the best solution of the problem seemed

to be to turn them all into soldiers, and to instill such a pride of their position that they would be loyal subjects, and turn their restless energies into the channels which would be of benefit to the empire. The experiment proved a great success, and ever since it was put into execution the Cossacks have been of the greatest assistance to Russia in all her military enterprises, and today there is no more familiar name in connection with the Russian army than that of "Cossack."

They are organized into regiments, but it is only certain of the officers who are on duty all the time. Each man gets his horse and a small pay from the government when not on active duty, and is allowed to settle down and to rear a family of young Cossacks for the service of the Czar. When the government call comes, however, the Cossack must give instant obedience, and sometimes there is the necessity of his being kept many years in the field. There are many of these regiments in Siberia. They came in with the first adventurers and settlers, and did much to wrest these lands from the primitive inhabitants for the benefit of Russia. They are settled in large numbers in the South of the vast stretch of country, and as they are always in uniform, are easily picked out from the mass of peasants who have settled here too. As the Russian mail steamers ply up the Amur and the Chilkha Rivers during the summer months, they are met at each small village at which they stop by a group of the inhabitants, including several of these soldiers in white blouses and caps. The small boys are always in the same dress, the blue trousers with the yellow stripes, thrust into high, wrinkled boots, the white blouse, and the white military cap. These are the Cossacks of the future, who are put in uniform soon after they learn to toddle, and grow up with a familiarity for their profession, in which they often take a deep pride, for every Cossack is taught to remember that "he is born, not made."

ANNA NORTHEND BENJAMIN.

SALABLE ORNAMENTS MADE OF WALNUTS.

The suggestions offered in this article, by no means exhaust the possibilities of ornamentation with walnuts; a dozen other forms must immediately suggest themselves to any clever workman; but it is hoped that the descriptions are sufficient to give a clear idea of how to handle this quaint material.

Figure 1 shows the nut. It can be procured in quantity at any grocery store. Place the nuts one after another in a vice and saw them into sections, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. If the reader is unfortunate enough not to possess a saw, any carpenter will do the work at a very moderate price; or if a boy is possessed of an ordinary amount of diplomacy, a

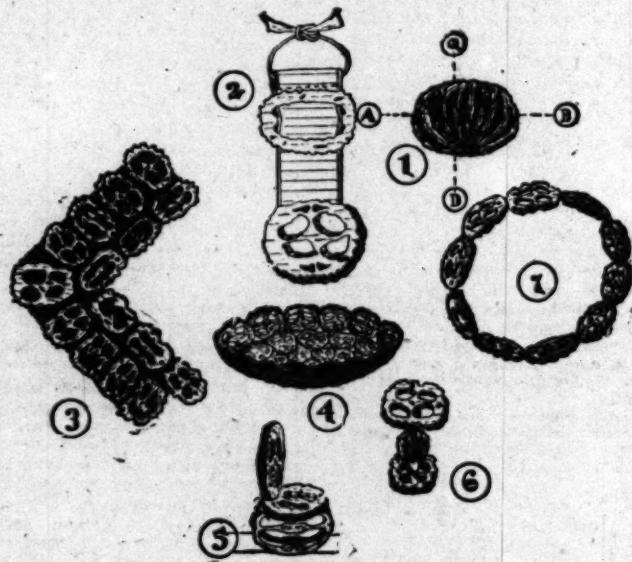


DIAGRAM OF WALNUT ORNAMENTS.

carpenter will let him use his vice without any charge. A saw is possessed by nearly every household.

Figure 2, a watch fob, is probably the most easily made of the ornaments described. A nut sawed at right angles to the ridges (A to B) will give the buckle and a nut sawed parallel with the ridges (C to D) will furnish the charm. A small strip of shammy at the top of the ribbon takes the place of a snap hook.

Figure 3, a section of picture frame, is made by covering a groundwork of either stiff cardboard or wood with a coating of glue; sprinkling rice plentifully over this, and then arranging the sections of nut as shown. Gild or shellac as preferred.

Figure 4, a delicate card tray, is extremely decorative. One of the wooden plates used by many grocers for holding a small amount of butter will give a form for this figure. Lay the plate bottom side up upon a table and fit sections over it, dropping a little glue at every point where their edges come together. When the glue has set, remove the butter plate, and the card tray, with the addition of a coat of varnish, is complete.

Figure 5, a rocking chair, and figure 6, a card table, are examples of a set of small furniture which ought to delight the heart of any infant mother.

Figure 7, is a bracelet. The different pieces in this figure are fastened together by gluing bits of ribbon between them.

Any ingenious boy or girl may materially add to their pocket money by offering these and other designs of their own for sale.

THE COON'S WARNING.

THE BEAR REFUSED TO TAKE ADVICE AND GOT INTO TROUBLE.

By a Special Contributor.

The coon was fast asleep in his hollow tree, when he was awakened by a scratching on the trunk below, and looking out and down he perceived a bear at the foot of the tree. Hurrying down, he said:

"Good gracious, but who would have expected to see you here. Why, I haven't seen a bear around here for over two years!"

"I've come to make my home here for the winter," replied the bear, "and being told by the woodchuck that you occupied this tree, I thought I'd awake you up and have a little talk. How are things around here anyhow? I lived here one winter four or five years ago, but there are many changes since then. Do you think I'll be safe for the winter?"

"My dear friend, I'm glad you came to me," said the coon as he took a seat on a log. "When you lived here years ago, there was only one farmer about, and the forest was all around. Now you can see for yourself that there are five farmers, and that the woods have almost been cut away. It will be dangerous for you to stop for even one day. Just the minute a dog finds your tracks the farmers will turn out to hunt you down."

"But I am not afraid of dogs and farmers," said the bear. "I can kill a dog with one blow of my paw, and after I have clawed and bitten one farmer, I guess the others will leave me alone. Besides, I shall be asleep most of the time. You know how it is with bears. As soon as the real cold weather comes on we curl up somewhere and sleep most of the winter. If I don't stir out, how are they going to find my tracks?"

"But you will move about when a warm day comes. I know your habits. Don't you think of stopping around here. I am only a coon, and my pelt is worth but 50 cents, and yet they are after me all the time. Your pelt is worth \$10, and if you don't heed what I say, somebody will make a rug of it before spring comes."

The bear was obstinate and ridiculed the idea, and within an hour he was hunting for a home. As he could find no cave, he made his lair in the top of a fallen tree, and the weather coming on very cold, he went to sleep for several days and was not heard of. After about a week, however, a thaw set in, and he started out for a ramble. There was snow on the ground, and he left a broad trail wherever he went. He was wondering if he could not run across a calf or a pig for breakfast, when all at once he heard the barking of dogs and the shouts of men, and it was only

a minute before the coon came scurrying along as hard as he could and called out:

"I told you how it would be! They have found your tracks and are after you, and now you must run for your life!"

The bear turned and ran, while the coon climbed the nearest tree. It was not a long race. The dogs soon overhauled the bear, and he had to stop and fight them. While thus engaged, two farmers with guns came hurrying up, and though it took five or six bullets to kill the bear, they kept firing away till he was dead. That night, as the fox was wandering about, he met the coon and said:

"How foolish of the bear to wander out as he did! Didn't you warn him of the danger?"

"Of course I did," replied the coon, "but he would have his own way about it. You see the result of obstinacy. If he had taken advice he would have been alive tonight. As he wouldn't, his skin is nailed on a barn door to dry, and there are no mourners at his funeral."

TO DREDGE THE COLORADO.

AN EXCHANGE has the following:

"A new dredger is being built at Yuma for the California Development Company, the California section of the Imperial Land and Canal Company. The barge upon which the machinery will be floated was launched Wednesday. It is 65x125 feet in deck measurement. The dredge, which is to be one of the largest afloat, is designed for use at the head of the great canal, to clear away sand and silt, after completion of the permanent waterway."

Los Angeles at 8:35 a.m.
Returning arrive

12. General and Local Sporting News.
13. Southern California by Towns.
Editorial Mention: Men and H.

with his assistants.... Pedro Lachica,
a bogus policeman, condemned for
brutal robbery.

MANY PASSENGERS DROWN
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS
TACOMA (Wash.) Jan. 12.

Los Angeles at 8:37

12, 1931.]

Compiled for The Times.

Approved by Physicians.

the question "why physicians prescribe alcohol?" is becoming an often-repeated one, not only by the laity, but by many of our most highly-educated and intelligent physicians. This question is one which I shall not endeavor to answer, but leave it to those physicians who are in the habit of prescribing it, I will say, and who are in the thoughtless habit.

Should physicians not prescribe alcohol? I shall give a few simple reasons. Let us first consider alcohol and its action on animal life. Is alcohol as harmful to animals as it is to man? It has been taught in nearly all of our colleges and through the united effort of the medical profession that it is. A few years ago, however, and a few philanthropic, conscientious and thoughtful physicians, a revolution has begun, which we hope will result in all medical institutions relegate alcohol to the class of poisons, and not to the class to which it belongs—a stimulant and irritant.

is consumed as a food on account of its oxidizing properties, undergoes combustion or is burned up in the tissues liberating heat. This constant action on the tissues, when controlling the contractibility of the muscles of the capillaries, the tiny vessels which carry blood to the surface of the body, after a time, causes them to lose their sensibility, that is they become paralyzed, thereby preventing the free return of the blood to the heart. This is a self-evident fact, which is proved itself to all in the face of the habitual

and exerts its most powerful toxic influence on the nerve centers of the spinal cord. It seems to have a special affinity for the gray matter of all nerves, which, by its continued use, it hardens and destroys that fine and intense sensibility and depriving them of their power to promote the activity of the muscles to which their periphery is attached. This fact again exemplifies itself in the case of the moribund salt of the drunkard.

that if the victims of intemperance would, in stead of sober consciousness, study the pathological changes which take place in the stomach, cirrhosis of the liver, and the impairment of the functions of the gray, or white matter of the brain—which, while it retains its vitality, gives us the will power to do right and resist the right impulses and to reject that which is

ing would be led to more seriously consider the
medication taking place. After the brain has
been soaked in alcohol for weeks, months and
years, can any of us believe it capable of exert-
ing normal functions? I believe that a drunkard is
more responsible for his acts than any other lunatic.
Responsibility rests on the one that has furnished, al-
though he furnished or aided him to procure the poison
to inebriate the diseased and irresponsible be-
cause he was.

his action of dilating the capillary vessels, more heat than has been generated by its own metabolism sets free a certain amount of heat from the true carbohydrate foods—starch, sugar and fat. It is a demonstrated fact that alcohol destroys the power of that nutrient which builds up the muscles of the body. As the system becomes weakened, the leucocytes, or white blood corpuscles, are paralyzed. Bacteriologists claim that alcohol, when absorbed into the blood, lessens the activity of the white blood cells, completely destroys many of these little reagents, whose office it is to neutralize, kill or destroy poisonous germs or ptomaines (which are the products of germ activity. Diphtheria, pneumonia, typhoid and many other most potent and powerful agents, on whose activity the patient depends?

and believe that there ever comes a time in the
any disease where alcohol cannot be successfully
by medicinal agents which do not have this
effect upon the blood.

It is established fact that those addicted to the use
lose their resisting power and immunity from
pneumonia, or as some text-books class it,
pneumonia, the prognosis is always unfavorable
and usually its clinical course for the first
is characterized by the development of symptoms
of those of delirium tremens. The drunkard's
to overcome the toxic action of powerful drugs, as
disease, has been fatally demonstrated in many

I remember an incident which happened while I was a student. One morning a number of students came to the hospital up to the lecture room, looking extremely anxious. When asked the cause, they replied by asking the question, "What dose of morphine would you give an addict?" I replied that it would depend entirely upon the nature of the disease; that one-eighth grain was the minimum dose. They said that if I would tell them they would tell me what an immense amount of morphine they had gained the night before from a dose of one grain. After giving the requisite promise, I endeavored to enlighten me as to the cause of their anxious and careworn appearance. I will give the incident in my own language, as nearly as I can recall it:

about 8 o'clock, an old fellow was brought into the state of the "jim-jama." He made things lively for our comfort or even convenience, but we would just soothe him a little by a very little of morphine. We were not quite sure what might have, as we thought we would very soon give one-sixth of a grain as a starter and watch giving more. Well, the result was truly

wonderful and quite exceeded our most sanguine expectations in the way of quieting. Quiet reigned supreme." I will not go into all of the details of resuscitatory process the boys went through with that night, but as they briefly expressed it, "they jim-jamed and artificially respired him until he was able to perform that little function for himself."

I have personally known of three persons, addicted to the drink habit, dying from an ordinary dose of morphine, administered by a physician. As physicians, let us be careful about the too promiscuous use of morphine, for to its victims it is as fatal as the alcohol habit, and much more easily acquired.

Let us then as physicians, never give anyone an opportunity to charge us with the foundation or perpetuation of either of these direful habits. I firmly believe, and my conviction is grounded on well-established evidence, that alcohol acts neither as a nutrient or remedial agent in the animal economy, but only as an irritant, stimulant and narcotic.

In conclusion, I appeal to physicians not to forget the significant and far-reaching word, heredity. And may the time soon come when there will be no more danger that the latent spark, that has been kept dormant by a mother's watchful and tender care, may be aroused to pernicious activity by a doctor's prescription.

MARIA CONGDON AMSDEN, M.D.

Hygiene in Barbers' Shops.

THE reform in the sanitation of barbers' shops which, after great opposition and many heart burnings, has made its way in France, is at last showing progress in this country. In Mt. Vernon, N. Y., many of the residents have been suffering from "barber's itch." The infection has become so notorious that at last the local Board of Health has taken in hand the enforcement of new sanitary measures in all barbers' shops. An inspection is to be made of each shop to see that all razors, combs, brushes and clippers are sterilised in antiseptic solutions after each separate use. The barbers of the place are up in arms, and say they will have to go out of business. One of the enactments which has caused them special dissatisfaction is that a separate clean towel shall be used for each person. Another is that the barber must wash his hands after shaving each person. In addition to these trivial injunctions, the use of sponges is prohibited. All soap must be pure, and running water must be provided. Each shaving tub has to be carefully washed out after being used. The pad upon which the head of the customer rests has to be regularly brushed and cleaned off with a disinfecting fluid, and the use of powder puffs is prohibited. The board has shown that it intends to insist on the observance of these rules, which it has posted conspicuously in various parts of the town. All violators thereof will be prosecuted for a misdemeanor. The example of Mt. Vernon is likely to be followed in other towns.

Billions of Bad Germs.

HERE is an awful showing, from the Indianapolis Journal, in regard to the dangers we run from injurious microscopical organisations. Care and cleanliness are all right, but, as The Times has previously remarked, if these minute creatures were as deadly and destructive as we are sometimes led to suppose, we should all have been dead long ago. Keep clean and eat clean food, but don't permit yourself to be scared into a state of nervous prostration by the fear of invisible foes, for then you will "catch 'em." sure:

"Even so simple a matter as borrowing a lead pencil may lead to the dissemination of disease in a family. Among children especially "swapping" pencils is one method of showing good fellowship, and the child who swaps is sometimes the innocent cause of transmitting croup throat, skin disease or diphtheria to his best friend. The use of public pencils is also, no doubt, responsible for the transmission of disease from one to another, the danger being far greater when a person moistens the lead in the mouth. Aside from being a filthy habit, this is a dangerous one in any case, for the lead is comparatively rough and has cavities which are to the germs as vast caves in which they lurk and from which they may be transferred to the mucuous membranes through which disease enters most readily into the system.

"As for penholders, they are much more commonly used by many persons, and the danger of transmission of disease germs by them is therefore greater. At the hotel counter and the bank desk penholders are handled by thousands in the course of a few days; and of this number some may and do have skin diseases, at least, which may be contagious and are thus transferable to others. It would not be a great tax upon the larger establishments at least to have cheap penholders in such quantity that each person could have a new one, but the remedy is much simpler. Fountain pens are cheap enough, nowadays, to allow every business man and woman to own one, but if that is not possible, a pocket penholder is certainly within the means of all. Blotting paper, too, on public desks, bears its own evidence of soiling many hands and from its absorbent nature it is especially congenial to germ elements.

"As for public combs and brushes, the danger is too evident and disgusting to need advice against their use, and the same applies to public towels; a public convenience, perhaps, but a common source, even today, of the itch or worse diseases. To wipe the hands upon them is bad enough, but to wipe the face and eyes is courting serious trouble.

"Common drinking cups may be a source of infection as well as of a cooling or exhilarating draught, as the case may be, and this applies just as much, if not more so, to communion cups, used, it is true, in a holy cause, but none the less likely to serve a most wicked purpose. In fact, any article touched by the lips or hands that passes from one person to another may convey contagious virus or infectious germs. Nor is it necessary to even touch such articles."

few, if any, have seen fit to do so, although there is a cheap, harmless and efficacious method of so doing by formaldehyde.

"Even articles that are, in a sense, private property are possible factors in disease causation. Postage stamps, for example, and other gummed articles, notably the flap of an envelope, are fertile fields for the growth of germs that may be blown or otherwise implanted upon the gummed surface, the danger being increased from the liability that the tongue may be cut by the paper edge in moistening them. The person who uses his tongue to moisten stamps and the like may be infected or inoculated as effectually as if the poison was injected.

"The time will come when the individual will have his individual objects of daily use. Even in the household it is wise to have one's own towel, soap, sponge and the like for the toilet. Surely everyone, nowadays, has his or her own toothbrush and comb and brush. At the table the fad of having individual cups and saucers and other ware is a sensible one, though not a necessary one in most cases, but if there is any person in the family affected with disease, especially consumption and the like, it is absolutely necessary that that person have his or her own dishes of such a distinctive pattern that they cannot be mistaken.

"Kissing has been a much-discussed question, and, while sentiment defends the practice hygiene is in favor of abolishing it at least as a mark of public affection. Many an infant who has been given a kiss of affection has in reality been given the kiss of death, and in adult life serious diseases, if not fatal ones, have been transmitted by the kiss of one supposed to be pure, yet saturated with disease. Doubtless the crusade against kissing has been carried to an absurdity, but promiscuous kissing, aside from its indelicacy, is dangerous.

"The food that we eat may be a cause of infection. Avoid a filthy provision store as you would the plague! Meat that is mauled over a dirty block, handled with dirty hands and cut with a soiled and rusty knife may be harmless, but the percentage of danger in it is far greater than in that sold under more inviting circumstances. So with bread, cake, and the like; dirty surroundings mean germ danger."

Country Doctor Cures.

MARTHA McCULLOUGH WILLIAMS writes as follows:

"'Nearly the whole virtue of the pine woods abides in good pine tar,' the old doctor said. 'Everybody knows that weak lungs are helped by breathing a piney atmosphere. Now tar is, so to speak, the pine scent made concrete. Tar is, understand, the residuary juice in heart pine, especially the pines killed by scraping for turpentine. For gout, especially rheumatic gout, with its concurrent kidney troubles, plain rheumatism and dyspepsia, tar in apple brandy is a mighty fine thing. It must be pure pine tar, and pure brandy, of course—two tablespoonfuls of tar to a quart of the spirit. The mixture was not infallible, but it has some wonderful cures to its credit. I recall one in particular—an ambitious young planter whom three city specialists gave two years to die. He came near pitching them out of the window, after their medicine. Then he began on the tarred brandy. Result, he is living still, hale and ruddy, able to ride after a fox with his grandsons, and swap horses with the professional on County Court days.

“Tar ointment was a boon—especially to the children. It cured wounds, bruises, cuts, stone-bruises, and all manner of sores. To make it the tar was warmed till it would run, then beaten into fresh-churned butter, which had been washed clean of milk, and creamed. When the mixture was complete, melted beeswax was added, and beaten in over hot water. At the very last, very strong elder-flower tea was added, and the mass stirred hard until every drop was taken up. In use the ointment was softened, not melted, and spread on silk or linen. The plaster stuck of its own motion, and when it came off usually left sound skin and flesh behind it.

"It was the same way with the tar caps used for all sorts of infantile scalp diseases, as scald-head, milk-crust, ring-worm. The cap proper was of silk, with the seams outside, fitting the head close. It was smeared all over the inside with melted tar, mixed with half its own bulk of unsalted butter. The cap went on while the tar was still soft, and, like the plasters, had to wear off. Sometimes grown people wore tar caps, those who had lost their hair from illness, or were threatened with premature baldness. Invariably when the cap came off there was a fine growth of soft young hair underneath it."

"One thrifty old gentleman simply laughed at hog cholera, so long as he could get real pine tar a-plenty. He mixed the tar well through soft soap, made a lather of the soap, and scrubbed every hog he owned with it every three months. Further, he smeared tar plentifully on logs and posts where the hogs could rub against it, and put drops of it in the weekly mess of salt and ashes. He had never heard of a microbe, but his creed was, 'Doctor your hogs with tar.'"

"After the Civil War at least half the soldiers who lived through it suffered from either camp or prison dysentery—something which every doctor knows it is not too easy to cure. But tar pills cured at least twenty cases within my knowledge. I doubt if any pharmacopoeia ever saw their like—they were first made by the man who washed his hogs, and tried upon himself and his slaves. He took strained and melted tar, beat into it half its own weight of raw yellow of egg, then boiled down white walnut bark to a strong, almost gummy, ooze, mixed it in and set the whole mixture under glass in the sun for a week. Then he grated calamus root, made his pills, and rolled them in it. They were fat, round pills—one was all you cared to swallow—and, luckily, one was a dose.

MARTHA M'CULLOCH WILLIAMS.

Los Angeles at 8:35 a.m.

a. m. Returning arrive

11. Where the Laugh Comes In.
12. General and Local Sporting News.
13. Southern California by Towns.

the killing of Americans, to be hanged with his assistants.... Pedro Lachica, a bogus policeman, condemned for brutal robbery.

MANY PASSENGERS DROWN
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—
TACOMA (Wash.) Jan. 13.—C



FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

WOMEN WHO ARE WINNING FAME AND FORTUNE WITH THE CAMERA.

WOMAN has found another occupation wherein she can successfully compete with man. Photography has opened to her a new field of industry rich with promise of pleasure and profit. She has entered it and is winning for herself both laurels and a calling until recently followed almost exclusively by man.

The amateur woman photographer has long since ceased to be either a novice or a novelty. Within the last decade woman has entered as enthusiastically and as extensively into the pastime of taking pictures with the camera, as the camera fiend of the sterner sex. Indeed, "kodaking" has been a fad in which the sexes have vied for artistic results. And to the credit of the woman be it said, she has captured her share of the prizes offered in amateur photographic contests. Now she is crowding her male rival in commercial, or professional, photography.

It has not been unusual in years past for women to be employed in photograph galleries in various minor capacities. But in comparatively recent times she has come to be the whole thing in more than one studio noted for the excellence of its work.

Such names as Gertrude Kasebier, Zaida Ben Yusuf, the Tonnesen Sisters and Frances Benjamin Johnson are famous in the photographic world. The last-named, Frances Benjamin Johnson, has established a reputation as a portrait photographer second to none at the national capital. Her photographs of President McKinley, Admiral Dewey and other national celebrities are pronounced by many the most faithful likenesses of the originals ever taken. Frances Benjamin Johnson, by reason of her excellent and extensive work with the camera in social and official circles in Washington, has become widely celebrated as the "official" photographer of the American court.

ABREAST WITH THE TIMES.

Los Angeles is not behind Washington, New York, Chicago and other cities in the matter of lady photographers. At No. 911 South Hill street is one of the coziest and most unique photographic studios in the city. It is owned, managed and operated entirely by women, and the character of the work produced will compare favorably with that of any other photographer on the Pacific Coast.

The enterprising and accomplished proprietors of this unique studio are Mesdames Hicks and Boothe. The ladies are sisters, thoroughly devoted to their art and ambitious to excel. They are daughters of the well-known capitalist and retired life-insurance magnate, S. A. Mattison, from whom they have undoubtedly inherited the pluck

and energy which enabled them to achieve such remarkable results in their chosen calling.

It was not necessity which impelled Mesdames Hicks and Boothe to take up photography as a business or profession. They are artists for art's sake, but having been schooled to lives of usefulness by industrious and provident parents, they are pursuing their occupation for profit, as well as the pleasure derived from the work.

UNPREMEDITATED START.

Mesdames Hicks and Boothe, however, had no notion of becoming professional photographers when they first began studying the art five years ago. It may be said that they took up the work by mere accident. They began as amateurs, and achieved such success from the start that they were adept and professional photographers almost before they were aware of it. The story of how they got started and progressed with the work is an interesting one, as told by Mrs. Hicks. Said she in an interview:

"My sister and I began taking art lessons in the Los Angeles School of Art and Design about five years ago. We learned to paint from life, and made extensive use of human models, making a thorough study of anatomy and devoting much time to the catching of correct poses for bringing out the best lines, attitudes, lights and shadows for the most graceful and effective portrayal of the figures of our subjects.

"About the time we were getting some ideas about these things, my sister was given a small camera for a Christmas present. We took this to school with us, and began photographing the models, casts, etc., that we had to draw from, and not infrequently the other lady pupils would pose to have their pictures taken by us with the camera, and we soon acquired some skill as amateur photographers. We also found that our painting and pho-

tographing efforts worked together nicely, and that by practicing the one we became more and more proficient in the other. Although photography was not in our course of study at school, the principles of art which we learned there have proved invaluable to us, and I dare say that but for that training, we would not be able to get such good results as to pose, light and shade, etc., as we do.

"I want to say, too, that all the different kinds of training we received before we took up photography seem to fit right in with it. Before going to the art school we attended Prof. and Mrs. Ludlum's School of Oratory and took a thorough course in that. I am sure that our studies in elocution have helped us to bring out expression of character and figure that we might otherwise overlook. Then we each have had the advantage of a good commercial course, and what is more, actual commercial training, as our father employed us in his office before he retired from business. The experience and knowledge thus gained gives us a practical insight of the pecuniary phase of our work, a knowledge which every professional photographer must have if he would achieve business success."

AMATEURS NO LONGER.

Resuming her narrative as to the manner in which she and her sister developed from amateurs into full-fledged photographers, Mrs. Hicks continued:

"Our early efforts with the camera were simply those of the amateur enthusiasts. We photographed for pleasure and for our own satisfaction, trying especially to get pictures of our friends in characteristic poses. Owing to the illness of our mother, whose condition was so precarious for three years prior to her death that we could not absent ourselves from home, we did not get out like other amateurs to find good subjects to photograph, so we practiced almost entirely at home. We fixed up one of our front rooms as a temporary studio, and were so successful with our work that people soon came to us to be photographed. At first we took sittings simply for the practice, and charged only for the cost of the materials consumed. Our work proved so satisfactory that people kept coming to us more and more, insisting

that we photograph them. We refused to pay us for our work, as for the materials consumed, last, partly for the accommodation of our friends, and partly in recognition of our work which we declared was as good as the best galleries in the city, and as much as that turned out to be of the professionals. We either had to make a charge for our art, or give it up altogether, so long as we were pursuing their photographic work. Our love for the work was too strong to give it up, so we bowed to the inevitable and turned professional.

FORCED TO EXPAND.

The little parlor studio of Hicks and Boothe soon proved too small for their growing business, they put out their sign as professional photographers. In order to date their growing clientele, they secured better facilities for the highest class of work, they secured a separate building for a studio, rear of their residence, about a year ago. This is tastefully furnished and elaborately fitted with all the appliances of the photographer, do all kinds of high-grade photography here, including the process, which produces artistic effects.

Many society people, ladies, go to the Hicks and Boothe studio to have their personal portraits taken. The sisters make a specialty of finding graceful and beautiful subjects for their subjects, often finding them in the most natural grace. They keep on hand a supply of draperies for children and young ladies, and are able to photograph the most stylish of garb desired, or the most becoming, without extra outlay for sartorial adornment, the part of the person posing.

Ladies and children are welcome in the cozy studio, and attendants (three young women employed in addition to the proprietresses) and good poses and expressions of the face are the result.

SOME SPECIMENS.

The pictures on this page are reproductions of photographs by Mesdames Hicks and Boothe. The printing process cannot do justice to the elegant finish to the original photographs, but the half-tones do give some idea as to the excellence of the work done by the lady photographers.

The picture of the old gentleman represents the father of Mesdames Hicks and Boothe, Mr. Mattison, his most characteristic pose. The venerable capitalist takes his place in his daughters' enterprise. He often visits their studio, and ladies took advantage of his one of his recent visits to pose for him. The old gentleman was too much absorbed in his work to notice that he was being photographed. The group comprises Mesdames Jones, daughter of United States Senator John P. Jones, and Mesdames Jones and Mrs. Goodwin, daughter of Mr. Jones.

Another of the pictures was taken as Miss Allen, daughter of Pasadena, at present in her musical education abroad. The little flower girl is the costume recently worn by the other young lady, who is presented in a similar stage. Many who seen in the beautiful face will recognize the original in a similar setting at the artist's establishment.



Cartoon
Editorial
Polar Possibilities. By
Macao's Big Opium Fa
The Pithecanthropus.
Hospital-Fakers. By J
Lanz-Eard Warriors.
Art in Clay. By a Sp
Good Short Stories. (C
The Adventures of Tse
Stories of the Firing L
A Father's Heart. By
Old Time Pictures. By

A TUSSLE W

By a Special

MR. TUSSLER, the fa
nator, who broke i
ahead of the field on
well and astounded the
all without the aid of
mental or other elixirs to p
boastful.

He was surrounded with t
told how it was done.

A discerning mind will
ability of being surround
character upon an occasion
to try it on them first.

Mr. Tussler explains how
"I first woke up in the m
living partaken of food l
The society was at once b
The temporal things t
arms for me for the mom
and there saw it with
They were expectant.

The twentieth century w
trayed and flapping end
at the rate of sixty i
wanting to get out of the w
Everything would be don
what happened by appar
raining guided the new c
metnought it best t
seeing her young, I sh
new of the waiting
were strangled at
upon I adjusted a few
slapped the moon
there by giggling
poker out of the
in Mara.

"By holding Mr. Martian's
is a realization of ou
as follows, after picki
of electricity:

Who be this that tie
end of this wordless w
Mara, in. An
Nay, nay; I Tussler an
is how?

Mara. She the children is
Annanias not you are?
Then maybe you his
No, no, not so. Speak
they of me jealous s
have like the remain
after.

You then tag have p
Haggard?
No. They two key-bo
like peanut to a pump
ing in where I puff out.

Then away from me
you care not more to con
atmosphere seems.

(I grabbed up another
asked:) You have where
?

Ever since by you d
you no more information I
now not how to speak w
the air to plug up that we l
I busy politics with an
going I am now. Yo
met your campaign be ove
business not now keeping o
business.

On account of the strain up
to converse more with
language made my tongue
who putter around with li
have been striving for ye
notoriety, who will d
wonderful discovery, but
here is the planet Mara.

There is the atmosphere.
in quick succession a
sound in his head.
was agitated as visibly as
breath was nothing bu

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A TUSSELE WITH MARS.

By a Special Contributor.

TUSSELER, the famous and fearless imaginer, who broke into the twentieth century and astonished the world with his discoveries, without the aid or consent of pieless mince, or other elixirs to prod him in the physiologist.

He was surrounded with the Red Cross Society, when he was doing it.

His thinking mind would readily appreciate the advantage of being surrounded with a society of this kind upon an occasion so important. It is always better to be on them first.

He explains how it happened.

He woke up in the morning before rising. After a long period of food I was no longer hungry. The society was at once both astonished and pleased. The temporal things then having no further interest for the moment I looked out upon the world and there saw it waiting with its food receiver. They were expectant.

The twentieth century was following closely upon the heels of the nineteenth century, and the rate of sixty minutes per hour, was enacting the drama of the day.

It would be done on schedule time, if no impediment by apparatuses.

He added the new century into place without thought it best that like unto the mother of the young, I should drop a worm into the jaws of the waiting world and let them chew, and were strangled and choked thereat.

He adjusted a few stray hanks of telegraph wire, and the moon in the face, awakened the speaker out of the sun with which to stir up the Mars.

Seeing Mr. Martians feet therewith, I aroused the realization of our existence, and bespoke the Mars, after picking out a suitable speak for the district.

He be this that tickleth mine ear from the Mars of this wordless wire?

He be the Mars, is. An this Annanias must be?

He be, say; I Tussele am. And Marotta, your wife,

He be the children is making other stars to see. Are you not you are? I know you to the family

He be, no, not so. Speak not to me of that whole of the Mars is jealous are, for I then beaten in

He be like the remnants of a man a football

He be then tag have played with Ryddar Verne

He be? They two key-holes are to yawning abyss

He be the peanut to a pumpkin to me compare, and

He be where I puff out.

He be then away from me this speak streak take. I

He be not more to converse with; your bulb full

He be seems.

He be grabbed up another and larger speak streak

He be You have where you are now how long

He be Ever since by you discovered we were. But

He be more information I can give. Your language

He be how to speak with. I must go, the holes

He be to plug up that we be bothered you not with

He be I buy politics with am, and to attend a ward

He be going I am now. Your time must lots have,

He be your campaign be over on account of the hur-

He be not now keeping our air full of knots and

He be of the strain upon my pencil arm, I was

He be to converse more with them, likewise the for-

He be made my tongue raw. There will be some

He be pulling around with little dinky machines, and

He be him striving for years past for cheap news-

He be curiosity, who will deny the truth of this

He be discovery, but let them prove it."

He be the planet Mars.

He be in the atmosphere.

He be the great mental gymnast fainted away sev-

He be in quick succession and complained of a great

He be in his head.

He be as visibly as a mule's ear in fly-time.

He be was nothing but wads of air.



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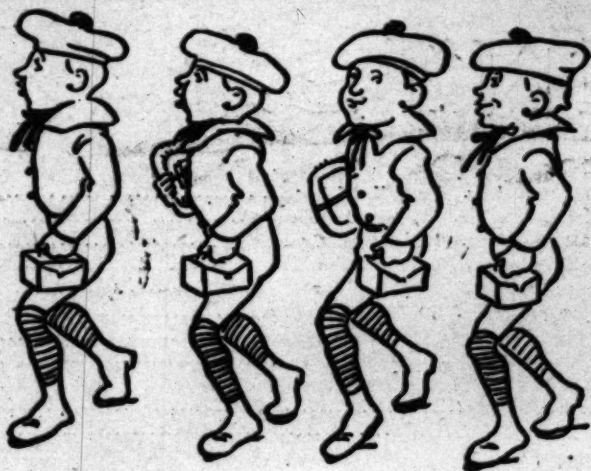
GEO. C. PITZER, M. D.

935 West Washington Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

11. Where the Laugh Comes In.
12. General and Local Sporting News.
13. Southern California by Towns.
Personal Mention: Men and Women

the history of Americans, to be hanged, with his assistants.... Pedro Lachica, a bogus policeman, condemned for brutal robbery.

MANY PASSENGERS DROWNED (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—TACOMA (Wash.) Jan. 13.—) tal advice state that the Chinese



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Happy the little lad and lass who trots off to school knowing that there are some of

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